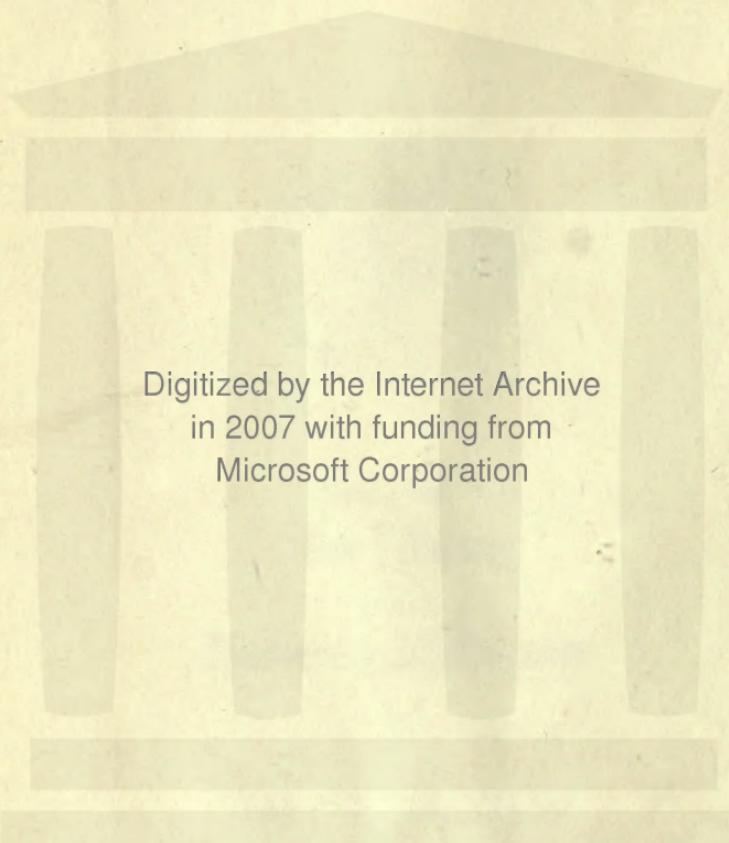


Presented to
The Library
of the
University of Toronto
by

Miss Helen E. Nelles

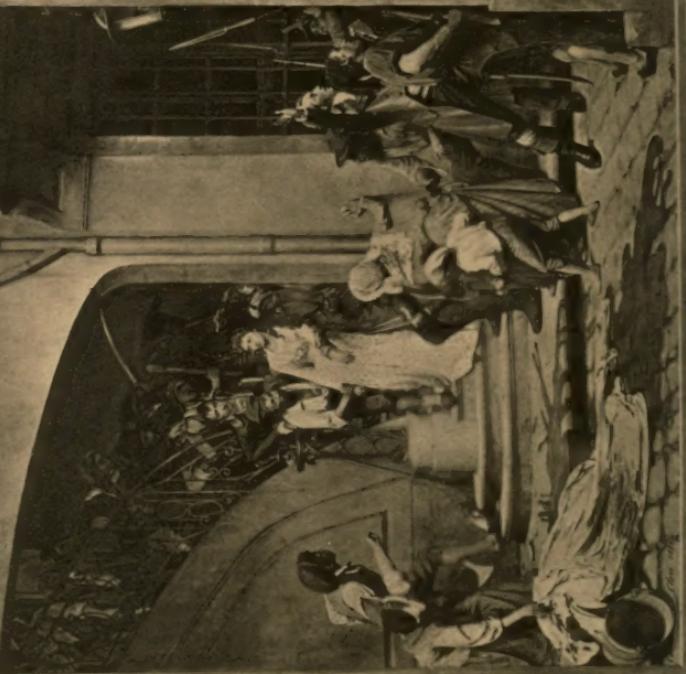


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

Le Crime fait le héros
et non pas l'héroïne



S'ouvre sur un tableau
l'origine des histoires



S'ouvre sur un tableau
l'origine des histoires



READING

The Ridpath Library

OF

Universal Literature

A BIOGRAPHICAL AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL
SUMMARY OF THE WORLD'S MOST EMINENT
AUTHORS, INCLUDING THE
CHOICEST EXTRACTS AND MASTER-
PIECES FROM THEIR WRITINGS

CAREFULLY REVISED AND ARRANGED BY A
CORPS OF THE MOST CAPABLE SCHOLARS

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

John Clark Ridpath, A.M., LL.D.

Editor of "The Arena," Author of "Ridpath's
History of the United States," "Encyclo-
pedia of Universal History," "Great
Races of Mankind," etc., etc.



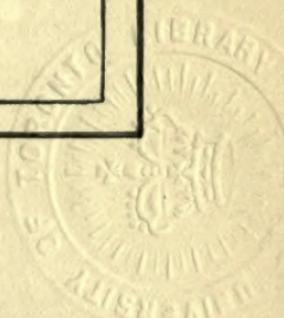
283
H.S.H. 11-46
27

Edition de Luxe

TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

VOL. XIII.

FIFTH AVENUE LIBRARY SOCIETY
NEW YORK



COPYRIGHT, 1899
BY THE GLOBE PUBLISHING COMPANY

PN
6013
R5
1899
V.13



KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ā as in far, father, guard.
ā as in fall, talk.
ā as in ask, fast, ant.
ā as in fare.
ē as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ē as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
i as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ō as in move, spoon.
ō as in nor, song, off.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
ū as in pull.
ü German ü, French u.
ei as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.

A single dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates its abbreviation and lightening, without absolute loss of its distinctive quality. Thus:

ā as in prelate, courage.
ē as in ablegate, episcopal.
ō as in abrogate, eulogy, democrat.
ū as in singular, education.

A double dot under a vowel in an unaccented syllable indicates that, even in the mouths of the best speakers, its

sound is variable to, and in ordinary utterance actually becomes, the short u-sound (of but, pun, etc.). Thus:

ā as in errant, republican.
ē as in prudent, difference.
ī as in charity, density.
ō as in valor, actor, idiot.
ū as in Persia, peninsula.
ē as in *the* book.
ū as in nature, feature.

A mark (—) under the consonants t, d, s, z indicates that they in like manner are variable to ch, j, sh, zh. Thus:

—t as in nature, adventure.
—d as in arduous, education.
—s as in pressure.
—z as in seizure.
y as in yet.
b Spanish b (medial).
ch as in German ach, Scotch loch.
G as in German Abensberg, Hamburg.
H Spanish g before e and i; Spanish j; etc. (a guttural h).

ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
s final s in Portuguese (soft).
th as in thin.
WH as in then.

D = TH.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

LIST OF AUTHORS, VOL. XIII.

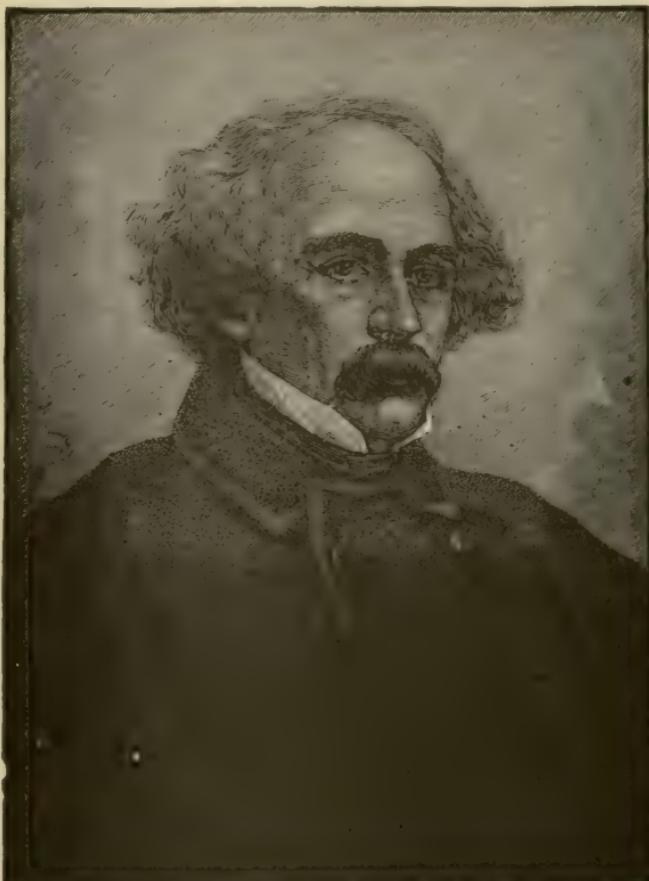
(WITH PRONUNCIATION.)

Hawthorne (há'thôrn), Nathaniel.
Hay (hää), John.
Hayes (hääz), Isaac Israel.
Hayley (hää'li), William.
Hayne (hän), Paul Hamilton.
Hazlitt (haz'lit), William.
Hazlitt, William, 2.
Hazlitt, William Carew.
Head (hed), Sir Francis Bond.
Headley (hed'li), Joel Tyler.
Hearn (hérn), Lafcadio.
Heber (hää'bér), Reginald.
Hecker (Hek'er), Isaac Thomas.
Hector (hek'tör), Annie (French).
Hedderwick (hed'er wík), James.
Hedge (hej), Frederic Henry.
Heeren (hää'ren), Arnold Hermann Ludwig.
Heermann(här'män), Johannes.
Hegel (hää'gel), George Wilhelm Friedrich.
Heine (hi'ne), Heinrich.
Heliodorus (hë-li-o-do'rus).
Helmholtz (helm'höltz) Hermann Ludwig.
Helps (helps), Sir Arthur.
Hemans (hem'anz), Felicia Dorothea.
Henry (hen'ri), Patrick.
Henryson (hen'ri són), Robert.
Hepworth (hep'wért), George Hughes.
Heraclitus (her-a-kli'tus).
Heraud (härô), John Abraham.
Herbert (hér'bërt), Edward.
Herbert, George.
Herbert, Henry William.
Herder (her'der), Johann Gottfried.
Heredia (ä-rä'-dë-ë), José Maria de, 1.
Heredia, José Maria de, 2.

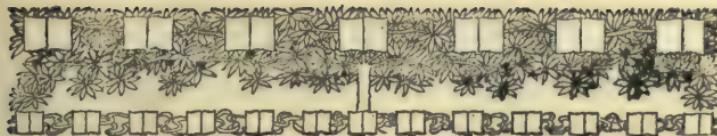
Herodotus (he rod'ë tus).
Herrera (er rä'rä), Fernando de.
Herrick (her'ik), Robert.
Herschel (hér'shel), Caroline Lucretia.
Herschel, Frederick William.
Herschel, John Frederick William.
Hertz (herts), Henrik.
Hervey (hér'vei), James.
Hervey, Thomas Kibble.
Hervieu (ér vü), Paul.
Herwegh (her'vec), George.
Hesiod (hë'si ëd).
Heylin (hi'lin), Peter.
Heyse (hi'ze), Johann Ludwig Paul.
Heywood (hää'wüd), Thomas.
Hickok (hik'ok), Laurens Perseus.
Hicks (hiks), Elias.
Higginson (hig'in son), Mary Thacher.
Higginson, Thomas Wentworth.
Hildreth (hil'dreth), Richard.
Hill (hil), Thomas.
Hillard (hil'ärd), George Stillman.
Hillhouse (hil'hous), James Abraham.
Hinsdale (hinz'däl), Burke Aaron.
Hippocrates (hi-pok'rë-tëz).
Hirst (hérst), Henry Beck.
Hitchcock (hich'kok), Edward.
Hitchcock, Roswell Dwight.
Hobart (hö'bärt), John Henry.
Hobbes (hobz), Thomas.
Hodge (hoj), Archibald Alexander.
Hodge, Charles.
Hoffman (hof'män), Charles Feno.
Hoffmann (hof'män), August Heinrich.
Hoffmann, Ernst Theodor Wilhelm.
Hofland (hof'länd), Barbara (Wreaks).
Hogg (hog), James.

LIST OF AUTHORS, VOL. XIII.

Holbach (hol'bläch; Fr. pron. öl bæk'),
Paul Henri Thiry de.
Holberg (hol'berg), Ludwig von.
Holcroft (hol'kroft), Thomas.
Holinshead (hol'inz-hed), Raphael.
Holland (hol'and), Josiah Gilbert.
Holland, Henry Richard Fox, Baron.
Holley (hol'li), Marietta.
Holme Lee (hōm lē). See *Parr, Harriet.*
Holmes (hōmz), Oliver Wendell.
Holst (hōlst), Hermann Eduard von.
Höltý (hēl'ti), Ludwig Heinrich Christoph.
Home (hōm), John.
Homer (hō'mér).



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.



HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL, an American novelist, born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804; died at Plymouth, N. H., May 19, 1864. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825, in the same class with Longfellow; Franklin Pierce, afterward President, was a college friend, though not in the same class. After leaving college he led for several years an almost recluse life at Salem, writing much but publishing little. In 1836 he went to Boston to become editor of the *American Magazine*, a periodical which proved unsuccessful. In 1837 he put forth, under the title of *Twice-told Tales*, a number of pieces which had appeared in various periodicals. A second series of these was issued in 1845. In 1838 he received the appointment of weigher and gauger in the custom-house at Boston; but the Democratic party going out of power in 1841, he was displaced. He was then for a few months a member of the Brook Farm Association at West Roxbury, Mass. In 1843 he married Sophia Peabody (1810-1871) a clever artist, and subsequently author of a volume of *Notes in England and Italy*. After his marriage he took up his residence at Concord, Mass., in the "Old Manse," which had been the home of Ralph Waldo Emerson, by whose grandfather it was built. Here were written the collection of tales and sketches entitled *Mosses from an Old Manse* (1846). In 1845 Hawthorne was appointed surveyor of the port of his

native town, but was removed in 1849, when the Whig party came again into power. *The Scarlet Letter*, published in 1850, was planned and partly written during this collectorship. He then took up his residence at Lenox, Mass. Here were written *The House of the Seven Gables*, the scene of which is laid in Salem, and *The Blithedale Romance*, for which the Brook Farm Association furnished a shadowy background.

In 1852 Franklin Pierce was the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and Hawthorne wrote, as a campaign document, the life of his old college friend, who, upon his election, appointed him to the lucrative post of United States Consul at Liverpool. Hawthorne held this position until 1857, when he resigned, and for two years travelled with his family upon the Continent, residing for a while at Rome. Going back for a short time to England, he completed *The Marble Faun*, which was published in 1860. In this year he returned to America, again taking up his residence at Concord. His health began to decline in the spring of 1864, and he set out, in company with ex-President Pierce, upon a trip in New Hampshire. They reached a hotel in the village of Plymouth, where they were to stop for the night, and in the morning Hawthorne was found dead in his bed.

A complete edition of Hawthorne's Works has been published. Besides those already referred to, it contains: *True Stories from History and Biography* (1851); *The Wonder Book for Girls and Boys* (1851); *The Snow Image, etc.* (1852); *Tanglewood Tales* (1853); *Our Old Home*, a series of English sketches (1863). After his death a selection from

his diaries was edited by his wife under the title of *Note Books*; among his papers was also found *Septimus Felton, or the Elixir of Life*, some chapters of an unfinished book, *The Dolliver Romance*, and *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret*.

EMERSON AND THE EMERSONITES.

There were circumstances around me which made it difficult to view the world precisely as it exists; for severe and sober as was the Old Manse, it was necessary to go but a little way beyond its threshold before meeting with stranger moral shapes of men than might have been encountered elsewhere in a circuit of a thousand miles. These hobgoblins of flesh and blood were attracted thither by the wide-spreading influence of a great original thinker who had his earthly abode at the opposite extremity of our village. His mind acted upon other minds of a certain constitution with wonderful magnetism, and drew many men upon long pilgrimages to speak with him face to face.

Young visionaries, to whom just so much of insight had been imparted as to make life all a labyrinth around them, came to seek the clew which should guide them out of their self-involved bewilderment. Gray-headed theorists, whose systems—at first air—had finally imprisoned them in a fiery framework, travelled painfully to his door, not to ask deliverance, but to invite the free spirit into their own thralldom. People that had lighted upon a new thought—or thought that they fancied new—came to Emerson as the finder of a glittering gem hastens to a lapidary to ascertain its quality and value. Uncertain, troubled, earnest wanderers through the midnight of the moral world beheld his intellectual fire as a beacon burning upon a hill-top, and climbing the difficult ascent, looking forth into the surrounding obscurity more hopefully than hitherto. The light revealed objects unseen before:—mountains, gleaming lakes, glimpses of a creation among the chaos: but also, as was unavoidable, it attracted bats and owls and the whole host of nightbirds, which flapped their husky wings against the gazer's eyes, and sometimes were

mistaken for fowls of angelic feather. Such delusions always hover nigh whenever a beacon-fire of truth is kindled.

For myself there had been epochs of my life when I too might have asked of this prophet the master-word that should solve me the riddle of the universe ; but now, being happy, I felt as if there were no question to be put ; and therefore admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher. It was good, nevertheless, to meet him in the wood-paths, or sometimes in our avenue, with that pure, intellectual gleam diffused about his presence, like the garment of a shining one ; and he so quiet, so simple, so without pretension, encountering each man alive as if expecting to receive more than he could impart. And in truth, the heart of many a man had, perchance, inscriptions which he could not read. But it was impossible to dwell in his vicinity without inhaling more or less the mountain atmosphere of his lofty thought, which in the brains of some people wrought a singular giddiness—new truth being as heady as new wine.

Never was a poor little country village infected with such a variety of queer, strangely-dressed, oddly-behaved mortals, most of whom took upon themselves to be important agents of the world's destiny, yet were simply bores of the first water. Such, I imagine, is the invariable character of persons who crowd so closely about an original thinker as to draw in his unuttered breath, and thus become imbued with a false originality. This triteness of novelty is enough to make any man of common sense blaspheme at all ideas of less than a century's standing, and pray that the world may be petrified and rendered immovable in precisely the worst moral and physical state that it has ever yet arrived at rather than be benefited by such schemes of such philosophers.—*Mosses from an Old Manse.*

THE ROMANCE AND THE NOVEL.

When a writer calls his work a Romance, it need hardly be observed that he wishes to claim a certain latitude, both as to its fashion and material, which he would not have felt himself entitled to assume had he professed to

be writing a Novel. The latter form of composition is presumed to aim at a very minute fidelity not merely to the possible but to the probable and ordinary course of man's experience. The former—while as a work of art, it must rigidly subject itself to laws, and while it sins unpardonably so far as it may swerve aside from the truth of the human heart—has fairly a right to present that truth under circumstances to a great extent of the writer's own choosing or creation. If he think fit, also, he may so manage his atmospherical medium as to bring out or mellow the lights and deepen or enrich the shadows of the picture. He will be wise, no doubt, to make a very moderate use of the privileges here stated, and especially to mingle the Marvellous rather as a slight, delicate, and evanescent flavor, than as any portion of the actual substance of the dish offered to the public. He can hardly be said, however, to commit a literary crime even if he disregard this caution.

In the present work the author has proposed to himself—but with what success, fortunately, it is not for him to judge—to keep undeviatingly within his immunities. The point of view in which this tale comes under the Romantic definition lies in the attempt to connect a bygone time with the very present that is flitting away from us. It is a legend prolonging itself from an epoch now grown gray in the distance, down to our own broad daylight, and bringing along with it some of its own legendary mist, which the reader, according to his pleasure, may either disregard, or allow it to float almost imperceptibly about the characters and events for the sake of a picturesque effect. The narrative, it may be, is woven of so humble a texture as to require this advantage, and at the same time to render it the more difficult of attainment.

Many writers lay very great stress upon some definite moral purpose at which they profess to aim their works. Not to be deficient in this particular, the author has provided himself with a moral—the truth, namely, that the wrong-doing of one generation lives into successive ones, and, divesting itself of every temporary advantage, becomes a pure and uncontrollable mischief; and he would feel it a singular gratification if this Romance might effectually convince mankind—or indeed any one

man—of the folly of tumbling down an avalanche of ill-gotten gold, or real-estate, on the heads of an unfortunate posterity, thereby to maim and crush them until the accumulated mass shall be scattered abroad in its original atoms. In good faith, however, he is not sufficiently imaginative to flatter himself with the slightest hope of this kind. When Romances do really teach anything, so as to produce any effective operation, it is usually through a far more subtle process than the ostensible one. The author has considered it hardly worth his while, therefore, relentlessly to impale the story with its moral, as with an iron mask—or, rather, as by sticking a pin through a butterfly, thus at once depriving it of life, and causing it to stiffen in an ungainly and unnatural attitude. A high truth, indeed, fairly, finely, and skilfully wrought out, brightening at every step, and crowning the final development of a work of fiction, may add an artistic glory, but is never any truer, and seldom any more evident, at the last page than at the first.

The reader may perhaps assign an actual locality to the imaginary events of this narrative. If permitted by the historical connection—which, though slight, was essential to his plan—the author would very willingly have avoided anything of this nature. Not to speak of other objections, it exposes the Romance to an inflexible and exceedingly dangerous species of criticism, by bringing his fancy-pictures almost into positive contact with the realities of the moment. It has been no part of his object, however, to describe local manners, nor in any way to meddle with the characteristics of a community for whom he cherishes a proper respect and a natural regard. He trusts not to be considered as unpardonably offending, by laying out a street that infringes upon nobody's private rights, and appropriating a lot of land which had no visible owner, and building a house of materials long in use for constructing castles in the air. The personages of the tale—though they give themselves out to be of ancient stability and considerable prominence—are really of the author's own making, or, at all events, of his own mixing; their virtues can shed no lustre, nor their defects redound in the remotest degree to the discredit of the venerable town of which they

profess to be inhabitants. He would be glad, therefore, if—especially in the quarter to which he alludes—the book may be read strictly as a Romance, having a great deal more to do with the clouds overhead than with any portion of the actual soil of the County of Essex.—*The House of the Seven Gables.*

THE FIRST EVENING AT BLITHEDALE.

And now we were seated by the brisk fireside of the old farm-house. There we sat, with the snow melting out of our hair and beards, and our faces all ablaze with the past inclemency and present warmth. It was indeed a right good fire that we found awaiting us. A family of the old Pilgrims might have swung their kettle over precisely such a fire as this; and contrasting it with my coal-grate, I felt so much the more that we had transported ourselves a world-wide distance from the system of society that shackled us at breakfast-table.

Good, comfortable Mrs. Foster (the wife of stout Silas Foster, who was to manage the farm, at a fair stipend, and be our tutor in the art of husbandry), bade us a hearty welcome. At her back appeared two young women, smiling most hospitably, but looking rather awkward withal, as not well knowing what was be their position in our new arrangement of the world. We shook hands affectionately all round, and congratulated ourselves that the blessed state of brotherhood and sisterhood at which we aimed, might fairly be dated from that moment, for greetings were hardly concluded when the door opened, and Zenobia, whom I had never before seen, entered the parlor.

This was not her real name. She had assumed it in the first instance as her Magazine signature; and as it accorded well with something imperial which her friends attributed to this lady's figure and deportment, they half-laughingly adopted it in their familiar intercourse with her. She took the appellation in good part, and even encouraged its common use; which, in fact, was thus far appropriate, that our Zenobia, however humble looked her new philosophy, had as much native pride as any queen would have known what to do with. Zenobia bade us welcome in a fine, frank, mellow voice, and gave

each of us her hand, which was very soft and warm. She had something appropriate to say to every individual. . . .

“I am the first comer,” Zenobia went on to say, while her smile beamed warmth upon us all; “so I take the part of hostess for to-day, and welcome you as if to my own fireside. You shall be my guests, too, at supper. To-morrow, if you please, we will be brethren and sisters, and begin our new life from day-break.”

“Have we our various parts assigned?” asked some one.

“Oh, we of the softer sex,” responded Zenobia, with her mellow, almost broad laugh, “we women (there are four of us here already), will take the domestic and indoor part of the business, as a matter of course. To bake, to boil, to roast, to fry, to stew; to wash, and iron, and scrub, and sweep, and at our idle intervals, to repose ourselves on knitting and sewing—these, I suppose, must be feminine occupations for the present. By-and-by, perhaps, when our individual adaptations begin to develop themselves, it may be that some of us who wear the petticoat will go a-field, and leave the weaker brethren to take our place in the kitchen.”

“What a pity,” I remarked, “that the kitchen, and the house-work generally, cannot be left out of our system altogether! Eve had no dinner-pot, and no clothes to mend, and no washing-day.”

“I am afraid,” said Zenobia, with mirth gleaming out of her eyes, “we shall find some difficulty in adopting the Paradisaical system for at least a month to come. Look at that snow-drift sweeping past the window! Are there any figs ripe, do you think? Have the pine-apples been gathered to-day? Would you like a bread-fruit, or a cocoanut? Shall I run out and pluck you some roses? No, no, Mr. Coverdale; the only flower hereabouts is the one in my hair, which I got out of a greenhouse this morning. And as for the garb of Eden,” added she, shivering playfully, “I shall not assume it till after May-day!”

“And now,” continued Zenobia, “I must go and help get supper. Do you think you can be content, instead of figs, pineapples, and all the delicacies of Adam’s supper-table, with tea and toast, and a certain modest sup-

ply of ham and tongue which, with the instinct of a housewife, I brought hither in a basket? And there shall be bread and milk, too, if the innocence of your taste demands it."

The whole sisterhood now went about their domestic avocations, utterly declining our offers to assist, further than by bringing wood for the kitchen fire from a huge pile in the back yard. Soon with a tremendous stamping in the entry, appeared Silas Foster, lanky, stalwart, uncouth, and grisly-bearded. He came from foddering the cattle in the barn, and from the field where he had been ploughing until the depth of snow rendered it impossible to draw a furrow. He greeted us in pretty much the same tone as if he were speaking to his oxen, took a quid from his iron tobacco-box, pulled off his wet cowhide boots, and sat down before the fire in his stocking feet. The steam arose from his soaked garments, so that the stout yeoman looked vaporous and spectre-like.

"Well, folk," remarked Silas, "you'll be wishing yourselves back to town again, if this weather holds."

And true enough, there was a look of gloom as the twilight fell silently and sadly out of the sky, its gray or sable flakes intermingling themselves with the fast-descending snow. But our courage did not quail. We would not allow ourselves to be depressed by the snow-drift trailing past the window, any more than if it had been the sigh of a summer wind among rustling boughs. We had left the rusty iron framework of society behind us; we had broken through many hindrances that are powerful enough to keep most people on the weary tread-mill of established system, even while they feel its irksomeness, almost as intolerable as we did. We had stept down from the pulpit; we had flung aside the pen, we had shut up the ledger; we had thrown off that sweet, bewitching, enervating indolence which is better, after all, than most of the enjoyments within mortal grasp. It was our purpose to give up whatever we had heretofore attained, for the sake of showing mankind the example of a life governed by other than the false and cruel principles on which human society has all along been based.

And, first of all, we had divorced ourselves from

pride, and were striving to supply its place by familiar love. We meant to lessen the laboring man's great burden of toil, by performing our due share of it at the cost of our own thews and sinews. We sought our profit by mutual aid, instead of wresting it by the strong hand from an enemy, or filching it craftily from those less shrewd than ourselves (if indeed, there were any such in New England), or winning it by selfish competition with a neighbor; in one or another of which fashions every son of woman both perpetrates and suffers his share of the common evil, whether he chooses or no. And, as the basis of our institution, we proposed to offer up the earnest toil of our bodies, as a prayer no less than an effort for the advancement of our race. Therefore if we built splendid castles (phalansteries perhaps they might be more fitly called), and pictured beautiful scenes among the fervid coals of the hearth around which we were clustering, and if all went to wrack with the crumbling embers, and have never since arisen out of the ashes, let us take to ourselves no shame. In my own behalf, I rejoice that I once could think better of the world's improbability than it deserved. It is a mistake into which men seldom fall twice in a lifetime; or, if so, the rarer and higher is the nature that can thus magnanimously persist in error.

Stout Silas Foster mingled little in our conversation; but when he did speak, it was very much to some practical purpose. For instance:—

“Which man among you,” quoth he, “is the best judge of swine? Some of us must go to the next Brighton Fair, and buy half-a-dozen pigs.”

Pigs! Good heavens! had we come out from the swinish multitude for this? And again, in reference to some discussion about raising early vegetables for the market:—

“We shall never make any hand at market-gardening,” said Silas Foster, “unless the women-folks will undertake to do all the weeding. We haven't team enough for that and the regular farm-work, reckoning three of you city-folks as worth one common field-hand. No, no; I tell you, we should have to get up a little too early in the morning to compete with the market-gardeners round Boston.”

It struck me as rather odd that one of the first questions raised, after our separation from the greedy, struggling, self-seeking world, should relate to the possibility of getting the advantage over the outside barbarians in their own field of labor. But, to own the truth, I very soon became sensible that, as regarded society at large, we stood in a position of new hostility, rather than new brotherhood. Nor could this fail to be the case, in some degree, until the bigger and better half of society should range itself on our side. Constituting so pitiful a minority as now, we were inevitably estranged from the rest of mankind in pretty fair proportion with the strictness of our mutual bond among ourselves.

This dawning idea, however, was driven back into my inner consciousness by the entrance of Zenobia. She came with the welcome intelligence that supper was on the table. Looking at herself in the glass, and perceiving that her one magnificent flower had grown rather languid (probably by being exposed to the fervency of the kitchen fire), she flung it on the floor as unconcernedly as a village girl would throw away a faded violet. The action seemed proper to her character, although, methought, it would still more have benefitted the bounteous nature of this beautiful woman to scatter fresh flowers from her hand, and to revive faded one's by her touch. Nevertheless, it was a singular, but irresistible effect: the presence of Zenobia caused our heroic enterprise to show like an illusion, a masquerade, a pastoral, a counterfeit Arcadia, in which we grown-up men and women were making a play-day of the years that were given us to live in. I tried to analyze this impression, but not with much success. . . .

The evening wore on, and the outer solitude looked in upon us through the windows, gloomy, wild, and vague, like another stage of existence close beside the little sphere of warmth and light in which we were the prattlers and bustlers of a moment. By-and-by the door was opened by Silas Foster, with a cotton handkerchief about his head, and a tallow candle in his hand.

"Take my advice, brother farmers," said he, with a great bottomless yawn, "and get to bed as soon as you

can. I shall sound the horn at daybreak ; and we've got to get the cattle to fodder, and nine cows to milk, and a dozen other things to do before breakfast."

Thus ended the first evening at Blithedale. I went shivering to my fireless chamber, with the miserable consciousness (which had been growing upon me for several hours past) that I had caught a tremendous cold, and should probably awaken, at the blast of the horn, a fit subject for a hospital. How cold an Arcadia was this.—*The Blithedale Romance.*

THE REVEREND ARTHUR DIMMESDALE.

In order to free his mind from this indistinctness and duplicity of impression, which vexed it with a strange disquietude, the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale recalled and more and more thoroughly defined the plans which Hester Prynne and himself had sketched for their departure. It had been determined between them that the Old World, with its crowds and cities, offered them a more eligible shelter and concealment than the wilds of New England, or all America, with its alternatives of an Indian wigwam or the few settlements of Europeans, scattered thinly along the seaboard. Hester could take it upon herself to secure the passage of two individuals and a child, with all the secrecy which circumstances rendered more than desirable.

The minister had inquired of Hester, with no little interest, the precise time at which the vessel might be expected to depart. It would be on the fourth day from the present. "That is most fortunate," he had said to himself. The reason why the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale considered it so very fortunate was because on the third day from the present he was to preach the Election Sermon ; and as such an occasion formed an honorable epoch in the life of a New England clergyman, he could not have chanced upon a more suitable mode and time of terminating his official career. "At least, they shall say of me," thought this exemplary man, "that I leave no public duty unperformed nor ill performed !" Sad indeed that introspection so profound and acute as this poor minister's should be so miserably deceived ! We have had, and still may have worse things to tell of him;

but none, we apprehend, so pitifully weak ; no evidence at once so slight and irrefragible of a subtle disease that had long since begun to eat into the real substance of his character. No man, for any considerable period, can wear one face to himself and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be the true.

The excitement of Mr. Dimmesdale's feelings, as he returned from his interview with Hester, lent him unaccustomed physical energy, and hurried him toward at a rapid pace. As he drew near the town he took an impression of change from the series of familiar objects that presented themselves. It seemed not yesterday, not one, not two, but many days or even years ago, since he had quitted them. There was indeed each former trace of the street, as he remembered it, and all the peculiarities of the houses, with the due multitude of gables, peaks, and a weathercock at every point where his memory suggested one. Not the less, however, came this importunately recurring sense of change. The same was true as regarded the acquaintances whom he met, and all the well-known shapes of human life about the little town. They looked neither older nor younger now ; the beards of the aged were no whiter, nor could the creeping babe of yesterday walk on his feet to-day. It was impossible to describe in what respect they differed from the individuals on whom he had so recently bestowed a parting glance ; and yet the minister's deepest sense seemed to inform him of their mutability. A similar impression struck him most remarkably as he passed under the walls of his own church. The edifice had so very strange and yet so familiar an aspect, that Mr. Dimmesdale's mind vibrated between two ideas : either that he had seen it only in a dream hitherto, or that he was merely dreaming about it now.

This phenomenon, in the various shapes which it assumed, indicated no external change, but so sudden and important change in the spectator of the familiar scene, that the intervening space of a single day had operated upon his consciousness like the lapse of years. The minister's own will, and Hester's will, and the fate that grew between them, had wrought this transformation. It was the same town as heretofore ; but the same

minister returned not from the forest. He might have said to the friends who greeted him, "I am not the man for whom you take me! I left him yonder in the forest, withdrawn into a secret dell, by a mossy tree-trunk, and near a melancholy brook! Go seek your minister, and see if his emaciated figure, his thin cheek, his white, heavy, pain-wrinkled brow, be not flung down there, like a cast-off garment!" His friends, no doubt, would still have insisted with him, "Thou art thyself the man!"—but the error would have been their own, not his.

Before Mr. Dimmesdale reached home, his inner man gave him other evidences of a revolution in the sphere of thought and feeling. In truth, nothing short of a total change of dynasty and moral code in that interior kingdom, was adequate to account for the impulses now communicated to the unfortunate and startled minister. At every step he was impelled to do some strange, wild, wicked thing or other, with a sense that it would be at once involuntary and intentional; in spite of himself, yet growing out of a profounder self than that which opposed the impulse.

For instance: He met one of his own deacons. The good old man addressed him with the paternal affection and patriarchal privilege which his venerable age, his upright and holy character, and his station in the Church, entitled him to use; and, conjoined with this, the deep, almost worshipping respect which the minister's professional and private claims alike demanded. Never was there a more beautiful example of how the majesty of age and wisdom may comport with the obeisance and respect enjoined upon it, as from a lower social rank and inferior order of endowment, toward a higher. Now during a conversation of some two or three moments between the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale and this excellent and hoary-headed deacon, it was only by the most careful self-control that the former could refrain from uttering certain blasphemous suggestions that rose into his mind respecting the communion-supper. He absolutely trembled, and turned pale as ashes, lest his tongue should wag itself in utterances of those horrible matters, and plead his own consent for so doing, without his having fairly given it. And even with this terror in his heart, he could hardly avoid laughing to imagine how

the sanctified old patriarchal deacon would have been petrified by his minister's impiety.

Again, another incident of the same nature : Hurrying along the street, the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale encountered the eldest female member of his Church ; a most pious and exemplary old dame, poor, widowed, lonely, and with a heart as full of reminiscences about her dead husband and children, and her dead friends of long ago, as a burial ground is full of storied grave-stones. Yet all this, which would else have been such heavy sorrow, was made almost a solemn joy to her devout old soul, by religious consolations and the truths of Scripture wherewith she had fed herself continually for more than thirty years. And since Mr. Dimmesdale had taken her in charge the good granddame's chief earthly comfort—which unless it had been likewise a heavenly comfort could have been none at all—was to meet her pastor, whether casually or of set purpose, and be refreshed with a word of warm, fragrant, heaven-breathing gospel truth from his beloved lips into her dulled but rapturously attentive ear. But, on this occasion, up to the moment of putting his lips to the old woman's ear, Mr. Dimmesdale, as the great enemy of souls would have it, could recall no text of Scripture, or aught else, except a brief, pithy, and, as it then appeared to him, unanswerable argument against the immortality of the human soul. The instilment thereof into her mind would probably have caused this aged sister to drop down dead at once, as by the effect of an intensely poisonous infection. What he really did whisper the minister could never afterward recollect. There was perhaps a fortunate disorder in his utterance, which failed to impart any distinct idea to the good widow's comprehension, or which Providence interpreted after a method of its own. Assuredly, as the minister looked back, he beheld an expression of divine gratitude and ecstasy that seemed like the shine of the Celestial City on her face, so wrinkled and ashy pale.

Again, a third instance : After parting from the old church-member, he met the youngest sister of them all. It was a maiden newly-won—and won by the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale's own sermon, on the Sabbath after his vigil—to barter the transitory pleasures of the world

for the heavenly hope that was to assume brighter substance as life grew dark around her, and which would gild the utter gloom with final glory. She was fair and pure as a lily that had bloomed in Paradise. The minister knew well that he was himself enshrined within the stainless sanctity of her heart, which hung its snowy curtains about his image, imparting to religion the warmth of love, and to love a religious purity. Satan, that afternoon, had surely led the poor young girl away from her mother's side, and thrown her into the pathway of this sorely tempted, or—shall we not say? this lost and desperate man. As she drew near, the archfiend whispered him to condense into a small compass and drop into her tender bosom a germ of evil that would be sure to blossom darkly soon, and bear black fruit betimes. Such was his sense of power over this virgin's soul, trusting him as she did, that the minister felt potent to blight all the field of innocence with but one wicked look, and develop all its opposite with but a word. So—with a mightier struggle than he had yet sustained—he held his Geneva cloak before his face, and hurried onward, making no sign of recognition, and leaving the young sister to digest his rudeness as she might. She ransacked her conscience, which was full of harmless little matters—like her pocket or her workbag—and took herself to task, poor thing! for a thousand imaginary faults; and went about her household duties with swollen eyelids the next morning.

Before the minister had time to celebrate his victory over this last temptation, he was conscious of another impulse, more ludicrous, and almost as horrible. It was to stop short in the road, and teach some very wicked words to a knot of little Puritan children who were playing there, and had but just begun to talk. Denying himself this freak, as unworthy of his cloth, he met a drunken seaman, one of the ship's crew from the Spanish Main. And here, since he had so valiantly forborne all other wickedness, poor Mr. Dimmesdale longed at least to shake hands with the tarry blackguard, and recreate himself with a few improper jests, such as dissolute sailors so abound with, and a volley of good, round, and heaven-defying oaths! It was not so much a better principle as partly his natural good taste, and still

more his buckrammed habit of clerical decorum, that carried him through the latter crisis.

"What is it that haunts and tempts me thus?" cried the minister to himself, at length, pausing in the street, and striking his hand against his forehead. "Am I mad? or am I given over utterly to the fiend? Did I make a contract with him in the forest, and sign it with my blood? And does he now summon to its fulfilment by suggesting the performance of every wickedness which his most foul imagination can conceive?"

At the moment when the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale thus communed with himself, and struck his forehead with his hand, old Mistress Hibbins, the reputed witch-lady, is said to have been passing by. She made a very grand appearance; having on a high head-dress, a rich gown of velvet, and a ruff done up with the famous yellow starch, of which Ann Turner, her especial friend, had taught her the secret, before this last good lady had been hanged for Sir Thomas Overbury's murder. Whether the witch had read the minister's thoughts or no, she came to a full stop, looked shrewdly into his face, smiled craftily, and, though little given to converse with clergymen began a conversation.

"So, Reverend Sir, you have made a visit into the forest," observed the witch-lady, nodding her high head-dress at him. "The next time I pray you to allow me only a fair warning, and I shall be proud to bear you company. Without taking overmuch upon myself, my good word will go far toward gaining any strange gentleman a fair reception from yonder potentate you wot of."

"I profess, Madam," answered the clergyman, with a grave obeisance such as the lady's rank demanded, and his good breeding made imperative, "I profess, on my conscience and character, that I am utterly bewildered as touching the purport of your words. I went not into the forest to seek a potentate; neither do I at any future time design a visit thither with a view to gaining favor of such personage. My one sufficient reason was to greet that pious friend of mine, the Apostle Eliot, and rejoice with him over the many precious souls he hath won from heathendom."

"Ha, ha, ha!" cackled the old witch-lady, still nod-

ding her high head-dress at the minister. "Well, well, we must not talk thus in the daytime! You carry it off like an old hand! But at midnight, and in the forest, we shall have other talk together!"

She passed on with her aged stateliness, but often turned back her head, and smiling at him, like one willing to recognize a secret intimacy of connection.

"Have I then sold myself," thought the minister, "to the fiend whom, if men say true, this yellow-starched and velveted old hag has chosen for her prince and master?"

The wretched minister! He had made a bargain very like it! Tempted by a dream of happiness, he had yielded by deliberate choice, as he had never done before, to what he knew was deadly sin. And the infectious poison of that sin had been thus rapidly diffused throughout his moral system. It had stupefied all blessed impulses, and awakened into vivid life the whole brotherhood of bad ones. Scorn, bitterness, unprovoked malignity, gratuitous desire of ill, ridicule of whatever was good and holy, all awoke to tempt even while they frightened him. And his encounter with old Mistress Hibbins, if it were a real incident, did but show his sympathy and fellowship with wicked mortals and the world of perverted spirits.

He had by this time reached his dwelling on the edge of the burial-ground, and hastening up the stairs, took refuge in his study. The minister was glad to have reached this shelter without first betraying himself to the world by any of those strange and wicked eccentricities to which he had been continually impelled while passing through the streets. He entered the accustomed room, and looked around him on its books, its windows, its fireplace, and the tapestried comfort of the walls, with the same perception of strangeness that had haunted him throughout his walk from the forest dell into the town, and thitherward. Here he had studied and written; here had gone through fast and vigil, and come forth half alive; here had striven to pray; here borne a hundred thousand agonies! There was the Bible, in its rich old Hebrew, with Moses and the Prophets speaking to him, and God's voice through all! There on the table, with the inky pen beside it,

was an unfinished sermon, with a sentence broken in the midst, where his thoughts had ceased to gush out upon the page two days before. He knew that it was himself, the thin and white-cheeked minister, who had done and suffered these things, and written thus far into the Election Sermon ! But he seemed to stand apart, and eye this former self with scornful, pitying, but half envious curiosity. That self was gone. Another man had returned out of the forest ; a wiser one ; with a knowledge of hidden mysteries which the simplicity of the former never could have reached. A bitter kind of knowledge that !

While occupied with these reflections a knock came at the door of the study, and the minister said, "Come in!"—not wholly devoid of an idea that he might behold an evil spirit. And so he did ! It was old Roger Chillingworth that entered. The minister stood, white and speechless, with one hand on the Hebrew Scriptures, and the other spread upon his breast.

"Welcome home, Reverend Sir," said the physician. "And how found you that godly man, the Apostle Eliot ? But methinks, dear Sir, you look pale ; as if the travel through the wilderness had been too sore for you. Will not my aid be requisite to put you in heart and strength to preach your Election Sermon ?"

"Nay, I think not so," rejoined the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale, "My journey, and the sight of the holy Apostle yonder, and the free air which I have breathed, have done me good after so long confinement in my study. I think to need no more of your drugs, my kind physician, good though they be, and administered by a friendly hand."

All this time Roger Chillingworth was looking at the minister with the grave and intent regard of a physician toward his patient. But in spite of all this outward show the latter was almost convinced of the old man's knowledge, or, at least, his confident suspicion, with respect to his own interview with Hester Prynne. The physician knew then that in the minister's regard he was no longer a trusted friend, but his bitterest enemy. So much being known, it would appear natural that a part of it should be expressed. It is singular, however, how long a time often passes before words

embody things ; and with what security two persons who choose to avoid a certain subject may approach its very verge, and retire without disturbing it. Thus the minister felt no apprehension that Roger Chillingworth would touch, in express words, upon the real position which they sustained toward one another. Yet did the physician, in his dark way, creep frightfully near the secret.

“Were it not better,” said he, “that you use my poor skill to-night? Verily, my dear sir, we must take pains to make you strong and vigorous for this occasion of the Election discourse. The people look for great things from you ; apprehending that another year may come about and find their pastor gone.”

“Yea, to another world,” replied the minister with pious resignation. “Heaven grant it may be to a better one ; for in good sooth, I hardly think to tarry with my flock through the flitting seasons of another year ! But touching your medicine, kind sir, in my present frame of body, I need it not.”

“I joy to hear it,” answered the physician. “It may be that my remedies, so long administered in vain, begin now to take due effect. Happy man were I, and well deserving of New England’s gratitude, could I achieve this cure !”

“I thank you from my heart, most watchful friend,” said the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale, with a solemn smile. “I thank you, and can but requite your good deeds with my prayers.”

“A good man’s prayers are golden recompense !” rejoined old Roger Chillingworth, as he took his leave. “Yea, they are the current gold coin of the New Jerusalem, with the King’s own mint-mark on them !”

Left alone, the minister summoned a servant of the house and requested food, which being set before him he ate with ravenous appetite. Then flinging the already written pages of the Election Sermon into the fire, he forthwith began another, which he wrote with such an impulsive flow of thought and emotion that he fancied himself inspired ; and wondered that Heaven should see fit to transmit the grand and solemn music of its oracles through so foul an organ-pipe as he. However, leaving that mystery to solve itself, or go un-

solved forever, he drove his task onward with earnest haste and ecstacy. Thus the night fled away, as if it were a winged steed, and he careering upon it. Morning came, and peeped blushing through the curtains; and at last sunrise threw a golden beam into the study, and laid it right across the minister's bedazzled eyes. There he was, with his pen still between his fingers, and a vast, immeasurable tract of written space behind him!—*The Scarlet Letter.*

MIRIAM, HILDA, KENYON, DONATELLO.

Four individuals, in whose fortunes we should be glad to interest the reader, happened to be standing in one of the saloons of the sculpture-gallery in the Capitol at Rome. It was that room (the first, after ascending the staircase) in the centre of which reclines the noble and most pathetic figure of the Dying Gladiator, just sinking into his death swoon. Around the walls stand the Antinous, the Amazon, the Lycian Apollo, the Juno; all famous productions of antique sculpture, and all shining in the undiminished majesty and beauty of their ideal life, although the marble that embodies them is yellow with time, and perhaps corroded by the damp earth in which they lay buried for centuries. Here, likewise, is seen a symbol (as apt at this moment as it was two thousand years ago) of the Human Soul, with its choice of Innocence or Evil close at hand, in the pretty figure of a child, clasping a dove to her bosom, but assaulted by a snake.

From one of the windows of this saloon we may see a flight of broad stone steps, descending alongside the antique and massive foundation of the Capitol, toward the battered triumphal arch of Septimius Severus, right below. Farther on, the eye skirts along the edge of the desolate Forum (where Roman washerwomen hang out their linen to the sun), passing over a shapeless confusion of modern edifices, piled rudely up with ancient brick and stone, and over the domes of Christian churches, built on the old pavements of heathen temples, and supported by the very pillars that once upheld them. At a distance beyond—yet but a little way, considering how much history is heaped into the inter-

vening space—rises the great heap of the Coliseum, with the blue sky brightening through its upper tier of arches. Far off the view is shut in by the Alban mountains, looking just the same, amid all this decay and change as when Romulus gazed thitherward over his half-finished wall.

We glance hastily at these things—at the bright sky and at those blue distant mountains, and at the ruins, Etruscan, Roman, Christian, venerable with a three-fold antiquity, and at the company of world-famous statues in the saloon, in the hope of putting the reader into that state of feeling which is experienced oftenest at Rome. It is a vague sense of ponderous remembrances; a perception of such weight and density in a bygone life of which this spot was the centre, that the present moment is pressed down or crowded out, and our individual affairs and interests are but half as real here as elsewhere. Viewed through this medium, our narrative—into which are woven some airy and unsubstantial threads, intermixed with others twisted out of the commonest stuff of human existence—may seem not widely different from the texture of all our lives.

Side by side with the massiveness of the Roman Past, all matters that we handle or dream of nowadays look evanescent and visionary alike. It might be that the four persons whom we are seeking to introduce were conscious of this dreaming character of the present, as compared with the square blocks of granite wherewith the Romans built their lives. Perhaps it even contributed to the fanciful merriment which was just now their mood. When we find ourselves fading into shadows and unrealities it seems hardly worth while to be sad, but rather to laugh as gayly as we may, and ask little reason wherefore.

Of these four friends of ours, three were artists, or connected with art; and at this moment they had been simultaneously struck by a resemblance between one of the antique statues—a well-known masterpiece of Grecian sculpture—and a young Italian, the fourth member of their party.

“You must needs confess, Kenyon,” said a dark-eyed young woman, whom her friends called Miriam, “that you never chiselled out of marble, nor

wrought in clay, a more vivid likeness than this—cunning a bust-maker as you think yourself. The portraiture is perfect in character, sentiment, and feature. If it were a picture, the resemblance might be half-illusive and imaginary ; but here, in this Pentelic marble, it is a substantial fact, and may be tested by absolute touch and measurement. Our friend Donatello is the very Faun of Praxiteles. Is it not true, Hilda?"

"Not quite—almost—yes, I really think so," replied Hilda, a slender, brown-haired New England girl, whose perceptions of form and expression were wonderfully clear and delicate. "If there is any difference between the two faces, the reason may be, I suppose, that the Faun dwelt in the woods and fields, and consorted with his like ; while Donatello has known cities a little, and such people as ourselves. But the resemblance is very close, and very strange."

"Not so strange," whispered Miriam, mischievously, "for no Faun in Arcadia was ever a greater simpleton than Donatello. He has hardly a man's share of wit, small as that may be. It is a pity there are no longer any of this congenial race of rustic creatures for our friend to consort with !"

"Hush, naughty one!" returned Hilda. "You are very ungrateful, for you well know he has wit enough to worship you, at all events."

"Then the greater fool he !" said Miriam, so bitterly that Hilda's quiet eyes were somewhat startled.

"Donatello, my dear friend," said Kenyon, in Italian, "pray gratify us all by taking the exact attitude of this statue."

The young man laughed, and threw himself into the position in which the statue has been standing for two or three thousand years. In truth, allowing for the difference of costume, and if a lion's skin could have been substituted for his modern taima, and a rustic pipe for his stick, Donatello might have figured perfectly as the marble Faun, miraculously softened into flesh and blood.

"Yes, the resemblance is wonderful," observed Kenyon, after examining the marble and the man with the accuracy of a sculptor's eye. "There is one point however, or, rather, two points, in respect to which ~~on~~

friend Donatello's abundant curls will not permit us to say whether the likeness is carried into minute detail." And the sculptor directed the attention of the party to the ears of the beautiful statue which they were contemplating.

But we must do more than merely refer to this exquisite work of art. It must be described, however inadequate may be the effort to express its magic peculiarity in words.

The Faun is the marble image of a young man, leaning his right arm on the trunk or stump of a tree ; one hand hangs carelessly by his side ; in the other he holds the fragment of a pipe, or some such sylvan instrument of music. His only garment—a lion's skin, with the claws upon his shoulder—falls half way down his back, leaving the limbs and entire front of the figure nude. The form, thus displayed, is marvellously graceful, but has a fuller and more rounded outline, more flesh, and less of heroic muscle, than the old sculptors were wont to assign to their types of masculine beauty. The character of the face corresponds with the figure ; it is most agreeable in outline and feature, but rounded and somewhat voluptuously developed about the throat and chin ; the nose is almost straight, but very slightly curves inward, thereby acquiring an indescribable charm of geniality and humor ; the mouth, with its full yet delicate lips, seems so nearly to smile outright, that it calls forth a responsive smile. The whole statue—unlike anything else that was ever wrought in that severe material of marble—conveys the idea of an amiable and sensual creature, easy, mirthful, apt for jollity, yet not incapable of being touched by pathos. It is impossible to gaze long at this stone image without conceiving a kindly sentiment toward it, as if its substance were warm to the touch, and imbued with actual life. It comes very close to some of our pleasantest sympathies.

Perhaps it is the very lack of moral severity, of any high and heroic ingredient in the character of the Faun, that makes it so delightful an object to the human eye, and to the frailty of the human heart. The being here represented is endowed with no principle of virtue, and would be incapable of comprehending such : but he would be true and honest by dint of his simplicity. We

should expect from him no sacrifice or effort for an abstract cause. There is not an atom of martyr's stuff in all that softened marble; but he has a capacity for strong and warm attachment, and might act devotedly through its impulse, and even die for it at need. It is possible, too, that the Faun might be educated through the medium of his emotions, so that the coarser animal portion of his nature might eventually be thrown into the background, though never utterly expelled.

The animal nature indeed is the most essential part of the Faun's composition; for the characteristics of the brute creation meet and combine with those of humanity in this strange yet true and natural conception of antique poetry and art. Praxiteles has subtly diffused throughout his work that mute mystery which so hopelessly perplexes us whenever we attempt to gain an intellectual or sympathetic knowledge of the lower orders of creation. The riddle is indicated, however, only by two definite signs: these are the two ears of the Faun, which are leaf-shaped, terminating in little peaks, like those of some species of animals. Though not so seen in the marble, they are probably to be considered as clothed in fine, downy fur. In the coarser representations of this class of mythological creatures there is another token of brute kindred—a certain caudal appendage; which, if the Faun of Praxiteles must be supposed to possess it at all, is hidden by the lion's skin that forms his garment. The pointed and furry ears, therefore, are the sole indications of his wild forest nature.

Only a sculptor of the finest imagination, the most delicate taste, the sweetest feeling, and the rarest artistic skill—in a word, a sculptor and a poet too—could have first dreamed of a Faun in this guise, and then have succeeded in imprisoning the sportive and frisky thing in marble. Neither man nor animal, and yet no monster; but a being in whom both races meet on friendly ground. The idea grows coarse as we handle it, and hardens in our grasp. But if the spectator broods long over the statue, he will be conscious of its spell. All the pleasantness of sylvan life, all the genial and happy characteristics of creatures that dwell in woods and fields, will seem to be mingled and kneaded into one substance, along with the kindred qualities in

the human soul. Trees, grass, flowers, woodland streamlets, cattle, deer, and unsophisticated man! The essence of all these was compressed long ago, and still exists in that discolored marble surface of the Faun of Praxiteles.

And, after all, the idea may have been no dream, but rather a poet's reminiscence of a period when man's affinity with nature was more strict, and his fellowship with every living thing more intimate and dear.

"Donatello," playfully cried Miriam, "do not leave us in this perplexity! Shake aside those brown curls, my friend, and let us see whether this marvellous resemblance extends to the very tips of the ears. If so, we shall like you all the better!"

"No, no, dearest Signorina," answered Donatello, laughing, but with a certain earnestness. "I entreat you to take the tips of my ears for granted." And as he spoke the young Italian made a skip and a jump, quite light enough for a veritable Faun, so as to place himself beyond the reach of the fair hand that was outstretched, as if to settle the matter by actual examination. "I shall be like a wolf of the Apennines," he continued, taking his stand on the other side of the Dying Gladiator, "if you touch my ears ever so softly. None of my race could endure it. It has always been a tender point with my forefathers and me."

He spoke in Italian, with the Tuscan rusticity of accent, and an unshaped sort of utterance, betokening that he must heretofore have been chiefly conversant with rural people.

"Well, well," said Miriam, "your tender point shall —your two tender points, if you have them—be safe so far as I am concerned. But how strange this likeness is, after all, and how delightful, if it really includes the pointed ears! Oh, it is impossible, of course," she continued in English, "with a real and commonplace young man like Donatello; but you see how this peculiarity defines the position of the Faun; and while putting him where he cannot exactly assert his brotherhood, still disposes us kindly toward the kindred creature. He is not supernatural, but just on the verge of nature, and yet within it. What is the nameless charm of this idea, Hilda? You can feel it more delicately than I."

"It perplexes me," said Hilda, thoughtfully, and shrinking a little; "neither do I quite like to think about it."

"But surely," said Kenyon; "you agree with Miriam and me, and there is something very touching and impressive in this statue of the Faun. In some long past age he really must have existed. Nature needed, and still needs, this beautiful creature; standing betwixt man and animal, sympathizing with each, comprehending the speech of either race, and interpreting the whole existence of one to the other. What a pity that he has forever vanished from the hard and dusty paths of life—unless," added the sculptor, in a sportive whisper, "Donatello be actually he!"

"You cannot conceive how this fantasy takes hold of me," responded Miriam, between jest and earnest. "Imagine now, a real being similar to this mystic Faun, how happy, how genial, how satisfactory would be his life; enjoying the warm, sensuous, earthly side of his nature; revelling in the merriment of woods and streams; living as our four-footed kindred do—as mankind did in its innocent childhood; before sin, sorrow, or mortality itself had even been thought of! Ah! Kenyon, if Hilda and you and I—if I at least—had pointed ears! For I suppose the Faun had no conscience, no remorse, no burthen on the heart, no troublesome reflections of any sort, no dark future either."

"What a tragic tone was that last, Miriam!" said the sculptor; and, looking into her face, he was startled to behold it pale and tear-stained. "How suddenly this mood has come over you!"

"Let it go as it came," said Miriam, "like a thunder-shower in this Roman sky. All is sunshine again, you see!"

Donatello's refractoriness as regarded his ears had evidently cost him something; and he now came close to Miriam's side, gazing at her with an appealing air, as if to solicit forgiveness. His mute, helpless gesture of entreaty had something pathetic in it, and yet might well enough excite a laugh, so like it was to what you may see in the aspect of a hound when he thinks himself in fault or disgrace. It was difficult to make out the character of this young man. So full of animal life

as he was, so joyous in his deportment, so handsome, so physically well-developed, he made no impression of incompleteness, of maimed or stinted nature. And yet, in social intercourse, these familiar friends of his habitually and instructively allowed for him, as for a child or some other lawless thing, exacting no strict obedience to conventional rules, and hardly noticing his eccentricities enough to pardon them. There was an indefinable characteristic about Donatello that set him outside of rules.

He caught Miriam's hand, kissed it, and gazed into her eyes without saying a word. She smiled and bestowed upon him a little careless caress, singularly like what one would give to a pet dog when he puts himself in the way to receive it. Not that it was so decided a caress either, but only the merest touch, somewhere between a pat and a tap of the finger ; it might be a mark of fondness, or perhaps a playful pretence of punishment. At all events, it appeared to afford Donatello exquisite pleasure ; insomuch that he danced quite round the wooden railing that fences in the Dying Gladiator.

"It is the very step of the Dancing Faun," said Miriam apart to Hilda. "What a child, or what a simpleton he is ! I continually find myself treating Donatello as if he were the merest unfledged chicken ; and yet he can claim no such privileges in the right of his tender age, for he is at least—how old should you think him, Hilda?"

"Twenty years, perhaps," replied Hilda, glancing at Donatello ; "but, indeed, I cannot tell ; hardly so old, on second thoughts, or possibly older. He has nothing to do with time, but has a look of eternal youth in his face."

"All underwitted people have that look," said Miriam, scornfully.

"Donatello has certainly the gift of eternal youth, as Hilda suggests," observed Kenyon, laughing ; "for, judging by the date of this statue, which I am more and more convinced Praxiteles carved on purpose for him, he must be at least twenty-five centuries old, and he still looks as young as ever."

"What age have you, Donatello ?" asked Miriam.

"Signorina, I do not know," he answered; "no great age, however; for I have only lived since I met you."

"Now what old man of society could have turned a silly compliment more neatly than that!" exclaimed Miriam. "Nature and art are just at one sometimes. But what a happy ignorance is this of our friend Donatello! Not to know his own age! It is equivalent to being immortal on earth. If I could only forget mine!"

"It is too soon to wish that," observed the sculptor. "You are hardly older than Donatello looks."

I shall be content then," rejoined Miriam, "if I could only forget one day of all my life." Then she seemed to repent of this allusion, and hastily added, "A woman's days are so tedious that it is a boon to leave one of them out of the account."—*The Marble Faun.*





HAY, JOHN, an American novelist, poet, journalist, and diplomat, born at Salem, Ind., October 8, 1838. He was educated at Brown University, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in Springfield, Ill., in 1861. In the same year he became Assistant Secretary of President Lincoln, and later his Adjutant and Aide-de-Camp. He served for a time in the Union army, and became an assistant adjutant-general. After the war he was Secretary of Legation at Paris and Madrid, and Chargé d'Affaires at Vienna. In 1870 he returned to the United States, and for six years was employed on the editorial staff of the *New York Tribune*. From 1879 to 1881 he was Assistant Secretary of State. During his connection with the *Tribune* he became known by his dialect poems *Jim Bludsoe* and *Little Breeches*. These were afterward published, with others of his verses, in a volume entitled *Pike County Ballads* (1871). In the same year he published *Castilian Days*, a collection of sketches of Spanish life. He also, conjointly with John G. Nicolay, wrote *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*, which was published in the *Century Magazine* in 1886-87, and issued in 10 vols. His *Collected* appeared in 1890. In 1897 he was appointed United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James; in 1898 he was recalled to fill the office of Secretary of State, vice William R. Day, who was appointed peace commissioner at the close of the Spanish-American War.

MY CASTLE IN SPAIN.

There was never a castle seen
So fair as mine in Spain ;
It stands embowered in green,
Crowning the gentle slope
Of a hill by Xenil's shore,
And at eve its shade flaunts o'er
The storied Vega plain,
And its towers are hid in the mists of hope ;
And I toil through mists of pain
Its glimmering gates to gain.
In visions wild and sweet
Sometimes its courts I greet ;
Sometimes in joy its shining halls
I tread with favored feet ;
But never my eyes in the light of day
Were blessed with its ivied walls,
Where the marble white and the granite gray
Turn alike where the sunbeams play
When the soft day dimly falls.

I know in its dusky rooms
Are treasures rich and rare ;
The spoil of Eastern looms,
And whatever of bright and rare
Painters divine have won
From the vault of Italy's air ;
White gods of Phidian stone
People the haunted glooms :
And the song of immortal singers
Like a fragrant memory lingers,
I know, in the echoing rooms.

But nothing of these, my soul !
Nor castle, nor treasures, nor skies,
Nor the waves of the river that roll,
With a cadence faint and sweet,
In peace by its marble feet—
Nothing of these is the goal
For which my whole heart sighs.
'Tis the pearl gives worth to the shell—

The pearl I would die to gain ;
 For there does my lady dwell,
 My love that I love so well—
 That Queen whose gracious reign
 Makes glad my Castle in Spain.

Her face so purely fair
 Sheds light in the shady places,
 And the spell of her maiden graces
 Holds charmed the happy air.
 A breath of purity
 Forever before her flies,
 And ill things cease to be
 In the glance of her honest eyes,
 Around her pathway flutter,
 Where her dear feet wander free,
 In youth's pure majesty,
 The wings of vague desires,
 But the thought that love would utter
 In reverence expires.

Not yet ! not yet shall I see
 That face which shines like a star
 O'er my storm-swept life afar
 Transfigured with love for me ;
 Toiling, forgetting, and learning,
 With labor and vigils, and prayers,
 Pure heart and resolute will,
 At last I shall climb the Hill,
 And breathe the enchanted airs
 Where the light of my life is burning,
 Most lovely and fair and free ;
 Where alone in her youth and beauty,
 And bound by her fate's sweet duty,
 Unconscious she waits for me.

BEFORE THE BULL-FIGHT.

One does not soon forget the first sight of the full Coliseum. In the centre is the sanded arena, surrounded by a high barrier. Around this rises the graded succession of stone benches for the people ; then numbered seats for the connoisseurs ; and above a row of

boxes extending around the circle. The building holds, when full, some fourteen thousand persons; and there is rarely any vacant space. For myself I can say that what I vainly strove to imagine in the Coliseum at Rome, and in the more solemn solitude of Capua and Pompeii, came up before me with the vividness of life on entering the bull-ring of Madrid. This, and none other, was the classic arena. This was the crowd that sat expectant, under the blue sky, in the hot glare of the South, while the doomed captives of Dacia, or the sectaries of Judea commended their souls to the gods of the Danube, or the Crucified of Galilee. Half the sand lay in the blinding sun. Half the seats were illuminated by the fierce light. The other half was in shadow, and the dark crescent crept slowly all the afternoon across the arena as the sun declined in the west.

It is hard to conceive a more brilliant scene. The women put on their gayest finery for this occasion. In the warm light, every bit of color flashes out, every combination falls naturally into its place. I am afraid the luxuriance of hues in the dress of the fair Iberians would be considered shocking in Broadway, but in the vast frame and broad light of the Plaza the effect was very brilliant. Thousands of parti-colored paper fans are sold at the ring. The favorite colors are the national red and yellow, and the flutter of these broad, bright disks of color is dazzlingly attractive. There is a gayety of conversation, a quick fire of repartee, shouts of recognition and salutation, which altogether make up a bewildering confusion. The weary young water-men scream their snow-cold refreshment. The orange-men walk with their gold-freighted baskets along the barrier, and throw their oranges with the most marvellous skill and certainty to people in distant boxes or benches. They never miss their mark. They will throw over the heads of a thousand people a dozen oranges into the outstretched hands of customers, so swiftly that it seems like one line of gold from the dealer to the buyer.

At length the blast of a trumpet announces the clearing of the ring. The idlers who have been lounging in the arena are swept out by the *alguacils*, and the hum of conversation gives way to an expectant silence. When the last loafer has reluctantly retired, the great gate is

thrown open, and the procession of the *torreros* enters. They advance in a glittering line ; first the marshals of the day, then the *picadors* on horseback, then the *mata-dors* on foot surrounded each by his squad of *chulos*. They walk toward the box which holds the city fathers, under whose patronage the show is given, and formally salute the authority.

The municipal authority throws the bowing alguacil a key, which he catches in his hat, or is hissed if he misses it. With this he unlocks the door through which the bull is to enter, and then scampers off with undignified haste through the opposite entrance. There is a bugle-flourish, the door flies open, and the bull rushes out, blind with the staring light, furious with rage, trembling in every limb. This is the most intense moment of the day. The glorious brute is the target of twelve thousand pairs of eyes. There is a silence as of death, while every one waits to see his first movement.

—*Castilian Days.*

LITTLE BREECHES.

A Pike County View of Special Providence.

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show ;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free will, and that sort of thing,—
But I b'lieve in God and the Angels,
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along,—
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Pert and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight,—
And I'd larnt him ter chaw terbacker,
Jest to keep his milk teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggert's store :

I went in for a jug of molasses
 And left the team at the door.
 They scared at something and started,—
 I heard one little squall,
 And hell-to-split over the prairie
 Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie !
 I was almost froze with skeer ;
 But we rousted up some torches,
 And sarched for 'em far and near.
 At last we struck hosses and wagon,
 Snowed under a soft white mound,
 Upsot, dead beat,—but of little Gabe
 No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me
 Of my fellow critter's aid,—
 I just flopped on my marrow bones,
 Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

By this, the torches was played out.
 And me and Isrul Parr
 Went off for some wood to a sheep fold
 That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
 Where they shut up the lambs at night.
 We looked in, and seen them huddled thar,
 So warm and sleepy and white ;
 And THAR sot Little Breeches and chirped,
 As pert as ever you see,
 "I want a chaw of terbacker,
 And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar ? Angels.
 He could never have walked in that storm
 They jest scooped down and toted him
 To whar it was safe and warm.
 And I think that saving a little child,
 And bringing him to his own,
 Is a derned sight better business
 Than loafing around The Throne.



HAYES, ISAAC ISRAEL, an American Arctic explorer, born in Chester County, Pa., March 5, 1832; died in New York, December 17, 1881. He studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, and received his diploma in 1853. In the same year he accompanied Dr. Kane in the second Grinnell Expedition to the Arctic regions. They returned in 1855, and in 1860 Dr. Hayes published *An Arctic Boat Journey*, relating some events of the expedition. In the summer of the same year he set out on another expedition in search of the open Polar Sea. The expedition went as far as latitude $81^{\circ} 37'$ north, and reached land beyond which they saw open water. On his return in 1861, he entered the Union army, and served as surgeon during the civil war. He published *The Open Polar Sea* in 1867. In 1869 he sailed in the *Panther*, on a journey of exploration along the southern coast of Greenland. *The Land of Desolation* (1872) gives an account of this expedition. In 1868 he published a story, *Cast Away in the Cold*, and afterward a *History of Maritime Discoveries*.

THE BIRTH OF AN ICEBERG.

I can imagine no more grand and imposing spectacle than the birth of an iceberg; and we have now I think gone far enough in the examination of glaciers and their movements to contemplate such a spectacle, which, whatever it may seem to the reader, was to me most thrilling.

The scene was in a fiord ten times wider than that of Sermitsialik, though not much longer. Unlike that of Sermitsialik, it was studded with islands and shoal places. The glacier which terminated it was twenty miles across, although not quite uniformly; for the ice had poured down into the sea, and, while having blotted out some of the islands it had barely touched others; otherwise the coast-line of ice was perfect and continuous. The islands and shoal places in the fiord arrest the icebergs; and within ten miles or more of the glacier it is almost impossible to go. With great difficulty I came within five, in a boat. Farther I could not force my way by any possibility; and accordingly, we made for land, and climbed a lofty hill for a view. It was a grand spectacle that met my eye as I stood upon the hill-top overlooking the fiord, with its thousands of icebergs, its dark rocky islands, and the immense quantities of loose ice which filled up the space between the bergs and islands, until there was scarcely a patch of water to be seen anywhere as large as a good-sized duck-pond. Very different from the fiord of Sermitsialik, where there were no islands or shoals to arrest the ice in its progress down the fiord.

I was accompanied by the *bestyrere* of Aukpadlartok, whose name was Philip. We stood together, looking at the glacier and the great sea of ice which stretched away into the interior, blending mountains and valleys into a vast plain, when Philip said, "Listen! the glacier is going to 'calve'"; for that is the name by which they distinguish the breaking off of a fragment.

I heard a loud report, but I could not at once distinguish the source of it. An instant afterward it was repeated, now louder than before. It resembled the first warning sound of a coming earthquake. Philip had detected the spot whence the sound proceeded, and said, "Look! it is rising." I could now see that a portion of the glacier was being lifted by the water. A great wave was rolled back with this upward movement, and dashed fiercely against the icebergs that lay farther down the fiord. Another instant, and the sound, which was before so deep and loud, broke through the air with a crash that was like the discharge of heavy artillery near at hand. I knew now that a

crack had opened in the ice-stream, and that a mass had been disengaged.

The position of the crack was quickly apparent, and we could see that a fragment of enormous proportions had been set at liberty. It first reared itself aloft, as if it were some huge leviathan of the deep indued with life, and was sporting its unwieldy bulk in the hitherto undisturbed waters. The crack had now opened wide. The detached fragment plunged forward; the front which had been rising, then sank down, while the inner side rose up, and volumes of water that had been lifted with the sudden motion poured from its sides, hissing into the foaming and agitated sea. Thus an iceberg had been born.

It would be impossible with mere words alone to convey any adequate idea of the action of this new-born child of the Arctic frosts. Think of a solid lump of ice, a third of a mile deep and more than half a mile in lateral diameter, hurled like a mere toy away into the water and set to rolling to and fro by the impetus of the act—as if it were Nature's merest foot-ball—now down one side, until the huge bulk was nearly capsized, then back again; then down the other side once more, with the same unresisting force; and so on, up and down, and down and up, swashing to and fro for hours before it comes finally to rest. Picture this, and you will have an image of power not to be seen by the action of any other forces upon the earth.

The disturbance of the water was inconceivably fine. Waves of enormous magnitude were rolled up with great violence against the glacier, covering it with spray; and billows came tearing down the fiord, their progress marked by the cracking and crumbling ice, which was everywhere in a state of wildest agitation for the space of several miles. Over the smaller iceberg the water broke completely, as if a tempest were piling up the seas and heaving them fiercely against the shore. Then, to add still further to the commotion thus occasioned, the great wallowing iceberg, which was the cause of it all, was dropping fragments from its sides with each oscillation, the report of the rupture reaching the ear above the general din and clamor.—*The Land of Desolation.*



HAYLEY, WILLIAM, an English poet, born at Chichester, October 29, 1745; died at Felphaw, a place near there, November 12, 1820. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and studied law; but being possessed of an ample fortune, he devoted himself to literary pursuits. In 1792 he became acquainted with Cowper, whose life he wrote ten years later.

“Everything about that man,” said Southey to Coleridge, “is good except his poetry.” And Dr. Moir, in his *Sketches of Poetical Literature*, says:—“The popularity of Hayley in an age so artificial and so pragmatical as that wherein he flourished—an age of minuets, and hoops, and pomatum, and powdered queues, and purple velvet doublets, and flesh-colored silk stockings—is not much to be wondered at, when we consider the subjects on which he wrote, and the real graces of his style. Such poetry was relished, because it was called forth by the exigencies and adapted to the taste of the particular age at which it was written.”

Hayley’s writings are quite numerous, both in prose and verse, among which are an *Autobiography*. Of his poetical works the best, besides a few small pieces, are *The Triumphs of Temper*, in six cantos (1781) and *An Essay on Epic Poetry*, in five epistles (1782). The latter poem contains a feeling tribute to the memory of his mother, a few lines of which are here given:

TO THE MEMORY OF HIS MOTHER.

If heartfelt pain e'er led me to accuse
 The dangerous gift of the alluring Muse,
 'Twas in the moment when my verse impressed
 Some anxious feelings on a mother's breast.
 O thou fond spirit, who with pride hast smiled
 And frowned with fear on thy poetic child,
 Pleased, yet alarmed, when in his boyish time
 He sighed in numbers or he laughed in rhyme :
 Thou tender saint, to whom he owes much more
 Than ever child to parent owed before,
 In life's first season, when the fever's flame
 Shrunk to deformity his shrivelled frame,
 And turned each fairer image in his brain
 To blank confusion and her crazy train,
 'Twas thine, with constant love, through lingering years,
 To bathe thy idiot orphan in thy tears ;
 Day after day, and night succeeding night,
 To turn incessant to the hideous sight,
 And frequent watch, if haply at thy view
 Departed reason might not dawn anew.
 Though medicinal art with pitying care,
 Could lend no aid to save thee from despair,
 Thy fond maternal heart adhered to hope and prayer ;
 Nor prayed in vain : thy child from Powers above
 Received the sense to feel and bless thy love.
 Oh, might he then receive the happy skill
 And force proportioned to his ardent will
 With truth's unfading radiance to emblaze
 Thy virtues, worthy of immortal praise !

Nature, who decked thy form with beauty's flowers,
 Exhausted on thy soul her finer powers ;
 Taught it with all her energy to feel
 Love's melting softness, Friendship's fervent zeal ;
 The generous purpose and the active thought,
 With charity's diffusive spirit fraught.
 There all the best of mental gifts she placed,
 Vigor of judgment, purity of taste ;
 Superior parts without their spleenful leaven,
 Kindness to earth, and confidence in heaven.

While my fond thoughts o'er all thy merits roll,
 Thy praise thus gushes from my filial soul,
 Nor will the public with harsh vigor blame
 This my just homage to thy honored name
 To please that public—if to please be mine—
 Thy virtues trained me : let the praise be thine.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE TOMB OF COWPER.

Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel
 Of talents dignified by sacred zeal,
 Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,
 Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust !
 England, exulting in his spotless fame,
 Ranks with her dearest sons his favorite name.
 Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
 So clear a title to affection's praise ;
 His highest virtues to the heart belong ;
 His virtues formed the magic of his song.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE TOMB OF MRS. UNWIN.

Trusting in God with all her heart and mind,
 This woman proved magnanimously kind ;
 Endured affliction's desolating hail,
 And watched a poet through misfortune's vale.
 Her spotless dust angelic guards defend :
 It is the dust of Unwin—Cowper's friend,
 That single title in itself is fame,
 For all who read his verse revere his name.

THE DEPARTING SWALLOWS.

Ye gentle birds, that perch aloof,
 And smooth your pinions on my roof,
 Preparing for departure hence,
 Now winter's angry threats commence !
 Like you, my soul would smooth her plume
 For longer flights beyond the tomb.
 May God, by whom are seen and heard
 Departing men and wandering bird,
 In mercy mark us for his own,
 And guide us to the land unknown !



HAYNE, PAUL HAMILTON, an American poet, born at Charleston, S. C., January 1, 1830; died at Copse Hill, near Augusta, Ga., July 6, 1886. He was a son of Lieutenant Hayne of the United States Navy, and a nephew of Governor Hayne, of South Carolina. He was educated at the University of South Carolina; and was for a short time engaged in the practice of law. In 1853 he became editor of *Russell's Magazine*; and was afterward connected editorially with the *Charleston Literary Gazette*, the *Southern Opinion*, the *Southern Society*, and other literary journals. He had inherited from his mother, a woman of rare talent and refinement, a taste for literature and a poetic mind: and these had been nursed by the constant reading, from his childhood, of the chronicles of Froissart and the works of Shakespeare and the older dramatists and poets. So that the outbreak of the civil war found him, with Timrod, Sims, and a few others, already at the head of the best literary society that Charleston had yet known. His library, his home, all the heirlooms of the old Southern family were destroyed when Charleston was bombarded. He became an aide-de-camp to Governor Pickens; and when, on account of ill-health, he could not serve in the field, he composed poems which were among the most popular of the war-songs of the South. After the war he built himself a 'little

cottage of boards on a hill in the midst of a few acres of pine-land near Augusta; and here, until his death, he toiled with his pen to support his family. His works include *Poems* (1855); *Sonnets and other Poems* (1857); *Avolio, a Legend of the Island of Cos* (1859); *Legends and Lyrics* (1872); *The Mountain of the Lovers, and other Poems* (1873); *Life of Robert Y. Hayne* (1878); *Life of Hugh S. Legare* (1878); a complete edition of his *Poems* (1882). In 1872 he published the poems of his friend Henry Timrod, to which he prefixed a *Memoir*; and at his death he left enough manuscript to make two or three volumes more of his own works. Among his lectures, the most noteworthy is *The Literature of Imagination*.

It ought to be said that the touching sonnet to *Carolina* was written during the period of reconstruction, when, as the author thought, the fame of the great statesmen and orators of his native State was "fast becoming a mere shadowy tradition." And of his *Whittier* it has been written, that "among all the attempts to describe the personal bearing of that unique and venerable figure in our literature, there has been none quite so good as this from the shy, sensitive, passionate South Carolinian."

CAROLINA.

That fair young land which gave me birth is dead !
Lost as a fallen star that quivering dies
Down the pale pathway of autumnal skies,
A vague, faint radiance flickering where it fled ;
All she hath wrought, all she hath planned or said
Her golden eloquence, her high emprise
Wrecked, on the languid shore of Lethe lies,
While cold Oblivion veils her piteous head !

O mother ! loved and loveliest ! debonair
 As some brave queen of antique chivalries.
 Thy beauty's blasted like thy desolate coasts ;—
 Where now thy lustrous form, thy shining hait ?
 Where thy bright presence, thine imperial eyes ?
 Lost in dim shadows of the realm of Ghosts !

—*From Poems, 1882.*

WHITTIER.

So, 'neath the Quaker-poet's tranquil roof,
 From all dull discords of the world aloof,
 I sit once more, and measured converse hold
 With him whose nobler thoughts are rhythmic gold.

See his deep brows half puckered in a knot
 O'er some hard problem of our mortal lot,
 Or a dream, soft as May winds of the South,
 Waft a girl's sweetness round his firm-set mouth.

Or should he deem wrong threats, the public weal,
 Lo ! the whole man seems girt with flashing steel ;
 His glance a sword-thrust, and his words of ire
 Like thunder-tones from some old prophet's lyre.

Or by the hearth-stone when the day is done,
 Mark, swiftly launched, a sudden shaft of fun ;
 The short quick laugh, the smartly smitten knees,
 And all sure tokens of a mind at ease.

Discerning which, by some mysterious law,
 Near to his seat two household favorites draw,
 Till on her master's shoulders, sly and sleek,
 Grimalkin, mounting, rubs his furrowed cheek ;

While terrier Dick, denied all words to rail,
 Snarls as he shakes a short protesting tail,
 But with shrewd eyes says, plain as plain can be,
 " *Drop that shy cat. I'm worthier far than she.*"

And he who loves all lowliest lives to please,
 Conciliates soon his dumb Diogenes,
 Who in return his garment nips with care,
 And drags the poet out, to take the air

God's innocent pensioners in the woodlands dim,
The fields and pastures, know and trust in him ;
And in *their* love his lonely heart is blessed,
Our pure, hale-minded Cowper of the West !

—*From Poems, 1882.*

FAITH.

Would ye be worthy of your sires who on King's Mountain side
Welcomed dark Death for Freedom's sake as bride-
grooms clasp a bride ?
Then must your faith be winged above the world, the
worm, the clod,
To own the veiled infinitudes and plumbless depths of
God !
The roughest rider of my day shrank from the atheist's
sneer,
As if Iscariot's self were crouched and whispering at his
ear ;
The stormiest souls that ever led our mountain forays
wild
Would ofttimes show the simple trust, the credence, of
a child.
True faith goes hand in hand with power—faith in a
holier charm
Than fires the subtlest mortal brain, the mightiest mor-
tal arm ;
And though 'tis right in stress of fight "to keep one's
powder dry,"
What strength to feel, beyond our steel, burns the Great
Captain's eye !

—*From The Battle of King's Mountain, Har-
per's Magazine, 1880.*

ASPECTS OF THE PINES.

Tall, sombre, grim, against the morning sky
They rise, scarce touched by melancholy airs,
Which stir the fadeless foliage dreamfully,
As if from realms of mystical despairs.

Tall, sombre, grim, they stand with dusky gleams
Brightening to gold within the woodland's core,
Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil beams—
But the weird winds of morning sigh no more.

A stillness strange, divine, ineffable,
 Broods round and o'er them in the wind's surcease,
 And on each tinted copse aad shimmering dell
 Rests the mute rapture of deep-hearted peace.

—*From the Atlantic Monthly, 1872.*

THE SOLITARY LAKE.

From garish light and life apart,
 Shrin'd in the woodland's secret heart,
 With delicate mists of morning furled
 Fantastic o'er its shadowy world,
 The lake, a vaporous vision, gleams
 So vaguely bright, my fancy deems
 'Tis but an airy lake of dreams.

Dreamlike, in curves of palest gold,
 The wavering mist-wreaths manifold
 Part in long rifts, through which I view
 Gray islets throned in tides as blue
 As if a piece of heaven withdrawn—
 Whence hints of sunrise touch the dawn—
 Had brought to earth its sapphire glow,
 And smiled, a second heaven, below.

Dreamlike, in fitful, murmurous sighs,
 I hear the distant west wind rise,
 And, down the hoilows wandering, break
 In gurgling ripples on the lake,
 Round which the vapors, still outspread,
 Mount wanly widening overhead,
 Till flushed by morning's primrose red.

Dreamlike, each slow, soft pulsing surge
 Hath lapped the calm lake's emerald verge,
 Sending, where'er its tremors pass
 Low whisperings through the dew-wet grass,
 Faint thrills of fairy sound that creep
 To fall in neighboring nooks asleep,
 Or melt in rich, low warblings made
 By some winged Ariel of the glade.

With brightening morn the mockbird's lay
 Grows stronger, mellower; far away

Mid dusky reeds, which even the noon
Lights not, the lonely hearted loon
Makes answer, her shrill music shorn
Of half its sadness ; day, full-born,
Doth rout all sounds and sights forlorn.

Ah ! still a something strange and rare
O'errules this tranquil earth and air,
Casting o'er both a glamour known
To *their* enchanted realm alone ;
Whence shines, as 'twere a spirit's face,
The sweet, coy genius of the place,
Yon lake beheld as if in trance,
The beauty of whose shy romance
I feel—whatever shores and skies
May charm henceforth my wondering eyes,
Shall rest, undimmed by taint or stain,
'Mid lonely byways of the brain,
There, with its haunting grace, to seem
Set in the landscape of a dream.

PRE-EXISTENCE.

While sauntering through the crowded street,
Some half remembered face I meet.

Albeit upon no mortal shore,
That face, methinks, has smiled before.

Lost in a gay and festal throng,
I tremble at some tender song,

Set to an air whose golden bars
I must have heard in other stars.

In sacred aisles I pause to share
The blessings of a priestly prayer.

When the whole scene which greets mine eyes,
In some strange mood I recognize,

As one whose every mystic part
I feel pre-figured in my heart.

At sunset, as I calmly stand
 A stranger on an alien strand,
 Familiar as my childhood's home
 Seems the long stretch of wave and foam,
 One sails toward me o'er the bay,
 And what he comes to do and say
 I can foretell. A prescient lore
 Springs from some life outlived of yore.
 O swift, instinctive, startling gleams
 Of deep soul-knowledge ! not as *dreams*,
 For aye ye vaguely dawn and die,
 But oft, with lightning certainty,
 Pierce through the dark, oblivious brain,
 To make odd thoughts and memories plain :
 Thoughts which perchance must travel back
 Across the wild, bewildering track
 Of countless æons ; memories far,
 High-reaching as yon pallid star,
 Unknown, scarce seen, whose flickering grace
 Faints on the outmost rings of space.

A COMPARISON.

I think, oft-times, that lives of men may be
 Likened to wandering winds that come and go.
 Not knowing whence they rise, whither they blow
 O'er the vast globe, voiceful of grief or glee.
 Some lives are buoyant zephyrs, sporting free
 In tropic sunshine ; some long winds of woe
 That shun the day, wailing with murmurs low,
 Through haunted twilights, by the unresting sea ;
 Others are ruthless, stormful, drunk with night,
 Born of deep passion or malign desire :
 They rave 'mid thunderpeals and clouds of fire.
 Wild, reckless all, save that some power unknown
 Guides each blind force till life be overblown,
 Lost in vague hollows of the fathomless night.

THE DEAD YEAR.

A moment since his breath dissolved in air !
And now divorced from life's last hectic glow,
He joins the ghostly years of long ago
In some cloud-folded realm of vague despair ;
Ah me ! the unsceptred years that wander there !
What cold, wan hands, and faces white as snow,
And echoes of dead voices quavering low—
The phantom-burden of long-perished care !
Perchance all unsubstantialized and gray,
Time's earliest year now greets his last, deceased ;
Or he that dumbly gazed on Adam's fall,
Palely emerging from the shadowy east,
With flickering semblance of cold crown and pall,
Clothes the dim ghost of him just passed away !

THE SUPREME HOUR.

There comes an hour when all life's joys and pains
To our raised vision seem
But as the flickering phantom that remains
Of some dead midnight dream !

There comes an hour when earth recedes so far,
Its wasted wavering ray
Wanes to the ghostly pallor of a star
Merged in the Milky Way.

Set on the sharp, sheer summit that divides
Immortal truth from mortal fantasy ;
We hear the moaning of time's muffled tides
In measureless distance die !

Past passions, loves, ambitions, and despairs,
Across the expiring swell
Send thro' void space, like wafts of Lethean airs,
Vague voices of farewell.

Ah, then ! from life's long-haunted dream we part
Roused as a child new-born,
We feel the pulses of the eternal heart
Throb thro' the eternal morn.



HAZLITT, WILLIAM, an English literary critic and essayist, born at Maidstone, Kent, April 10, 1778; died in London, September 18, 1830. His father was a Unitarian clergyman, and he himself was designed for the ministry of that denomination. But he gave attention to literature and art rather than to theology. At first he attempted portrait painting with indifferent success. He afterward became connected with several periodicals, for which he wrote criticisms upon art, literature, and literary men. His literary work threw him into the company of Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, Moore, Coleridge, Southey and Wordsworth, but being of peculiar disposition he quarrelled with all of them. At the age of thirty he married, but was divorced at the end of fourteen years. Two years later he married a wealthy widow, with whom he went abroad, but separated from her within a year. Soon afterward he fell madly in love with a servant girl of more than questionable character. Near the close of his life he fell into great pecuniary straits. His principal works are: *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays* (1817); *A View of the English Stage* (1818); *Lectures on the English Poets* (1818); *On the English Comic Writers* (1819); *On the Literature of the Elizabethan Age* (1821); *Table Talk* (1824); *The Spirit of the Age* (1825); *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte* (1828).

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE.

The age of Elizabeth was distinguished beyond, perhaps, any other in our history by a number of great men, famous in different ways, and whose names have come down to us with unblemished honors—statesmen, warriors, divines, scholars, poets, and philosophers; Raleigh, Drake, Coke, Hooker, and higher and more sounding still, and more frequent in our mouths, Shakespeare, Spenser, Sidney, Bacon, Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher—men whom fame has eternized in her long and brilliant scroll, and who by their words and acts, were benefactors of their country and ornaments of human nature. Their attainments of different kinds bore the same general stamp, and it was sterling. Perhaps the genius of Great Britain never shone out fuller or brighter or looked more like itself than at this period. For such an extraordinary combination and development of fancy and genius many causes may be assigned; and we may seek for the chief of them in religion, in politics, in the circumstances of the time, the recent diffusion of letters, in local situations, and in the characters of the men who adorned that period, and availed themselves so nobly of the advantages placed within their reach. I shall here attempt to give a general sketch of these causes, and of the manner in which they operated to mould and stamp the poetry of the country at the period of which I have to treat, independently of incidental and fortuitous causes, for which there is no accounting, but which, after all, have often the greatest share in determining the most important results.

The first cause I shall mention as contributing to this general effect was the Reformation which had just then taken place. This event gave a mighty impulse and increased activity to thought and inquiry, and agitated the inert mass of accumulated prejudices throughout Europe. The effect of the concussion was general; but the shock was greatest in this country. It toppled down the full-grown intolerable abuses of centuries at a blow; heaved the ground from under the feet of bigoted faith and slavish obedience, and the roar and dashing of opinions, loosened from their accustomed

hold, might be heard like the noise of an angry sea, and has never yet subsided. Germany first broke the spell of misbegotten fear, and gave the watchword ; but England joined the shout, and echoed it back with her island voice from her thousand cliffs and craggy shores, in a longer and louder strain. With that cry the genius of Great Britain rose, and threw down the gauntlet to the nations. There was a mighty fermentation ; the waters were out ; public opinion was in a state of projection. Liberty was held out to all to think and speak the truth. Men's brains were busy, their spirits stirring, their hearts full, and their hands not idle. Their eyes were opened to expect the greatest things and their ears burned with curiosity and zeal to know the truth, that the truth might make them free. The death-blow which had been struck at scarlet vice and bloated hypocrisy loosened their tongues and made the talismans and love-tokens of Popish superstition, with which she had beguiled her followers and committed abominations with the people, fall harmless from their necks.

The translation of the Bible was the chief engine of the great work. It threw open, by a secret spring, the rich treasures of religion and morality which had been there locked up as in a shrine. It revealed the vision of the prophets and conveyed the lessons of inspired teachers to the meanest of the people. It gave them a common interest in a common cause. Their hearts burned within them as they read. It gave a mind to the people by giving them common subjects of thought and feeling. It cemented their union of character and sentiment. It created endless diversity and collision of opinion. They found objects to employ their faculties, and a motive in the magnitude of the consequences attached to them, to exert the utmost eagerness in the pursuit of truth, and the most daring intrepidity in maintaining it.

Religious controversy sharpens the understanding by the subtlety and remoteness of the topics it discusses, and embraces the will by their infinite importance. We perceive in this period a nervous masculine intellect. No levity, no feebleness, no indifference ; or, if there were, it is a relaxation from the intense activity which gives a tone to its general character. But there is a

gravity approaching to piety ; a seriousness of impression, a conscientious severity of argument, and habitual fervor and enthusiasm in their method of handling almost every subject. The debates of the Schoolmen were sharp and subtle enough, but they wanted interest and grandeur, and were besides confined to a few ; they did not affect the general mass of the community. But the Bible was thrown open to all ranks and conditions "to run and read," with its wonderful table of contents from Genesis to the Revelation. Every village in England would present the scene so well described in Burns's *Cotter's Saturday Night*. I cannot think that all this variety and weight of knowledge could be thrown in all at once upon the mind of the people and not make some impression upon it, the traces of which might be discerned in the manners and literature of the age. . . .

There have been persons who, being sceptics as to the divine mission of Christ, have taken an unaccountable prejudice to his doctrines, and have been disposed to deny the merit of his character. But this was not the feeling of the great men in the Age of Elizabeth (whatever might be their belief). One of them says of him, with a boldness equal to its piety :

" The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer ;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit ;
The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

This was old honest Dekker, and the lines ought to embalm his memory to every one who has a sense either of religion, or philosophy, or true genius. Nor can I help thinking that we may discern the traces of the influence exerted by religious faith in the spirit of the poetry of the Age of Elizabeth ; in the means of exciting terror and pity ; in the delineations of the passions of grief, remorse, love, sympathy ; the sense of shame ; in the fond desires, the longings after immortality ; in the heaven of hope and the abyss of despair it lays open to us. The literature of this age, then, I would say, was strongly influenced (among other causes), first by the spirit of Christianity, and secondly by the spirit of Protestantism.

The effects of the Reformation on politics and philos-

ophy may be seen in the writings and history of the next and the following ages. They are still at work, and will continue to be so. The effects on the poetry of the time were chiefly confined to the moulding of the character, and giving a powerful impulse to the intellect of the country. The immediate use or application that was made of religion to subjects of imagination and fiction was not (from an obvious ground of separation) so direct or frequent as that which was made of the classical and romantic literature; for much about the same time the rich and fascinating stores of the Greek and Roman mythology, and those of the romantic poetry of Spain and Italy, were eagerly explored by the curious, and thrown open in translations to the admiring gaze of the vulgar.

This last circumstance could hardly have afforded so much advantage to the poets of that day, who were themselves the translators, as it shows the general curiosity and increasing interest in such subjects as a prevailing feature of the times. There were translations of Tasso by Fairfax, and of Ariosto by Harington, of Homer and Hesiod by Chapman, and of Virgil long before, and Ovid soon after; there was Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, of which Shakespeare has made such admirable use in his *Coriolanus* and *Julius Cæsar*; and Ben Jonson's tragedies of *Catiline* and *Sejanus* may themselves be considered as almost literal translations into verse of Tacitus, Sallust, and Cicero's *Orations* in his consulship. Petrarch, Dante, the satirist Aretine, Machiavelli, Castiglione, and others, were familiar to our writers; and they make occasional mention of some few French authors, as Ronsard and Du Bartas—for the French literature had not at this stage arrived at its Augustan period, and it was the imitation of their literature a century afterward, when it had arrived at its greatest height (itself copied from the Greek and Latin), that enfeebled and impoverished our own. But of the time that we are considering, it might be said without much extravagance, that every breath that blew, that every wave that rolled to our shores, brought with it some accession to our knowledge, which was engrailed on the national genius. . . .

What also gave an unusual impetus to the mind of

men at this period was the discovery of the New World, and the reading of voyages and travels. Green islands and golden sands seemed to arise, as by enchantment, out of the bosom of the watery waste, and invite the cupidity or wing the imagination of the dreaming speculator. Fairyland was realized in new and unknown worlds. "Fortunate fields and groves, and flowery vales, thrice happy isles," were found floating, "like those Hesperian gardens famed of old," beyond Atlantic seas, as dropped from the zenith. The people, the soil, the clime, everything gave unlimited scope to the curiosity of the traveller and reader. Other mariners might be said to enlarge the bounds of knowledge, and new mines of wealth were tumbled at our feet. It is from a voyage to the Straits of Magellan that Shakespeare has taken the hint of Prospero's Enchanted Island, and of the savage Caliban with his good Setebos. Spenser seems to have had the same feeling in his mind in the production of his *Faery Queene*.—*The Literature of the Elizabethan Age.*

THE CHARACTER OF FALSTAFF.

Falstaff's wit is an emanation of a fine constitution; an exuberation of good-humor and good-nature; an overflowing of his love of laughter and good-fellowship; a giving vent to his heart's ease and over-contentment with himself and others. He would not be in character if he were not so fat as he is; for there is the greatest keeping in the boundless luxury of his imagination and the pampered self-indulgence of his physical appetites. He manures and nourishes his mind with jests, as he does his body with sack and sugar. He carves out his jokes as he would a capon or a haunch of venison where there is cut-and-come-again; and pours out upon them the oil of gladness. His tongue drops fatness, and in the chambers of his brain "it snows of meat and drink." He keeps up perpetual holiday and open house, and we live with him in a round of invitations to a rump and dozen. Yet we are not to suppose that he was a mere sensualist. All this is as much in imagination as in reality. His sensuality does not engross and stupefy his other faculties, but "ascends me into the brain, clears away all the dull crude vapors that environ it,

and makes it full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes." His imagination keeps up the ball after his senses have done with it. He seems to have even a greater enjoyment of the freedom from restraint, of good cheer, of his ease, of his vanity, in the ideal exaggerated description which he gives of them, than in fact. He never fails to enrich his discourse with allusions to eating and drinking ; but we never see him at table. He carries his own larder about with him and he is himself "a tun of man." His pulling out the bottle in the field of battle is a joke to show his contempt for glory accompanied with danger, his systematic adherence to his Epicurean philosophy in the most trying circumstances. Again, such is his deliberate exaggeration of his own vices, that it does not seem quite certain whether the account of his hostess's bill found in his pocket, with such an out-o'-the-way charge for capons and sack, with only one half-penny-worth of bread, was not put there by himself as a trick to humor the jest upon his favorite propensities, and as a conscious caricature of himself. He is represented as a liar, a braggart, a coward, a glutton, etc., and yet we are not offended, but delighted with him ; for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself. He openly assumes all these characters to show the humorous part of them. The unrestrained indulgence of his own ease, appetites, and convenience, has neither malice nor hypocrisy in it. In a word, he is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage, and we no more object to the character of Falstaff in a moral point of view, than we should think of bringing an excellent comedian who should represent him to the life, before one of the police-offices.—*Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.*

THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

The character of Hamlet stands quite by itself. It is not a character marked by strength of will or even of passion, but by refinement of thought and sentiment. Hamlet is as little of the hero as a man can well be ; but he is a young and princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility—the sport of circumstances, questioning with fortune, and refining on his own feel-

ings, and forced from the natural bias of his disposition by the strangeness of his situation. He seems incapable of deliberate action, and is only hurried into extremities on the spur of the occasion, when he has no time to reflect—as in the scene where he kills Polonius; and, again, where he alters the letters which Rosen-crantz and Guildenstern are taking with them to Eng-land, purporting his death. At other times, when he is most bound to act, he remains puzzled, undecided, and sceptical; dallies with his purposes till the occasion is lost, and finds out some pretence to relapse into indolence and thoughtfulness again. For this reason he refuses to kill the king when he is at his prayers; and, by a refinement in malice, which is in truth only an excuse for his own want of resolution, defers his revenge to a more fatal opportunity. . . .

The moral perfection of this character has been called in question, we think, by those who did not understand it. It is more interesting than according to rules; amiable, though not faultless. The ethical delineations of "that noble and liberal casuist"—as Shakespeare has been well called—do not exhibit the drab-colored Quakerism of morality. His plays are not copied either from *The Whole Duty of Man* or from *The Academy of Compliments!* We confess we are a little shocked at the want of refinement in those who are shocked at the want of refinement in Hamlet. The neglect of punctilious exactness in his behavior either partakes of the "license of the time," or else belongs to the very excess of intellectual refinement in the character, which makes the common rules of life, as well as his own purposes, sit loose upon him. He may be said to be amenable only to the tribunal of his own thoughts, and is too much taken up with the airy world of contemplation to lay as much stress as he ought on the practical consequences of things. His habitual principles of action are unhinged and out of joint with the time. His conduct to Ophelia is quite natural in his circumstances. It is that of assumed severity only. It is the effect of disappointed hope, of bitter regrets, of affection suspended, not obliterated, by the distractions of the scene around him! Amidst the natural and preternatural horrors of his situation, he might be excused in delicacy

from carrying on a regular courtship. When "his father's spirit was in arms," it was not a time for the son to make love in. He could neither marry Ophelia nor wound her mind by explaining the cause of his alienation, which he durst hardly trust himself to think of. It would have taken him years to have come to a direct explanation on this point. In the harassed state of his mind he could not have done much otherwise than he did.—*Characters of Shakespeare's Plays.*

WILLIAM HAZLITT, Second, son of the preceding, born in 1811, was called to the Bar in 1844, and appointed Registrar in the London Court of Bankruptcy in 1854. He wrote some professional essays, and edited the *Remains* of his father.

WILLIAM CAREW HAZLITT, son of William Hazlitt, Second, born in 1834, was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, entered the Inner Temple as a student in 1859, and was called to the bar in 1861. He has edited the works of a great number of old English writers, written works in history, criticism, and bibliography, besides *Sophie Laurie* (1865); *Studies in Jocular Literature* (1890); *Tales and Legends of England* (1892); *The Coinage of Europe* (1893).





HEAD, SIR FRANCIS BOND, an English politician and traveller, born near Rochester, January 1, 1793; died at Croydon, near London, July 20, 1875. He entered the army, and in 1824, and while an officer in the engineers, he undertook, in the interest of a mining company, to explore the South American silver mines between Buenos Ayres and the Andes. In the course of these explorations he rode, mostly alone, more than 6,000 miles, crossing the Andes twice, and the Pampas four times. Of these journeys he gave a spirited account in his *Rough Notes of a Journey Across the Pampas* (1826). In 1835 he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, and held this office during the rebellion of 1838. For his services in suppressing this rebellion he received the thanks of the Legislature of the Province, and was created a baronet. In 1867 he was made a Privy Councillor. He wrote numerous works, among which are: *Bubbles from the Brünnen of Nassau* (1833); *Life of James Bruce, the African Traveller* (1844); *The Emigrant* (1847); *Stokers and Pokers* (1850); *A Fagot of French Sticks* (1851); *Descriptive Essays* (1856); *The Horse and His Rider* (1860); and *The Royal Engineer* (1870).

THE PAMPAS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

The great plain, or Pampas, on the east of the Cordillera, is about 900 miles in breadth, and the part which I have visited, though under the same latitude, is divided

into regions of different climate and produce. On leaving Buenos Ayres, the first of these regions is covered for 180 miles with clover and thistles; the second region, which extends for 450 miles, produces long grass; and the third region, which reaches the base of the Cordillera, is a grove of low trees and shrubs. The second and third of these regions have nearly the same appearance throughout the year; but the first region varies with the four seasons of the year in a most extraordinary manner. In winter the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip-field. The clover in this season is extremely rich and strong; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty on such pasture is very beautiful. In spring the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month the change is most extraordinary: the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to a height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The road or path is hemmed in on both sides; the view is completely obstructed; not an animal is to be seen; and the stems of the thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that, independent of the prickles with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing; and though it would be an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible that an invading army, unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned by these thistles before it had time to escape from them. The summer is not over before the scene undergoes another rapid change: the thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze one against another, until the violence of the pampero or hurricane levels them with the ground, where they rapidly decompose and disappear—the clover rushes up and the scene is again verdant.—*Journey Across the Pampas.*



HEADLEY, JOEL TYLER, an American biographer and historian, born at Walton, Delaware County, N. Y., December 30, 1813; died in 1897. He graduated at Union College in 1839, studied theology at Auburn, and became pastor of a church in Stockbridge, Mass. In 1842-43 he travelled in Europe for his health. Two volumes published after his return, *Letters from Italy*, and *The Alps and the Rhine* (1845), were well received. He afterward published many volumes, among which are: *Napoleon and His Marshals*, and *Sacred Mountains* (1846); *Washington and His Generals* (1847); *The Adirondacks, or Life in the Woods* (1849); *The Imperial Guard of Napoleon from Marengo to Waterloo* (1852); *History of the Second War between England and the United States* (1853); *Sacred Scenes and Characters*, and *Life of General Havelock* (1859); *The Great Rebellion: a History of the Civil War in the United States* (1863-66); *Chaplains and Clergy of the Revolution* (1864); *Sacred Heroes and Martyrs* (1870); *The Achievements of Stanley and other African Explorers*.

CHARGE OF THE OLD GUARD AT WATERLOO.

At length a dark object was seen to emerge from the distant wood, and soon an army of 30,000 men deployed into the field, and began to march straight for the scene of conflict. Blücher and his Prussians had come, but no Grouchy, who had been left to hold them in check, followed after. In a moment Napoleon saw that he

could not sustain the attack of so many fresh troops, if once allowed to form a junction with the allied forces, and so he determined to stake his fate on one bold cast, and endeavor to pierce the allied centre with a grand charge of the Old Guard, and thus throwing himself between the two armies, fight them separately. For this purpose the Imperial Guard was called up, which had remained inactive during the whole day, and divided into two immense columns, which were to meet at the British centre. That under Reille no sooner entered the fire than it disappeared like mist. The other was placed under Ney, "the bravest of the brave," and the order to advance given. Napoleon accompanied them part way down the slope, and halting for a moment in a hollow, addressed them in his fiery, impetuous manner. He told them that the battle rested with them, and that he relied on their valor. "*Vive l'Empereur*," answered him with a shout that was heard all over the fields of battle.

He then left them to Ney, who ordered the charge. Bonaparte has been blamed for not heading this charge himself; but he knew he could not carry that Guard so far, nor hold them so long before the artillery as Ney. The moral power the latter carried with him, from the reputation he had gained of being "the bravest of the brave," was worth a whole division. Whenever a column saw him at their head, they knew it was to be victory or annihilation.

The whole Continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire. Europe had been put upon the plains of Waterloo to be battled for. The greatest military energy and skill that the world possessed had been tasked to the utmost during the day. Thrones were tottering on the ensanguined field, and the shadows of fugitive kings flitted through the smoke of battle. Bonaparte's star trembled in the zenith—now blazing out in its ancient splendor, now suddenly paling before his anxious eye. At length, when the Prussians appeared on the field, he resolved to stake Europe on one bold throw. He committed himself and France to Ney, and saw his empire rest on a single charge. The intense anxiety with which he watched the advance of that col-

umn, and the terrible suspense he suffered when the smoke of battle wrapped it from sight, and the utter despair of his great heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rang on every side, "*la Garde Recule, la Garde Recule*," make us for the moment forget all the carnage in sympathy with his distress.

Ney felt the pressure of the immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy of the great trust committed to his care. Nothing could be more imposing than the movement of that grand column to the assault. That guard had never yet recoiled before a human foe, and the allied forces beheld with awe its firm and terrible advance to the final charge. For a moment the batteries stopped playing, and the firing ceased along the British lines, as without the beating of a drum, or the blast of a bugle to cheer their steady courage, they moved in dead silence over the plain. The next moment the artillery opened, and the head of that gallant column seemed to sink into the earth. Rank after rank went down, yet they neither stopped nor faltered. Dissolving squadrons, and whole battalions disappearing one after another in the destructive fire, affected not their steady courage. The ranks closed up as before, and each treading over his fallen comrade pressed firmly on. The horse which Ney rode fell under him, and he had scarcely mounted another before it also sank to the earth. Again and again did that unflinching man feel his steed sink beneath him, till *five* had been shot down. Then, his uniform riddled with bullets, and his face singed and blackened with powder, he marched on foot, with drawn sabre, at the head of his men. In vain did the artillery hurl its storm of fire and metal into that living mass. Up to the very muzzles they pressed, and driving the artillerymen from their own pieces, pushed on through the English lines. But at that moment a file of soldiers who had lain flat on the ground, behind a low ridge of earth, suddenly rose and poured a volley in their very faces. Another and another followed, till one broad sheet of flames rolled on their bosoms, and in such a fierce and unexpected flow, that human courage could not wholly withstand it. They reeled, shook, and stag-

gered back. While in this state of confusion, and before they could finally rally again, a column of English infantry, advancing on the left flank, poured in their rapid and destructive volleys. The noble Guard, lifting heavily against the overwhelming masses, swerved one side to meet this new shock, when suddenly, with loud shouts, a brigade of cavalry broke upon the disordered right flank, and rode straight through the shattered column. All was now confusion, and to the terrific shout, "The Guard recoils! the Guard recoils!" the mighty mass rolled down the slope. Ney was borne back in the refluent tide, and hurried over the field. But for the crowd of fugitives that forced him on, he would have stood alone and fallen in his footsteps. As it was, disdaining to yield, though the whole army was flying, he formed his men into two immense squares, and endeavored to stem the terrific current, and would have done so had it not been for the thirty thousand fresh Prussians that pressed on his exhausted ranks. For a long time these squares stood, and let the enemy plough through them. Michel, in one of them, being called upon to surrender, replied, "The Guard dies, but never surrenders;" and fell a noble sacrifice to save its honor. But the fate of Napoleon was writ, and though Ney doubtless did what no other man in the army could have done, the decree could not be reversed. The star that had blazed so brightly over the world went down in blood, and the "bravest of the brave" had fought his last battle.—*Napoleon and His Marshals.*





HEARN, LAFADIO, a Greek-American journalist and narrative and descriptive writer, was born at Leucadia, Santa Maura, June 27, 1850. His father, a gallant Irish surgeon of the English army, having married a beautiful maiden of the Ionian Isles, where he chanced to be stationed during the British protectorate, was one night attacked by a jealous rival and wounded almost fatally: so that for days Doctor Hearn hung between life and death. Two sons were born to this romantic couple, Lafadio being the younger. When still a child he was sent to relatives in Wales; and was educated in Great Britain and France, with a view to his entering the Catholic priesthood. But when nearing manhood he realized that the Church was not his vocation. His father died in India, and in a spirit of adventure he left home and came to the United States; experiencing at first "the chance and change of a roving life." From the East, where his occupation had been proof-reading, he drifted to Cincinnati; and there, as a reporter, took his first steps in journalism. Finding, after a stay of some duration, that the climate was too severe for his health, he went to New Orleans, and engaged in newspaper work there. Becoming greatly interested in Creole life and customs, he issued there his *Gombo Zhèbes*, a compilation of quaint sayings and proverbs in the different Creole patois. He contributed translations from the French to the *New*

Orleans *Democrat*, before it was merged with the *Times*, and continued this work after the consolidation of the two papers into the *Times-Democrat*, when he became a member of the editorial staff. He spent some time in the West Indies; and then he went to Japan; where he took a native wife and became a naturalized citizen of that country, and adopted the name of Y. Kojumi. He opened a school at Matsue, in the province of Udrumo, where he taught English to the Japanese for four years; he then removed to Kumamoto, in the southern island of Kyushyu. Hearn's American publications include an English translation of *One of Cleopatra's Nights* (1882), from the French of Théophile Gautier; *Stray Leaves from Strange Literature* (1884), being an interpretation of certain Eastern stories and legends; *Gombo Zhèbes* (1885); *Some Chinese Ghosts* (1887); *Chita; a Memory of Lost Island* (1889); *Two Years in the French West Indies, and Youma* (1890); *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan* (1894); *Out of the East* (1895), and *Kokoro: Hints and Echoes of Japanese Inner Life* (1896).

"His style," says the *Nation*, "is exquisitely polished; his vocabulary in the cream of language; and his stories are told with literary art."

O. P. Caylor, writing in the *Philadelphia North American*, of Hearn's early struggles as a reporter says that his first newspaper triumph was won in descriptive work upon what is known in Cincinnati as the tan-yard murder, which occurred in 1874; and thus tells how the timid young author came to the *Enquirer* office a few weeks before the tan-yard tragedy to sell his first manuscript. "Upstairs he ventured, but there his courage

failed him. It was not enough to induce him to brave the awful editorial presence, so he paced up and down the hall with his velvet, restless tread until the awful door opened and the terrible giant came forth. Hearn would, no doubt, have run away, had he not been at the rear of the hall when Mr. Cockerill came out into the other end, and the stairway was between. Thus it occurred that the author of *Chita* sold his first manuscript, or had it submitted. He came with more on future occasions, but never could he persuade himself to knock at that editorial door for admission. Up and down, up and down the hall he would pace or glide until Colonel Cockerill came forth, whether the time consumed in waiting was ten minutes or two hours. However, Mr. Hearn finally was put on the regular staff of the *Enquirer*, and long did good work there."

From the *Providence Journal* we extract the following description of Hearn: "In person he is short, but strongly built. He is a bold and tireless swimmer, and would often spend hours at a time in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. He is a true child of the South, and revels in sunlight. He lost an eye while playing ball in his childhood; and the other is exceedingly myopic. He is dark, with a clear-cut, handsome profile; his face is not easily forgotten. In dress he is rather unconventional, his favorite headgear being a sombrero of soft felt. It is a treat to hear him tell some odd story in his peculiarly low and gentle voice. He is an ardent bibliophile. His becoming a Japanese by adoption is regarded by his friends as a singular freak."

HOMeward BOUND.

[Copyright, 1890, by Harper & Brothers.]

Again the enormous poem of azure and emerald unrolls before us, but in order inverse ; again is the island-Litany of the Saints repeated for us, but now backward. All the bright familiar harbors once more open to receive us ;—each lovely Shape floats to us again, first golden yellow, then vapory gray, then ghostly blue, but always sharply radiant at last, symmetrically exquisite, as if chiselled out of amethyst and emerald and sapphire. We review the same wondrous wrinkling of volcanic hills, the cities that sit in extinct craters, the woods that tower to heaven, the peaks perpetually wearing that luminous cloud which seems the breathing of each island-life,—its vital manifestation. . . .

. . . Only now do the long succession of exotic and unfamiliar impressions received begin to group and blend, to form homogeneous results—general ideas or convictions. Strongest among these is the belief that the white race is disappearing from these islands, acquired and held at so vast a cost of blood and treasure. Reasons almost beyond enumeration have been advanced—economical, climatic, ethnical, political—all of which contain truth, yet no single one of which can wholly explain the fact. Already the white West Indian populations are diminishing at a rate that almost staggers credibility. In the island paradise of Martinique in 1848 there were 12,000 whites ; now, against more than 160,000 blacks and half-breeds, there are perhaps 5,000 whites left to maintain the ethnic struggle, and the number of these latter is annually growing less. Many of the British islands have been almost deserted by their former cultivators : St. Vincent is becoming desolate ; Tobago is a ruin ; St. Martin lies half abandoned ; St. Christopher is crumbling ; Granada has lost more than half her whites ; St. Thomas, once the most prosperous, the most active, the most cosmopolitan of West Indian ports, is in full decadence. And while the white element is disappearing, the dark races are multiplying as never before ;—the increase of the negro and half-breed populations has been everywhere one of the startling results

of emancipation. The general belief among the creole whites of the Lesser Antilles would seem to confirm the old prediction that the slave races of the past must become the masters of the future. Here and there the struggle may be greatly prolonged, but everywhere the ultimate result must be the same, unless the present conditions of commerce and production become marvellously changed. The exterminated Indian people of the Antilles have already been replaced by populations equally fitted to cope with the forces of the Nature about them—that splendid and terrible Nature of the tropics which consumes the energies of the races of the North, which devours all that has been accomplished by their heroism or their crimes—effacing their cities, rejecting their civilization. To those people physiologically in harmony with this Nature belong all the chances of victory in the contest—already begun—for racial supremacy.

But with the disappearance of the white populations the ethnical problem would be still unsettled. Between the black and mixed peoples prevail hatreds more enduring and more intense than any race prejudices between whites and freedmen in the past; a new struggle for supremacy could not fail to begin, with the perpetual augmentation of numbers, the ever-increasing competition for existence. And the true black element, more numerically powerful, more fertile, more cunning, better adapted to pyrogenic climate and tropical environment, would surely win. All these mixed races, all these beautiful fruit-colored populations, seem doomed to extinction; the future tendency must be to universal blackness, if existing conditions continue—perhaps to universal savagery. Everywhere the sins of the past have borne the same fruit, have furnished the colonies with social enigmas that mock the wisdom of legislators, —a dragon-crop of problems that no modern political science has yet proved competent to deal with. Can it even be hoped that future sociologists will be able to answer them, after Nature—who never forgives—shall have exacted the utmost possible retribution for all the crimes and follies of three hundred years?—*Two Years in the French West Indies.*



HEBER, REGINALD, an English clergyman and poet, born at Malpas, Cheshire, April 21, 1783; died at Trichinopoly, India, April 2, 1826. In 1800 he entered Brasenose College, Oxford. In 1803 he wrote his prize poem, *Palestine*, which has been pronounced the best poem of the kind ever produced at Oxford. After taking his degree in 1804, he travelled in Germany, Russia, and the Crimea. In 1807 he was presented by his brother, Richard Heber, the noted bibliomaniac, to the living of Hodnet, in Shropshire, and in 1809, married Amelia Shipley, daughter of the Dean of St. Asaph. In 1815 he preached the Bampton Lecture, his subject being "The Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter." In 1819 he wrote a *Life of Jeremy Taylor*, with a critical examination of his writings, and in 1822 was appointed preacher at Lincoln's Inn. In 1823 he accepted the appointment of Bishop of Calcutta, this see then including all British India, Ceylon, Mauritius, and Australia. From the time of entering upon his episcopal duties he was occupied with visitations through parts of his vast diocese. He wrote a *Narrative of a Journey Through the Upper Provinces of India*, which was not published until after his death. His *Life and Unpublished Works*, edited by his widow, appeared in 1830. His *Hymns* were first published entire in 1827

JERUSALEM.

Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
 Mourn, widowed Queen ! forgotten Sion, mourn !
 Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
 Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone ?
 While sons unblest their angry lustre fling,
 And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring ?
 Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed ?
 Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued ?
 No martial myriads muster in thy gate ;
 No suppliant nations in thy temple wait ;
 No prophet-bards, the glittering courts among,
 Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song :
 But lawless Force and meagre Want are there,
 And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
 While cold Oblivion, mid thy ruins laid,
 Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

—*From Palestine.*

THE MOONLIGHT MARCH.

I see them on their winding way,
 About their ranks the moonbeams play ;
 Their lofty deeds and daring high,
 Blend with the notes of victory.
 And waving arms and banners bright,
 Are glancing in the mellow light :
 They're lost, and gone ; the moon is past,
 The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast ;
 And fainter, fainter, fainter still
 The March is rising o'er the hill.
 Again, again, the pealing drum,
 The dashing horn : they come, they come !
 Through rocky pass, o'er woody steep,
 In long and glittering files they sweep :
 And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
 Their softened chorus meets the ear.
 Forth, forth and meet them on their way ;
 The trampling hoofs brook no delay ;
 With thrilling fife and pealing drum,
 And clashing horn, they come ; they come !

TO HIS WIFE.

If thou wert by my side, my love,
 How fast would evening fall,
 In green Bengala's palmy grove,
 Listening the nightingale !

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
 My babies at my knee,
 How gayly would our pinnace glide
 O'er Gunga's mimic sea !

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
 When on our deck reclined,
 In careless ease my limbs I lay,
 And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
 My twilight steps I guide,
 But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
 I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try,
 The lingering noon to cheer,
 But miss thy kind approving eye,
 Thy meek attentive ear.

But when of morn and eve the star
 Behold me on my knee,
 I feel, though thou art distant far,
 Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on ! then on ! where duty leads,
 My course be onward still,
 O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
 O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
 Nor wild Malwah detain ;
 For sweet the bliss us both awaits
 By wonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
 Across the dark-blue sea ;
 But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
 As then shall meet in thee !

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !
 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all !

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine ?
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine ?
 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
 Vainly with gifts would His favor secure ;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

EARLY PIETY.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
 How sweet the lily grows !
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill
 Of Sharon's dewy rose !
 Lo ! such the child whose early feet
 The paths of peace have trod,
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God !

By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay ;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away :
 And soon—too soon—the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
 And stormy passions rage.

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
 Within Thy Father's shrine !
 Whose years with changeless virtue crowned,
 Were all alike divine !

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
 We seek Thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still Thy own !

MISSIONARY HYMN.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand ;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain !

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile :
 In vain, with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high ;
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! oh Salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole !
 Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign !



HECKER, ISAAC THOMAS, an American clergyman and philanthropist, born in New York City December 18, 1819; died there December 22, 1888. He obtained his education in the intervals of the labor which his parents' straitened circumstances made necessary. With his brothers he engaged in business, which he relinquished for the study of metaphysics and theology. He spent several months at Brook Farm, which he left with Thoreau, and with him made a series of experiments to ascertain the lowest cost of necessary food. After this he re-entered business with his brothers, and took charge of their workingmen, for whom he provided a library. At the age of twenty-three he entered the Roman Catholic Church, and in 1849 went to Europe to study for the priesthood. He returned in 1851, and in 1858 founded a new missionary society under the name of "The congregation of St. Paul the Apostle." Its members are called the Paulist Fathers.

In 1865 he founded a magazine, *The Catholic World*, of which he was the editor. Among his works are *Questions of the Soul* (1885), *Aspirations of Nature* (1857), *Catholicity in the United States* (1879), *Catholics and Protestants Agreeing on the School Questions* (1881), and *The Church and The Age* (1891).

STEPS TO HIGHER LIFE.

There are few among us who have not felt, at times, that life should be an uninterrupted act of piety; that

our deeds, to be true, should be acts of worship ; that what is not directed to God, is lost, profane, if not sinful. We know it, and speak not at random, when we say, that a large class of our people are earnest, serious-minded, and dissatisfied at heart with the life around them, and are unwilling " to decline on a range of lower feelings." They are eager, anxious, restless to be freed, and to live a better and more spiritual life, and hence they grasp and catch at any enterprise, scheme, theory, or doctrine, however absurd, so long as it promises to discover to them the secrets of spiritual life, or to afford them the means to live it.

But some of the reasons why this class of persons is more numerous in this country than among any other Protestant people, may be distinctly stated. Our first reason may be called a political and economical one. To be freed from the cares and toils, of the common duties of life, is necessary to the development of the nobler powers of the soul. Here in the United States, competence is more easily acquired than in any other land, thanks to our political institutions and the advantages of our country ; hence, those who feel strongly called to live a higher life have the leisure so necessary to their growth and development. Many, in whom under less favorable circumstances, all instinct of a diviner life would be stifled and trodden out, here come to a full consciousness of their nobler powers and true destiny.

Another reason, and one that may be called geographical, is the nature and state of our country. It is not enough to be freed from care and toil for the development of our secret powers and aspirations after a purer and holier life—more is needed—silence, solitude is needed. Our country presents these to us with a lavish hand, and on the grandest scale, in her deep forests, her vast prairies, in her unexplored regions and uncultivated lands ; these, with our sparse population, force a great part of our people to silence and into solitude. And these conditions give quiet and tranquillity to the mind, qualities which conduce, and so to speak, provoke man to the meditation and contemplation of his own nature, his destiny, and of God. For solitude gives birth to our noble impulses, and nature, rightly viewed, leads upward

step by step, as it were, to our common Author, in whom all secrets are opened to our view.—*Questions of the Soul.*

MIDDLE-AGE.

Fair time of calm resolve—of sober thought !
 Quiet half-way hostelry on Life's long road,
 In which to rest and re-adjust our load !
 High table land, to which we have been brought
 By stumbling steps of ill-directed toil !
 Season when not to achieve is to despair !
 Last field for us of a full fruitful soil !
 Only spring-tide our freighted aims to bear
 Onward to all our yearning dreams have sought !

How art thou changed ! Once to our youthful eyes
 Thin silvering locks and thought's imprinted lines
 Of sloping age gave weird and wintry signs ;
 But now, these trophies ours, we recognize
 Only a voice faint-rippling to its shore,
 And a weak tottering step, as marks of eld,
 None are so far but some are on before ;
 Thus still at distance is the goal beheld
 And to improve the way is truly wise.

Farewell, ye blossomed hedges ! and the deep
 Thick green of summer on the matted bough :
 The languid autumn mellows round us now
 Yet Fancy may its vernal beauties keep,
 Like holly leaves for a December wreath.
 To take this gift of life with trusting hands,
 And star with heavenly hopes the night of death,
 Is all that poor humanity demands
 To lull its meaner fears in easy sleep.





HECTOR, ANNIE (FRENCH), "Mrs. Alexander," a voluminous Irish novelist, was born in Dublin about 1825, and died on the 10th of July, 1902 (77). She began writing when quite young, but she received so little encouragement that she gave it up, and it was not until after the death of her husband, when it became necessary for her to do something to support herself and family that she again resumed it. She has since published *Which Shall it Be?* (1866); *The Legend of the Golden Prayer*, verse (1872); *The Wooing O't* (1873); *Ralph Wilton's Weird* (1875); *Her Dearest Foe* (1876); *The Heritage of Langdale* (1877); *Maid, Wife, or Widow?* (1879); *Moral Songs* (1879); *The Freres* (1882); *The Admiral's Ward* (1883); *The Executor* (1883); *Holiday Songs* (1884); *A Second Life* (1885); *At Bay* (1885); *Valerie's Fate* (1885); *Beaton's Bargain* (1886); *By Woman's Wit* (1886); *Mona's Choice* (1887); *A Life Interest* (1888); *Well Won* (1891); *Mammon* (1891); *For His Sake* (1892); *The Snare of the Fowler* (1892); *Found Wanting* (1892); *Was She to Blame?* (1893); *Broken Links* (1894); *Forging the Fetters* (1894); *A Love Match* (1894); *A Ward in Chancery* (1894).

ANDRÉE'S REVERIE.

It was sad that such dear companions had slipped from her hold; but their silence never made her fear that it was caused by coldness or indifference. They had a hard struggle too, and once they met all would be the same as ever. This was the one bit of romance in

Andrée's somewhat denuded life, and as she developed, the memory of it grew sweeter and more vivid—a fountain, as it were, of living water, that kept her heart from dying of the parching drought, the terrible despair of happiness which too often comes when the spirit can see nothing in the future, nor remember anything in the past but clouds and thick darkness, the pressure of sordid wants, the disheartening of perpetual failure. Surely the greatest joy of life, the greatest crown a woman could win would be to see eyes brighten and grow tender at one's approach, as John's used to do at Lilly's! But Lilly was beautiful as well as sweet and good, and Andrée must never allow herself to expect such bliss, it would be too foolish.

She looked at herself in the glass very steadily and sighed; then a quiet smile stole to her lips and eyes. "Life has many sides," she said to herself, "and I am fortunate. I must find John and his wife, perhaps they might come and live with me. It is quite six years since I heard of them. The letter telling of my poor dear father's death was returned to me. Oh! they may both be dead too!—but no! that would be too, too cruel!"

She roused herself from the prolonged review of the sweet and bitter past.

"I must write to Maud. Her last letter is more than a fortnight old, and she did not seem too happy. I fear a solemn, stately English country-house will not suit her, she is really a Bohemian! I wish I had a house of my own to ask her to. How curious it will be to have a house of my own, with servants and what is called an establishment. Will it be like a home to me? I fear not. Four walls and beautiful furniture, servants, and visitors do not make home!—I suppose I must hire some one to live with me. I will not stay here. I want to be my own mistress, though I like Mrs. Landon and Charlie and—Richard? I am not sure. He talks best, he has more ideas, and seems to consider me worth talking to, but none of them would think much of me if I had not this money."—*A Ward in Chancery*



HEDDERWICK, JAMES, a Scottish journalist and poet, born at Glasgow, January 18, 1814. He was the son of a printer; and at an early age he was placed in his father's office; and there he began to cultivate his literary tastes by contributing to various newspapers and magazines. Going to London, he attended the University, where he gained the first prize in rhetoric. In 1837 he became sub-editor of *The Scotchman*. He returned to his native city and founded *The Glasgow Citizen*, in the columns of which Alexander Smith, David Gray, William Black, and other prominent Scotchmen, made their first efforts in literature. In 1864 he established *The Evening Citizen*, one of the earliest half-penny newspapers in the North. He established also *The Weekly Citizen*, a literary continuation of the original broadsheet. His more permanent literary works include, *Lays of Middle Age, and Other Poems* (1859); *A Villa by the Sea, and Other Poems* (1881); and in collaboration with Lord Houghton, a fine edition of *Gray's Poems*, with a *Life of Gray* from Hedderwick's pen.

“The active duties of a journalist,” says a recent writer, “allowed him little time to devote to general literature: but the few poems he has published have obtained extensive favor. His love of letters imparted a distinctively literary character to the journals under his control, and made him the friend and counsellor of youthful writers.”

FIRST GRIEF.

They tell me first and early love
Outlives all after dreams ;
But the memory of a first great grief
To me more lasting seems. . . .

The grief that marks our dawning youth
To memory ever clings,
And o'er the path of future years
A lengthened shadow flings.

Oh ! oft my mind recalls the hour
When to my father's home
Death came, an uninvited guest,
From his dwelling in the tomb.

I had not seen his face before—
I shuddered at the sight ;
And I shudder yet to think upon
The anguish of that night.

A youthful brow and ruddy cheek
Became all cold and wan ;
An eye grew dim in which the light
Of radiant fancy shone.

Cold was the cheek, and cold the brow,
The eye was fixed and dim ;
And one there mourned a brother dead
Who would have died for him.

A sad and silent time it was
Within that house of woe ;
All eyes were dim and overcast,
And every voice was low.

Softly we trod, as if afraid
To mar the sleeper's sleep ;
And stole last looks of his sad face,
For memory to keep.

With him the agony was o'er,
 And now the pain was ours,
 As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose,
 Like odors from dead flowers.

And when at last he was borne afar
 From this world's weary strife,
 How oft in thought did we again
 Live o'er his little life !

His every look, his every word,
 His very voice's tone,
 Came back to us like things whose worth
 Is only prized when gone.

That grief has passed with years away,
 And joy has been my lot ;
 But the one is long remembered,
 The other soon forgot.

The gayest hours trip lightly by,
 And leave the faintest trace ;
 But the deep, deep track that sorrow wears
 No time can e'er efface.





HEDGE, FREDERIC HENRY, a distinguished American scholar and Unitarian divine, was born at Cambridge, Mass., December 12, 1805; died August 21, 1890. At the age of twelve he was sent to a school in Germany, where he remained five years. Upon his return he entered the junior class at Harvard, graduating in 1825. He studied theology, and in 1829 became pastor of the Unitarian church at West Cambridge, and subsequently of other churches. In 1857 he was made Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Cambridge Divinity School, and in 1872 Professor of German in Harvard College. He wrote *The Prose Writers of Germany* (1848); *Reason in Religion* (1865); *The Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition* (1870); *Martin Luther and Other Essays* (1888); made numerous translations in prose and verse from the German; assisted in the preparation of a Hymn Book, and wrote hymns and other occasional poems.

Dr. Hedge was distinguished for the high character and variety of his attainments, and for the strength, acuteness, and originality of his intellect, and his writings are destined to retain a prominent place in the country's literature.

QUESTIONINGS.

Hath this world without me wrought
Other substance than my thought?
Lives it by my sense alone,
Or by essence of its own?

Will its life—with mine begun—
 Cease to be when that is done ;
 Or another consciousness
 With the selfsame forms impress ?

Doth yon fire-ball, poised in air,
 Hang by my permission there ?
 Are the clouds that wander by
 But the offspring of mine eye,
 Born with every glance I cast,
 Perishing when that is past ?
 And those thousand, thousand eyes,
 Scattered through the twinkling skies,
 Do they draw their life from mine,
 Or of their own beauty shine ?

Now I close my eyes, my ears,
 And creation disappears ;
 Yet if I but speak the word,
 All creation is restored.
 Or—more wonderful—within,
 New creations do begin ;
 Hues more bright and forms more rare
 Than reality doth wear,
 Flash across my inward sense,
 Born of the Mind's omnipotence.

Soul ! that all informest, say !
 Shall these glories pass away ?
 Will those planets cease to blaze
 When these eyes no longer gaze ?
 And the life of things be o'er
 When these pulses beat no more ?

Thought ! that in me works and lives—
 Life to all things living gives—
 Art thou not thyself, perchance,
 But the University in trance ?
 A reflection inly flung
 By that world thou fanciedst sprung
 From thyself—thyself a dream—
 Of the world's thinking, thou the theme !

But be it thus, or be thy birth
 From a source above the earth :

Be thou matter, be thou mind,
In thee alone myself I find ;
And through thee alone, for me,
Hath this world reality.
Therefore in thee will I live,
To thee all myself will give,
Living still that I may find
This bounded Self in boundless Mind.

RELIGION IN ITS TWO TYPES.

When the gospel was delivered to the world it had to encounter two contrary prejudices, represented by two classes of minds. It encountered religious prejudice on the one side, and philosophic pretension on the other. The former of these tendencies was represented by the Jews ; the latter by the Greeks. No two minds could be more unlike than the minds of these two nations : the one perversely straitened, bigoted, intolerant, but firm ; the other liberal, expansive, but curious, fickle, doubting. The one demanded external authority ; the other demanded philosophic justice. The one required that a doctrine or a system should be authenticated by some visible token ; the other required that it should be scientifically legitimated. With the one, the question as to every doctrine was, "Hath the Lord spoken ? hath the Lord said it ?" And the evidence that the Lord had said it must not be internal, but external. It was not the nature of the doctrine itself, but some prodigy or supernatural circumstances attending its first annunciation. With the other, the question was, "Is it philosophical ? is it logical ? is it capable of demonstration ? does it harmonize with this or that School. . . .

The Jew and the Greek, as Paul found them, have passed away from the stage of this world. But these two tendencies remain. There are still these two classes of minds—the Jew and the Greek ; and, corresponding with them, two different forms of religious thought and life—a Jewish and a Greek Christianity. Neither of these is complete in itself ; neither expresses the whole truth of the gospel ; each serves as a check on the other ; each is the other's complement. True Chris-

tianity is the reconciliation of the two. Let justice be done to both. Let each supply what the other lacks.

Is your religion of the Jewish type—a religion of authority, of rigid literality? Endeavor to enlarge your thought and to liberalize your mind by intercourse with minds of a different cast; converse freely with thinkers of every name; make yourself familiar with the literature and philosophy of religion beyond the limits of your School and Church. Add to conviction, insight; to tradition, reason; to dogma, charity; to the letter, life. Let every green nature and loving humanity twine their tendrils around the walls of your Zion, and relieve with a gracious tolerance the harsh angularity of your creed.

Are you a Greek in religion—rationalistic, studious of knowledge, addicted to speculation, impatient of authority, seeking in the human understanding alone the ground of belief? Consider that if mortal wit were equal to all the wants of the soul, and to all the problems of spirit and life, no historic dispensation would ever have been vouchsafed; no Church would ever have been established in the world. Reason as you will, examine, question; but overlook not the necessities of human nature; accept the limits of human insight, and temper the boldness of speculation with reverent regard for the manifest course of Providence in the redemption of the human race, and with something of respect for the faith of mankind.

“The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom;” but Christianity comprehends and embodies both wisdom and sign. Christianity is larger than Jewish authority, and deeper than Grecian philosophy; and when, in its infancy, it burst upon the world, it swept away both. It bore down Synagogue and Academy; it floated Gamaliel and Plato, resolved them into itself; and, preserving what truth was in each, reproduced it in its own reconciling and transcendent kind. So it will do in all time to come with the sects and schools that have sprung from its bosom. It will absorb them all, will survive them all. That steady flood will swallow up all our creeds, philosophies, organizations, reforms—all our prophecy, all our knowledge; while, forcing its way through the heart of the world, it bears humanity on from **truth to truth, and from life to life.**—*Reason in Religion.*



HEEREN, ARNOLD HERMANN LUDWIG, a German historian, born at Abergem, near Bremen, October 25, 1760; died at Göttingen, Prussia, March 7, 1842. He was educated in Bremen and in the University of Göttingen. His first literary work was an edition of Menander's *De Encomiis* (1785). He then visited Italy, France, and Holland. He became in 1794 Professor of Philosophy, and, in 1801, of History in the Göttingen University. His works on ancient history have given him a high place among German historians. Some of them are, *Ueber die Geschichte und Literatur der Schönen Wissenschaften* (1788), *Ueber den Einfluss der Normanen auf die französische Sprache und Literatur* (1789), *Ideen über die Politik, den Verkehr und den Handel der Vornehmsten Völker der Alten Welt* (1793-96), *Geschichte des Studiums der Classischen Literatur seit dem Wiederaufleben der Wissenschaften* (1797-1802), *Handbuch der Geschichte der Staaten des Alterthums*, and *Ueber die Geschichte der Europäischen Staaten in den Letzten Drei Jahrhunderten* (1799), *Geschichte des Europäischen Staatensystems und Seiner Colonien* (1809), *Der Deutsche Bund in Seinen Verhältnissen zu dem Europäischen Staatensystem* (1817), *De Fontibus et Auctoritate Vitarum Parallelorum Plutarchi* (1820), and *Commercia urbis Palmyra vicinarumque urbium, ex monumentis et inscriptionibus illustrata* (1832.) The *Handbook of Ancient History*, part of the *Ideas*, and one or two

of his other works have been translated into English by George Bancroft, and an English edition of his most important works was published in London (7 vols., 1845-1854).

"Heeren," writes Lloyd Sanders, "was one of the first, and by no means one of the least, of great German historians of the present century. Perceiving that history ought to be something more than description of battles and treaties, of the sorrows and joys of kings, or at best hasty generalizations on the facts accumulated in the course of a few months' reading, he encouraged long and systematic study. He showed many subsequent historians the way in which to walk."

THE INFLUENCE OF HOMER ON THE GREEKS.

It was Homer who formed the character of the Greek nation. No poet has ever, as a poet, exercised a similar influence over his countrymen. Prophets, lawgivers, and sages have formed the character of other nations; it was reserved to a poet to form that of the Greeks. This is a trait in their character, which could not be wholly erased even in the period of their degeneracy. When lawgivers and sages appeared in Greece, the work of the poet had already been accomplished; and they paid homage to his superior genius. He held up before his nation the mirror, in which they were to behold the world of gods and heroes, no less than of feeble mortals, and to behold them reflected with purity and truth. His poems are founded on the first feelings of human nature; on the love of children, spouse, and country; on that passion which overweighs all others, the love of glory. His songs were poured forth from a breast which sympathized with all the feelings of man; and therefore they enter, and will continue to enter, every breast which cherishes the same sympathies. If it is granted to his immortal spirit, from another heaven than any of which he dreamed on earth, to look down on his race, to see the nations from the fields of Asia, to the forests of Her-

cynia, performing pilgrimages to the fountain which his magic wand caused to flow ; if it is permitted to him to overlook the whole harvest of grand, of elevated, of glorious productions, which have been called into being by means of his song ; wherever his immortal spirit may reside, nothing more can be required to complete his happiness.

Wherever writing is known, where it is used for the purpose of preserving poems, and thus a poetic literature is formed, the muse loses her youthful freshness. Works of the greatest merit may still be produced ; but poetry exerts its full influence only so long as it is considered inseparable from song and recitation. The Homeric poems were therefore so far from having produced a less considerable effect, because they for a long time were not written down, that the source of their strength lay in this very circumstance. They entered the memory and soul of the nation. If we were better acquainted with the forms of social life which were prevalent in the cities of Ionia, and with which poetry necessarily stood in the closest union, we should be able to judge more definitely of its effects. The nature of things seems to show, that there, as in the mother country, they must have been sung at festivals and assemblies, whether public or private. The custom was so deeply fixed in the nation, that it continued long after these poems were committed to writing, and were thus accessible to a reader, and in fact, that it was declamation which continued to give them their full effect. We need but to call to mind the remark which Ion, the rhapsodist, makes to Socrates : "I see the hearers now weep and now rise in passion, and appear as if deprived of sensation." If the rhapsodists, in an age when all that was divine in their art had passed away, and when they sang only for money, could produce such effects, how great must have been their influence in the period of their greatest glory. . . .

Little confidence as we may place in the life of Homer attributed to Herodotus, and several other writings, it is still remarkable, that all unite in describing the fortunes of the poet during his lifetime, as by no means splendid. But his songs continue to live, and, probably in the very first century after the poet, were carried by

Lycurgus into the Peloponnesus ; and from the same school other epic poets also started up, whose works have been swallowed by the stream of time. A happy accident has preserved for us the general contents of a few of them ; but though these accounts are meagre, we may still infer from them, that even among the ancients, they are chiefly of interest to the professed student of literature, and that they never gained any claim to be called national poems. But the works of these, and so many others, of whom we know only the names, show how generally epic poetry was extended among the nation. After the epic language had once been perfected by Homer, it remained peculiar to this kind of poetry ; and when we read the works of much later poets, of Quintus, or of Nonnus, we might believe ourselves employed on authors many centuries older than they, had we not other evidence beside their language to fix the period in which they lived. That the dialect of Homer remained the principal one for this class of poetry, had an important influence on Grecian literature. Amidst all the changes and improvements in language, it prevented the ancient from becoming antiquated, and secured it a place among the later modes of expression. This was a gain for the language and for the nation. With the dialect of Homer, his spirit continued in some measure to live among the epic poets. Language cannot of itself make a poet ; but yet how much depends on language. If in those later poets we occasionally hear echoes of Homer, is it not sometimes his spirit which addresses us ?

But his influence on the spirit of his countrymen was much more important than his influence on their language. He had delineated the world of heroes in colors which can never fade. He had made it present to posterity : and thus the artist and the tragic poet found a sphere opened for the employment of their powers of representation. And the scenes from which they drew their subjects, could not have remained foreign to their countrymen. We do but touch on this subject, in order to say something on the point which lies particularly within the circle of our inquiries ; the influence which Homer and the epic poets exercised on the political character of their countrymen.

When we compare the scanty fragments that are still extant, respecting the circulation and preservation of the poems of Homer, it is remarkable that in Hellas itself, the lawgivers and rulers were the most active in making them known and in saving them from perishing. Lycurgus, we are told, was the first who introduced them into the Peloponnesus by means of the rhapsodists ; Solon esteemed the subject so important, that in his code of laws, he formed distinct regulations, in conformity to which it seems probable that the several rhapsodies were recited, not as before without method, but in their natural order, by several rhapsodists, who relieved each other at intervals. All this prepared for the undertaking of Pisistratus ; who, according to the accounts of the ancients, not only arranged the poems of Homer, but gained a claim to the eternal gratitude of posterity, by committing them to writing.

This care in those illustrious men did not result from a mere admiration of poetry. That it was connected with their political views, if it needs such confirmation, appears from the circumstance that Solon introduces it into his laws. Were we to form judgment on this subject from the narrow views of our own times, it would seem strange, that they who founded or confirmed the government of a number, even a democracy, should have labored to extend the productions of a bard who was opposed to their principles, and declares his political creed without disguise ; " no good comes of the government of the many ; let one be ruler, and one be king ; " and in whose works, as we have already remarked, republicanism finds no support. But their views were not so limited. Their object was not to confirm, by means of the poet, their own institutions and their own laws. They desired to animate their nation with a love for excellence and sublimity. Poetry and song, indissolubly united, seemed to them the fittest means of gaining that end. These had the greatest influence on the intellectual culture of the people. And if that culture lay within the sphere of the Grecian lawgivers (and it always did, though in different degrees), of what importance in their eyes must that poet have been, whose poems, above all others, were recited by the class of rhapsodists, that lent a glory to the national

festivals and assemblies? Solon, himself one of the first of moral poets, could not but perceive how much experience and knowledge of the world are contained in those books, with which youth is begun, and to which age returns. No fear was entertained, lest the narrations respecting the gods should be injurious to morals; although that fear afterward induced Plato to banish them from his republic; the philosopher who but for Homer never could have become Plato. For, as we have already remarked, the gods were not held up as models for imitation. But whilst the people was enriching itself with that infinite treasure of practical wisdom, it continued at the same time to live in a world of heroes, and to preserve a taste for objects of beauty. It is impossible to estimate the consequences which resulted from this, the gain of the nation as a nation, by the encouragement of its warlike spirit, by the preservation of its love of liberty and independence. In one respect, those lawgivers were unquestionably in the right; a nation, of which the culture rested on the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, could not easily be reduced to a nation of slaves.—*Ideas on the Politics, Intercourse and Trade, etc.* Translation of GEORGE BANCROFT.





HEERMANN, JOHANNES, a German poet and divine, born at Raudten, near Wohlau, Silesia, October 11, 1585; died at Lissa, province of Posen, February 17, 1647. He was the fifth and only surviving child of a furrier of Raudten; and during a severe illness in his childhood his mother vowed that if he recovered she would educate him for the ministry, even though she had to beg the necessary money. He passed through the schools at Wohlau; at Fraustadt; the St. Elizabeth gymnasium at Breslau; and the gymnasium at Brieg. In 1609 he accompanied two young noblemen, to whom he had been tutor at Brieg, to the University of Strassburg; but an affection of the eyes caused him to return home in 1610. The following year he was appointed diaconus of Köben, and was promoted the same year to the pastorate there. In 1634, in consequence of a painful affection of the throat, he ceased preaching, and in 1638 he retired to Lissa, where he remained until his death. Much of his manhood was spent amid the distressing scenes of the Thirty Years' War. Köben was plundered four times between 1629 and 1634, and was devastated by fire in 1616 and by pestilence in 1631. He lost all his movable property several times; was nearly sabred twice; was a fugitive on one occasion for seventeen weeks; and while crossing the Oder in a frail

and overloaded boat he heard the bullets of his pursuers whistle over his head. Amid these trials, and borne down with sickness and domestic troubles, he wrote his finest hymns. His principal work is his *Devoti Musica Cordis* (1644), better known by its German title as *Haus und Hertz Musica* (*House and Heart Music*). Other works are: *Exegesis Fidei Christianæ* (1609); *Gebetbuch* (1609); a volume of religious poems entitled *Andächtige Kirchenseufzer oder Reimen* (1616); *Heptalogus Christi* (1619); *Leichenpredigten* (1620), being five volumes of funeral orations; *Epigrammatum Libri IX.* (1624); *Erklærung aller Sonn und Festtags-episteln* (1624), being an explication of all the Sunday and feast-day epistles; *Poetische Erquickstunden für Angefochtene Kranke und Sterbende* (1656), a book of poems for the sick and the dying.

“As a hymn-writer,” says Julian, in his great work on hymnology, “Heermann ranks with the best of his century, some indeed regarding him as second only to Gerhardt. His hymns are distinguished by depth and tenderness of feeling; by firm faith and confidence in face of trial; by deep love to Christ, and humble submission to the will of God. Many of them became at once popular, passed into the hymn-books, and still hold their place among the classics of German hymnody.”

“His hymns and other lyrical poems,” says Gostwick and Harrison in their *Outlines of German Literature*, “express the religious discontent—the contrast between this life and a higher—that supplies the key-note for a great part of the sacred poetry written during the Thirty Years War.”

O GOD, THOU FAITHFUL GOD.

O God, thou faithful God !
Thou well-spring of all blessing !
In whom we all exist,
From whom we're all possessing !
Give me a body sound ;
And in it, builded well,
Let an unblemished soul
And a good conscience dwell.

Afford me will and strength
To do the work assigned me,
Whereto, in my true place,
The law may call and find me.
Let it be timely done,
With eager readiness ;
And what is done in Thee
Have ever good success.

Help me to speak but that
Which I can stand maintaining ;
And banish from my lips
The word that's coarse and staining ;
And when the duty comes
To speak with earnest stress,
Then grant the needed force
Unmixed with bitterness.

When trouble shall break in,
Let me not turn despainer ;
But give a steadfast heart,
And make me a cross-bearer,
When health and comfort fail,
Send to my side the Friend,
Who closer than a brother,
Shall watch the sorrow's end.

—*Translation of N. L. FROTHINGHAM.*



HEGEL, GEORGE WILHELM FRIEDRICH, a German philosopher, born at Stuttgart, Würtemberg, August 27, 1770; died in Berlin, November 14, 1831. When eighteen years of age he entered the University of Tübingen as a student of theology; but the classics attracted him more than theology or philosophy. After receiving his certificate in 1793, he became a private tutor, first at Berne, and afterward at Frankfort-on-the-Main. Here he turned to the study of Christianity, and wrote a life of Jesus, in whom he saw not a sacrifice for the sins of the world, but a man conscious of union with God, and hence suffering death with tranquillity. A small inheritance from his father in 1799, gave Hegel an opportunity to resume a studious life. In January, 1801, he went to Jena, and during the next winter gave his first course of lectures on logic and metaphysics. In 1805 he became Professor Extraordinary of Philosophy in the University, but in 1806, on the capture of Jena by Napoleon, he went to Bamberg, where he published his *Phenomenology of the Mind*. For eighteen months he was editor of the *Bamberger Zeitung*, during which time his *Phenomenology* appeared (1807). From 1808 to 1816, he was Rector of the Gymnasium of Nuremberg, and published his *Science of Logic* (1812-16). He was called to the chair of Philosophy at Heidelberg in 1816, and two years later, after the death of

Fichte, to Berlin. At Heidelberg he brought out the *Encyclopædia of the Philosophical Sciences* (1817). This exposition of his system he enlarged in 1830 to twice its original size. For the thirteen remaining years of his life he gave himself entirely to his work. He published *The Philosophy of Right* and *The Philosophy of Religion* in 1821; *The Philosophy of History* in 1827. Others of his works are on *Psychology*, *Ethics*, *Æsthetics*, and *The History of Philosophy*.

THE BRAHMINS.

Brahma (neuter) is the Supreme in Religion, but there are besides chief divinities *Brahmā* (masc.) *Vishnu* or *Krishna*—incarnate in infinitely diverse forms—and *Siva*. These formed a connected Trinity. *Brahma* is the highest; but *Vishnu* or *Krishna*, *Siva*, the Sun; moreover, the Air, etc., are also *Brahm*, i.e. Substantial Unity. To *Brahm* itself no sacrifices are offered: it is not honored; but prayers are presented to all other idols. *Brahm* itself is the substantial Unity of All. The highest religious position of man, therefore, is being exalted to *Brahm*. If a Brahmin is asked what *Brahm* is, he answers: "When I fall back within myself, and close all external senses, and say *Om* to myself, that is *Brahm*." Abstract unity with God is realized in this abstraction from humanity. An abstraction of this kind may in some cases leave everything else unchanged, as does devotional feeling, momentarily excited. But among the Hindus it holds a negative position toward all that is concrete; and the highest state is supposed to be this exaltation, by which the Hindu raises himself to Deity. The Brahmins, in virtue of their birth, are already in possession of the Divine. The distinction of caste involves, therefore, a distinction between present deities and more limited mortals. The other castes may likewise become partakers in a *Regeneration*; but they must submit themselves to immense self-denial, torture, and penance.

This elevation which others can only attain by toil-

some labor, is, as already stated, the birthright of the Brahmins. The Hindu of another caste, must, therefore, reverence the Brahmin as a divinity ; fall down before him, and say to him : "Thou art God." And this elevation cannot have anything to do with moral conduct, but—inasmuch as all internal morality is absent—is rather dependent on a farrago of observances relating to the merest externalities and trivialities of existence. Human life, it is said, ought to be a perpetual worship of God. It is evident how hollow such general aphorisms are, when we consider the concrete forms which they may assume. They require another, a farther qualification, if they are to have a meaning. The Brahmins are a present deity, but their spirituality has not yet been reflected inwards in contrast with nature ; and thus that which is purely indifferent is treated as of absolute importance. The employment of the Brahmins consists principally in the reading of the Vedas : they only have a right to read them. Were a Sudra to read the Vedas, or to hear them read, he would be severely punished, and burning oil must be poured into his ears. The external observances binding on the Brahmins are prodigiously numerous, and the Laws of Manu treat of them as the most essential part of duty. The Brahmin must rest on one particular foot in rising, then wash in a river ; his hair and nails must be cut in neat curves, his whole body purified, his garments white ; in his hand must be a staff of a specified kind ; in his ears a golden ear-ring. If the Brahmin meets a man of an inferior caste, he must turn back and purify himself. He has also to read in the Vedas, in various ways : each word separately, or doubling them alternately, or backward. He may not look to the sun when rising or setting, or when overcast by clouds, or reflected in the water. He is forbidden to step over a rope to which a calf is fastened, or to go out when it rains. He may not look at his wife when she eats, sneezes, gapes, or is quietly seated. At the mid-day meal he may have only one garment on, in bathing never be quite naked. While, on the one hand, the Brahmins are subject to these strict limitations and rules, on the other hand their life is sacred ; it cannot answer for crimes of any kind ; and their

property is equally secure from being attacked. The severest penalty which the ruler can inflict on them amounts to nothing more than banishment.

The Brahmin possesses such a sanctity that Heaven's lightning would strike the king who ventured to lay hands on him or his property. For the meanest Brahmin is so far exalted above the king, that he would be polluted by conversing with him, and would be dishonored by his daughter's choosing a prince in marriage. In Manu's Code it is said: "If any one presumes to teach a Brahmin his duty, the king must order that hot oil be poured into the ears and mouth of such an instructor. If one who is only once-born, loads one who is twice-born with reproaches, a red-hot iron bar ten inches long shall be thrust into his mouth." On the other hand a Sudra is condemned to have a red-hot iron thrust into him from behind if he rest himself in the chair of a Brahmin, and to have his foot or his hand hewed off if he pushes against a Brahmin with hands or feet. It is even permitted to give false testimony, and to lie before a court of justice, if a Brahmin can be thereby freed from condemnation.

As the Brahmins enjoy advantages over the other castes, the latter in their turn have privileges, according to precedence, over their inferiors. If a Sudra is defiled by contact with a Pariah, he has a right to knock him down on the spot. Humanity on the part of a higher caste toward an inferior one is entirely forbidden, and a Brahmin would never think of assisting a member of another caste, even when in danger.

The other castes deem it a great honor when a Brahmin takes their daughter as his wife—a thing, however, which is permitted him only when he has already taken one from his own caste. Thence arises the freedom Brahmins enjoy of getting wives. At the great religious festivals they go among the people and choose those who please them best; they also repudiate them at pleasure. If a Brahmin or a member of any other caste transgresses the above-cited laws and precepts, he is himself excluded from his caste, and in order to be received back again, he must have a hook bored through the hips, and be swung repeatedly backward and forward in the air. There are also other forms of restora-

tion. A Rajah who thought himself injured by an English governor, sent two Brahmins to England to detail his grievances. But the Hindus are forbidden to cross the sea, and these envoys on their return were declared excommunicated from their caste, and in order to be restored to it they had to be born again from a golden cow. The imposition was so far lightened, that only those parts of the cow out of which they had to creep were obliged to be golden; the rest might consist of wood.—*Lectures on the Philosophy of History. Translation of J. SIBREE.*

THE MORALITY OF THE HINDUS.

If we proceed to ask how far their religion exhibits the morality of the Hindus, the answer must be that the former is as distinct from the latter, as Brahm from the concrete existence of which he is the essence. To us religion is the knowledge of that Being who is emphatically our Being, and therefore the substance of our knowledge and volition; the proper office of which latter is to be the willer of this fundamental substance. But that requires this [Highest] Being to be *in se* a personality, pursuing divine aims, such as can become the purport of human action. Such an idea of a relation of the Being of God as constituting the universal basis or substance of human action—such a morality cannot be found among the Hindus; for they have not the spiritual as the import of their consciousness. On the one hand their virtue consists in the abstraction from all activity—the condition they call “Brahm.” On the other hand every action with them is a prescribed external usage; not free activity, the result of inward personality. Thus the moral condition of the Hindus (as already observed) shows itself most abandoned. In this all Englishmen agree. Our judgment of the morality of the Hindus is apt to be warped by representations of their mildness, tenderness, beautiful and sentimental fancy. But we must reflect that in nations utterly corrupt, there are sides of character which may be called tender and noble. We have Chinese poems in which the tenderest relations of love are depicted; in which delineations of deep emotion, humility, modesty, propriety are to be found; and which may be compared with the best that European

literature contains. The same characteristics meet us in many Hindu poems ; but rectitude, morality, freedom of soul, consciousness of individual right, are quite another thing. The annihilating of spiritual and physical existence has nothing concrete in it ; and absorption in the abstractly Universal has no connection with the real. Deceit and cunning are the fundamental characteristics of the Hindus. Cheating, stealing, robbing, murdering, are with him habitual. Humbly crouching and abject before a victor and lord, he is recklessly barbarous to the vanquished and subject.

Characteristic of the Hindu's humanity is the fact that he kills no brute animal, founds and supports rich hospitals for brutes, especially for old cows and monkeys ; but that through the whole land, no single institution can be found for human beings who are diseased or infirm from age. The Hindus will not tread upon ants, but they are perfectly indifferent when poor wanderers pine away with hunger. The Brahmins are especially immoral. According to English reports they do nothing but eat and sleep. In what is not forbidden them by the rules of their order they follow natural impulses entirely. When they take any part in public life they show themselves avaricious, deceitful, voluptuous. With those whom they have reason to fear they are humble enough ; for which they avenge themselves on their dependents. Children have no respect for their parents : sons maltreat their mothers.—*Philosophy of History. Translation of J. SIBREE.*





HEINE, HEINRICH, a German poet, born at Düsseldorf, Prussia, December 13, 1797; died in Paris, February 17, 1856. He was of Jewish birth, the nephew of a wealthy banker of Hamburg. He received his early education in the Franciscan convent and in the Lyceum of Düsseldorf, and was then sent to Hamburg to be fitted for mercantile pursuits. After three years he was removed, in 1819, to the University of Bonn, and six months afterward to Göttingen, where he was soon rusticated. He then went to Berlin, studied philosophy under the direction of Hegel, made acquaintance with the works of Spinoza, and relinquished the thought of mercantile life. His first volume of poetry, entitled *Gedichte*, now forming, under the name of *Youthful Sorrows* part of his *Book of Songs*, was published in 1822. It was coldly received, and Heine left Berlin for Göttingen, studied law, and received the degree of Doctor in 1825. In the same year he was baptized into the Lutheran Church. In 1823 he had published two successful plays, *Almanzor* and *Ratcliff*, with a collection of short poems, *Lyrical Interludes*. In 1827 he republished these poems, together with the first volume, giving the collection the name of *The Book of Songs*. They were enthusiastically received, especially in the universities. His *Reisebilder* (" Pictures of Travel "), of mingled prose and poetry (1826-31) was equally success-



ful. It is divided into three parts, *The Return Home*, *The Hartz-Journey*, and *The Baltic*. In 1831 Heine went to Paris, where he spent the remainder of his life, returning to Germany for only one or two short visits to his mother. For the next ten years he published prose only, writing for newspapers on politics and literature. He wrote French and German with equal fluency. In 1833 appeared his *History of Modern Literature in Germany*, afterward republished under the title of *The Romantic School*. *The Salon*, a series of essays, was published in four volumes between 1834 and 1840, and a long essay on the *Women of Shakespeare* in 1839. His next poetical work was *Atta Troll, a Summer Night's Dream* (1841), purporting to be the observations and reflections of a dancing bear on his travels. In 1835 he had married, and in 1843 he made his last journey to Germany, to visit his mother. A volume of *New Poems*, containing *Germany, a Winter's Tale*, in which many of his countrymen are mercilessly satirized, appeared in 1844.

In 1847 he was attacked with a disease of the spine, and his life thenceforth was one of excruciating suffering. For eight years he was, as he says, "in a state of death without its repose, and without the privileges of the dead, who have no need to spend money, and no letters or books to write." With both eyelids paralyzed, his lower limbs withered, his body filled with racking pain, he retained his mocking good-humor to the last, and in 1850 and 1851 composed a singular poetical work, *Romances*, divided into *Histories*, *Lamentations*, and *Hebrew Melodies*. A volume of *Latest Poems* was written three years afterward. His last work was

a translation into French of some of the poems in his *Book of Songs*. During his years of agonizing pain he kept his mother in ignorance of what he suffered, sending her cheerful letters to the last, making her believe that he employed an amanuensis because he had a slight affection of the eyes.

Throughout his life Heine appeared as a mocker. The bitterest irony pervades his writings. Nothing is sacred. His beautiful thoughts and tender feelings are sometimes followed by a sneer. Yet his poems are characterized by singular beauty of feeling and expression. He seems to have combined two natures always struggling for mastery.

In his will he requested that no religious rites should be observed at his funeral. Yet this, he added, was not the mere freak of a free-thinker. "For the last four years," said he, "I have cast aside all philosophical pride, and have again felt the power of religious truth."

THE MOUNTAIN ECHO.

At sad slow pace across the vale
 There rode a horseman brave :
 " Ah ! travel I now to my mistress's arms
 Or but to the darksome grave ? "
 The echo answer gave :
 " The darksome grave ! "

And farther rode the horseman on,
 With sighs his thoughts express'd :
 " If I thus early must go to my grave
 Yet in the grave is rest."
 The answering voice confess'd :
 " The grave is rest ! "

Adown the horseman's furrow'd cheek
 A tear fell on his breast :
 " If rest I can only find in the grave.

For me the grave is best."
 The hollow voice confess'd :
 "The grave is best."

—*Translation of E. A. BOWRING.*

SONGS OF SPRING.

Day and night alike the springtime
 Makes with sounding life all-teeming ;
 Like a verdant echo can it
 Enter even in my dreaming.

Then the birds sing yet more sweetly
 Than before, and softer breezes
 Fill the air, the violet's fragrance
 With still wider yearning pleases.

E'en the roses blossom redder,
 And a child-like golden glory
 Bear they, like the heads of angels
 In the picture of old story.

And myself I almost fancy
 Some sweet nightingale, when singing
 Of my love to those fair roses,
 Wondrous songs my vision bringing—

Till I'm waken'd by the sunlight,
 Or by that delicious bustle
 Of the nightingales of springtime
 That before my window rustle

Stars with golden feet wandering
 Yonder, and they gently weep
 That they cannot earth awaken,
 Who in night's arms is asleep.

List'ning stand the silent forests,
 Every leaf an ear doth seem !
 How its shadowy arm the mountain
 Stretcheth out, as though in dream.

What call'd yonder ? In my bosom
 Rings the echo of the tone,
 Was it my beloved one speaking,
 Or the nightingale alone ?

—*Translation of E. A. BOWRING*

LORE-LEI.

I know not whence it cometh
 That my heart is oppressed with pain,
 A tale of the past enchaineth
 My soul with its magical strain.

'Tis cool and the daylight waneth,
 The Rhine so peacefully flows ;
 And, kissed by the sunbeam of even,
 The brow of the mountain glows.

The fairest of maidens sitteth
 In wondrous radiance there,
 Her jewels of gold gleam brightly,
 She combeth her golden hair.

With a golden comb she combs it,
 And sings so plaintively ;
 O potent and strange are the accents
 Of that wild melody.

The boatman in yon frail vessel
 Stands spell-bound by its might ;
 He sees not the cliffs before him,
 He gazes alone on the height,

Methinks the waves will swallow
 Both boat and boatman anon ;
 And this with her sweet singing
 The Lore-Lei hath done.

— *Translation of A. BASKERVILLE.*

THE FISHER'S COTTAGE.

We sat by the fisher's cottage,
 And looked at the stormy tide ;
 The evening mist came rising,
 And floating far and wide.

One by one in the lighthouse
 The lamps shone out on high ;
 And far on the dim horizon
 A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck—
 Of sailors, and how they live ;
 Of journeys 'twixt sky and water,
 And the sorrows and joys they give.

We spoke of distant countries,
 In regions strange and fair,
 And of the wondrous beings
 And curious customs there.

Of perfumed lamps on the Ganges,
 Which are launched in the twilight hour ;
 And the dark and silent Brahmins,
 Who worship the lotos flower.

Of the wretched dwarfs of Lapland—
 Broad-headed, wide-mouthed, and small—
 Who crouch round their oil-fires, cooking,
 And chatter and scream and bawl.

And the maidens earnestly listened,
 Till at last we spoke no more ;
 The ship like a shadow had vanished,
 And darkness fell deep on the shore.

—*Translation of CHARLES G. LELAND.*

PEACE.

High in the heavens there stood the sun
 Cradled in snowy clouds,
 The sea was still,
 And musing I lay at the helm of the ship,
 Dreamily musing—and half in waking
 And half in slumber, I gazed upon Christ,
 The Saviour of man.
 In streaming and snowy garment
 He wander'd giant-great,
 Over land and sea ;
 His head reach'd high to the heavens,
 His hands he stretch'd out in blessing
 Over land and sea ;
 And as a heart in his bosom
 Bore he the sun

The sun all ruddy and flaming,
 And the ruddy and flaming sunny-heart
 Shed its beams of mercy
 And its beauteous, bliss-giving light,
 Lighting and warming
 Over land and sea.

Sounds of bells were solemnly drawing
 Here and there, like swans were drawing,
 By rosy bands the gliding ship,
 And drew it sportively toward the green shore,
 Where men were dwelling, in high and turreted
 O'erhanging town.
 O blessing of peace ! how still the town !
 Hushed was the hollow sound
 Of busy and sweltering trade,
 And through the clean and echoing streets
 Were passing men in white attire,
 Palm-branches bearing,
 And when two chanced to meet,
 They view'd each other with inward intelligence.
 And trembling, in love and sweet denial,
 Kiss'd on the forehead each other,
 And gazed up on high
 At the Saviour's sunny-heart
 Which, glad and atoningly
 Beam'd down its ruddy blood,
 And three times blest, thus spake they ;
 "Praised be Jesus Christ !"

— *Translation of E. A. BOWRING.*

SUNSET.

The glowing ruddy sun descends
 Down to the far up-shuddering
 Silvery-gray world-ocean ;
 Airy images, rosily breath'd upon,
 After him roll, and over against him,
 Out of the autumnal glimmering veil of clouds,
 With face all mournful and pale as death,
 Bursteth forth the moon,
 And behind her, like sparks of light,
 Misty—broad—glimmer the stars.

Once in the heavens their glitter'd
Join'd in fond union,
Luna the goddess and Sol the god,
And around them the stars all cluster'd,
Their little, innocent children.
But evil tongues then whisper'd disunion,
And they parted in anger,
That glorious, radiant pair.

Now in the daytime, in splendor all lonely,
Wanders the Sun-god in realms on high—
On account of his majesty
Greatly sung-to and worshipp'd
By haughty, bliss-harden'd mortals.
But in the night-time,
In heaven wanders Luna,
Unhappy mother,
With all her orphan'd starry children,
And she gleams in silent sorrow,
And loving maidens and gentle poets
Devote to her tears and songs.

The gentle Luna ! womanly minded,
Still doth she love her beautiful spouse.
Towards the evening, trembling and pale,
Peeps she forth from the light clouds around,
And looks at the parting one mournfully,
And fain would cry in her anguish : “ Come !
Come ! the children all long for thee — ”
But the disdainful Sun-god,
At the sight of his spouse 'gins glowing
With still deeper purple,
In anger and grief,
And inflexibly hastens he
Down to his flood-chill'd widow'd bed. . . .

Evil and backbiting tongues
Thus brought grief and destruction
E'en 'mongst the godheads immortal.
And the poor godheads, yonder in heaven,
Wander in misery,
Comfortless over their endless tracks,
And death cannot reach them,

And with them they trail
 Their bright desolation.
 But I, the mere man,
 The lowly-planted, the blest-with-death-one,
 I sorrow on longer.

—*Translation of E. A. BOWRING.*

QUESTIONS.

By the sea, by the desert night-covered sea
 Standeth a youth,
 His breast full of sadness, his head full of doubtings,
 And with gloomy lips he asks of the billows :
 O answer me life's hidden riddle,
 The riddle primeval and painful,
 Over which many a head has been poring,
 Heads in hieroglyphical night-caps,
 Heads in turbans and swarthy bonnets,
 Heads in perukes, and a thousand other
 Poor and prespiring heads of us mortals—
 Tell me, what signifies man ?
 From whence doth he come ? and where doth he go ?
 Who dwelleth among the golden stars yonder ?
 The billows are murmuring their murmur eternal,
 The wind is blowing, the clouds are flying,
 The stars are twinkling, all listless and cold,
 And a fool is awaiting his answer.

—*Translation of E. A. BOWRING.*

MY CHILD, WHEN WE WERE CHILDREN.

My child, when we were children,
 Two children little and gay,
 We crept into the hen-roost,
 And hid behind the hay.

We crowed as doth the cock,
 When people passed that road,
 Cried, “ Cock-a-doodle-doo ! ”
 They thought the cock had crowed

The chests that lay in the court
 We papered and made so clean,
 And dwelt together therein,
 We thought them fit for a queen.

Oft came our neighbor's old cat
 With us an hour to spend,
 We made her courtseys and bows
 And compliments without end.

And kindly after her health
 We asked her whene'er she came,
 To many an ancient tabby
 We since have said the same.

We often sat and spoke
 Just like grave, wise old men,
 Complaining, when we were young,
 How all had been better then.

That love and faith and truth
 Were lost in worldly care,
 That coffee was now so dear,
 And money become so rare.

Long past are childhood's sports,
 And onwards all hath whirled,
 Fidelity, love, and faith,
 And money, the times, and the world.

—*Translation of A. BASKERVILLE*

I CALLED THE DEVIL, AND HE CAME.

I call'd the devil, and he came,
 And with wonder his form did I closely scan ;
 He is not ugly, and is not lame,
 But really a handsome and charming man.
 A man in the prime of life is the devil,
 Obliging, a man of the world, and civil .
 A diplomatist too, and skill'd in debate,
 He talks right glibly of church and state.
 He's rather pale, but it's really not strange,
 For his studies through Sanskrit and Hegel range,
 Fouqué is still his favorite poet ,
 But criticism he'll touch no more.
 But has handed that subject entirely o'er
 To his grandmother Hecate, that she may know it.
 My judicial works did he kindly praise,
 His favorite hobby in former days.

He said that my friendship was not too dear,
 And then he nodded, and looked severe.
 And afterwards asked if it wasn't the case
 We had met at the Spanish ambassador's route ?
 And when I looked him full in the face,
 I saw him to be an old friend without doubt.

— *Translation of E. A. BOWRING.*

IT GOES OUT.

The curtain falls, as ends the play,
 And all the audience go away ;
 And did the piece give satisfaction ?
 Methinks they found it of attraction.
 A much respected public then
 Its poet thankfully commended ;
 But now the house is hushed again,
 And lights and merriment are ended.
 But hark to that dull heavy clang
 Heard by the empty stage's middle !
 It was perhaps the bursting twang
 Of the worn string of some old fiddle.
 With rustling noise across the pit
 Some nasty rats like shadows flit,
 And rancid oil all places smell of,
 And the last lamp, which groans and sighs
 Despairing, then goes out and dies.—
 My soul was this poor light I tell of.

— *Translation of E. A. BOWRING.*

AN OLD SONG.

Thou now art dead and thou knowest it not,
 The light of thine eyes is quench'd and forgot,
 Thy rosy mouth is pallid forever,
 And thou art dead, and wilt live again never.

'Twas in a dreary midsummer night,
 I bore thee myself to the grave outright :
 The nightingales sang their soft lamentations,
 And after us followed the bright constellations.

As through the forest the train moved along,
 They made it resound with the litany's song

The firs in their mantles of mourning veiled closely,
The prayers for the dead repeated morosely.

And as o'er the willowy lake we flew
The elfins were dancing full in our view ;
They suddenly stopped in wondering fashion,
And seemed to regard us with looks of compassion.

And when we had reached the grave, full soon
From out of the heavens descended the moon,
And preached a sermon, midst tears and condoling
While in the distance the bells were tolling.

—*Translation of E. A. BOWRING.*

THE TRUE SPHINX.

The true sphinx's form's the same as
Woman's ; this I see full clearly ;
And the paws and lion's body
Are the poet's fancy merely.

Dark as death is still the riddle
Of this true sphinx. E'en the clever
Son and husband of Jocasta
Such a hard one found out never.

By good luck, though, woman knows not
Her own riddle's explanation ;
If the answer she discovered,
Earth would fall from its foundation.

—*Translation of E. A. BOWRING.*

A MEMORY OF THE TYROL.

“It is a good sign when women laugh,” says a Chinese author, and a German writer was of precisely the same opinion, when in Southern Tyrol, just where Italy begins, he passed a mountain, at whose base on a low foundation, he passed one of those neat little houses which look so lovely with their snug gallery, and naïve paintings. On one side stood a great wooden crucifix, supporting a young vine, so that it looked horribly cheerful, like life twining around death, to see the soft

green branches hanging round the bloody body and crucified limbs. On the other side of the cottage was a round dove-cote whose feathered population flew here and there, while one very gentle white dove sat on the pretty gabled roof, which, like a pious niche over a saint, rose over the head of the lovely spinner. She, the fair one, sat on the little gallery and span—not according to the German method, but in that world-old manner, by which a distaff is held under the arm, and the thread descends with the loose spindle. So of old span kings' daughters in Greece, so at the present day spin the Fates and all Italian women. She span and laughed, the dove sat still over her head, while far over house and all rose the mountains, their snowy summits glittering in the sun, so that they seemed like giants with polished helmets on their heads.

She span and smiled; and I believe that she span my heart fast, as the coach went along more slowly, on account of the broad stream of the Eisach. The dear features remained all day in my memory—everywhere I beheld nothing save a lovely face, which seemed as though a Grecian sculptor had carved it from the perfume of a white rose, in such breathlike delicacy, such beatific nobility, that I could believe he had dreamed it of a spring night. But those eyes!—ah, no Greek could ever have imagined or comprehended them. But I saw and comprehended those romantic stars which so magically illumined the glory of the antique. All day long I saw them, and all night long I dreamed of them. There she sat again smiling, the doves fluttering around like angels of love, even the white dove over her head mystically flapped its wings; behind her rose mightier than ever the beloved warriors, before her roared along more stormily the brook, the vine branches climbed in wilder haste the crucified wooden image, which quivered with pain, and the suffering eyes opened, and the wounds bled, and—she, however, sat still and span, and on the thread of her distaff, like a dancing spindle, hung my own heart.—*Translation of CHARLES G. LELAND*



HELIODORUS, the earliest Greek novelist whose works have been handed down to us, was born at Emessa, in Syria, during the second half of the fourth century of the Christian Era. His father was Theodosius, and he belonged to a family of priests of the Syrian sun god Elagabalus. Heliodorus embraced Christianity and became Bishop of Tricca in Thessaly. Before the time of Heliodorus the Alexandrine poets had introduced brief love episodes into their pastorals and when rhetorical prose became the vogue among Greek writers, they often wrote the history of lovers from the time of their birth to their happy union. Antonius Diogenes and Jamblicus both wrote love stories of this sort, we are told, but none is now extant. Heliodorus's *Aethiopica* relates the history of Theagenes, a Thessalian of high rank, and Chariclea, the daughter of Hydaspes, King of Ethiopia. These lovers, after a series of exciting and improbable adventures and hairbreadth escapes, find happiness in matrimony. Theagenes is a weak and stupid character, but the heroine is a well-drawn picture of feminine loveliness and devotion. The descriptions of the manners and customs of the times, especially those of religious ceremonies, are valuable, the author having been a priest and a close observer of contemporaneous life. The work not only became the model for later Greek and Roman romance

writers, but has been imitated by French and Italian authors, and translated into most of the modern European languages. Tasso praises the artful development of the plot, and the early life of Clarinda in *Jerusalem Delivered* is almost identical with that of Chariclea. Racine intended to write a drama on the subject of the romance ; Raphael made scenes from it the subject of two of his pictures, and it was the model of those heroic fictions which subsequently, through the writings of Gomberville and Scudéry became so popular in France.

The *Fortnightly Review*, comparing Heliodorus with his followers and imitators, says that he may be allowed the praise of greater originality ; and that his true superiority lies in the more artistic development of a finer plot. “ The interest of the reader does not fail, while the story is skilfully unwound from the knot with which it commences. There is a simple completeness about the *Theagenes and Chariclea* which makes it the first in this species of art. It was the standard at which the others aimed, and by which they must be judged.”

THE FIRST MEETING OF THEAGENES AND CHARICLEA.

That the soul is something divine and akin to celestial things, we may infer from what happened then. For the man and the maid gazed upon one another, and loved as though each soul had, at first sight, recognized its peer, and rushed to greet what was its own by right of kin. Awhile they stood in breathless delight, and with lingering touch she placed the torch in his hand ; with lingering touch he received it, each fixing a long and burning look upon the other, as though they had somewhere known or seen each other before, and were trying to call to mind the familiar features. Next they smiled

faintly and involuntarily, a smile betrayed only by the confusion of their eyes. Then, as though ashamed of what had happened, they blushed, and again they turned pale with the passion of their hearts. Thus, during an instant of time, a great variety of expressions flitted across the faces of both, and infinite changes of color and countenance, declaring the agitation of their souls.

—*From The Aethiopica.*

THE BEAUTY OF CHARICLEA.

She rode upon a chariot drawn by two white oxen, and wore a purple tunic spangled with golden stars. Around her waist was a girdle, upon which the artist had concentrated all his art—of which he had never made the like before, and which he would never be able to equal again. For he had wrought, as it were, two serpents with tails intertwined behind her back, and necks that met upon her bosom and wreathed themselves into a knot. From this knot he had suffered their heads to droop on either side as pendants to a girdle. You would have said that they were actually gliding on, yet with no savage aspect, but dissolved in dreamy languor, as though lulled to sleep by love of their virgin cradle. The substance of which these serpents were wrought was gold of a dark blue color, for the metal was artificially darkened in order that the mingled gold and blue might represent the dancing changes of the scales. Such was the maiden's girdle. Her hair was not wholly confined, nor wholly free; the greater part of it falling loosely, floated about her neck and back; but the sunny auburn hair of her temples and brows was wreathed with a crown of tender laurel-spray, that did not suffer it to wanton unduly in the breeze. In her left hand she bore a golden bow, whilst the quiver was slung from her right shoulder. In the other hand she carried a lighted torch. Yet so fair was she, that the light of her eyes surpassed the lustre of the torches.—*From The Aethiopica.*



HELMHOLTZ, HERMANN LUDWIG FERDINAND VON, an eminent German physiologist, mathematician, and natural philosopher, was born at Potsdam, August 31, 1821; died in Berlin, September 8, 1894. He is especially noted for his discoveries in optics and acoustics. After studying medicine in the Military Institute in Berlin, and serving in a public hospital there, he returned to Potsdam as an army surgeon. In 1848 he became Professor of Anatomy in the Academy of Fine Arts at Berlin; in 1855, Professor of Physiology at Königsberg; in 1858, at Heidelberg, and afterward at Berlin. He has written much on the physiological conditions of impressions on the senses and some able treatises on the relations of physical forces. One of these works has been translated into English by John Tyndall under the title of *Essays on the Interaction of Natural Forces*. Among his works are: *On the Preservation of Force* (1847); *Manual of Physiological Optics* (1856); *Theory of the Impressions of Sound* (1862); *Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects*, two series (1872 and 1881), *Sensations of Tone as the Physiological Basis for the Theory of Music* (1875.) He stood in the foremost rank among the European philosophers of his time and was a member of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh and of the learned societies of the other cities of Europe.

HERMANN LUDWIG FERDINAND VON HELMHOLTZ

Thomas Martin, writing of Helmholtz in the *Century Magazine*, says that an "eminent practicality or *hardheadedness* marked all his work. He defined his attitude," continues the same writer, "when, in referring to the hypothesis of Kant and Laplace as to the origin of the planetary system, he said: 'The question about the end of things is perhaps of greater practical interest than that of the beginning.' Even in the moral sciences he insisted upon the value of experimental demonstration, and could not refrain from sharp criticism of Hegelian royal roads of speculation in matters of conduct and culture. He did not believe in the *a priori* construction of any system of philosophy; he could not agree with Kant that at least geometrical axioms were bed-rock intuitions beyond any necessity of experimental proof. Even though his beloved Goethe, whose *Faust* was always on his lips, advanced the proposition that colors owe their existence to the blending of light and shade, he flouted the idea mercilessly and talked of the poet's 'egregious failure' in this sphere of natural philosophy."

THE INTERDEPENDENCE OF THE SCIENCES.

Men of science form, as it were, an organized army, laboring on behalf of the whole nation, and generally under its direction, and at its expense, to augment the stock of such knowledge as may serve to promote industrial enterprise, to increase wealth, to adorn life, to improve political and social relations, and to further the moral development of individual citizens. After the immediate practical results of their work we forbear to inquire; that we leave to the instructed. We are convinced that whatever contributes to the knowledge of

HERMANN LUDWIG FERDINAND VON HELMHOLTZ

the forces of nature or the powers of the human mind is worth cherishing, and may, in its own due time, bear practical fruit, very often where we should least have expected it. Who, when Galvani touched the muscles of a frog with different metals, and noticed their contraction, could have dreamt that eighty years afterward, in virtue of the self-same process, whose earliest manifestations attracted his attention in his anatomical researches, all Europe would be traversed with wires, flashing intelligence from Madrid to St. Petersburg with the speed of lightning? In the hands of Galvani, and at first even in Volta's, electrical currents were phenomena capable of exerting only the feeblest forces, and could not be detected except by the most delicate apparatus. Had they been neglected, on the ground that the investigation of them promised no immediate practical result, we should now be ignorant of the most important and most interesting of the links between the various sources of nature. When young Galileo, then a student at Pisa, noticed one day during divine service a chandelier swinging backward and forward, and convinced himself, by counting his pulse, that the duration of the oscillations was independent of the arc through which it moved, who could know that this discovery would eventually put it in our power, by means of the pendulum, to attain an accuracy in the measurement of time till then deemed impossible, and would enable the storm-tossed seaman in the most distant oceans to determine in what degree of longitude he was sailing?

Whoever, in the pursuit of science, seeks after immediate practical utility, may generally rest assured that he will seek in vain. All that science can achieve is a perfect knowledge and a perfect understanding of the action of natural and moral forces. Each individual student must be content to find his reward in rejoicing over new discoveries, as over new victories of mind over reluctant matter, or in enjoying the æsthetic beauty of a well-ordered field of knowledge, where the connection and the filiation of every detail is clear to the mind, and where all denotes the presence of a ruling intellect; he must rest satisfied with the consciousness that he too has contributed something to the increasing fund of

HERMANN LUDWIG FERDINAND VON HELMHOLTZ

knowledge on which the dominion of man over all the forces hostile to intelligence reposes. . . .

The sciences have, in this respect, all one common aim, to establish the supremacy of intelligence over the world: while the moral sciences aim directly at making the resources of intellectual life more abundant and more interesting, and seek to separate the pure gold of Truth from alloy, the physical sciences are striving indirectly toward the same goal, inasmuch as they labor to make mankind more and more independent of the material restraints that fetter their activity. Each student works in his own department, he chooses for himself those tasks for which he is best fitted by his abilities and his training. But each one must be convinced that it is only in connection with others that he can further the great work, and that therefore he is bound, not only to investigate, but to do his utmost to make the results of his investigation completely and easily accessible. If he does this, he will derive assistance from others, and will in his turn be able to render them his aid. The annals of science abound in evidence of how such mutual services have been exchanged, even between departments of science apparently most remote. Historical chronology is essentially based on astronomical calculations of eclipses, accounts of which are preserved in ancient histories. Conversely, many of the important data of astronomy—for instance, the invariability of the length of the day, and the periods of several comets, rest upon ancient historical notices. Of late years, physiologists, especially Brücke, have actually undertaken to draw up a complete system of all the vocables that can be produced by the organs of speech, and to base upon it propositions for a universal alphabet, adapted to all human languages. Thus physiology has entered the service of comparative philology, and has already succeeded in accounting for many apparently anomalous substitutions, on the ground that they are governed, not as hitherto supposed, by the laws of euphony, but by similarity between the movements of the mouth that produce them. Again, comparative philology gives us information about the relationships, the separations, and the migrations of tribes in prehistoric times, and of the degree of civilization which **they**

HERMANN LUDWIG FERDINAND VON HELMHOLTZ

had reached at the time when they parted. For the names of objects to which they had already learnt to give distinctive appellations reappear as words common to their later languages. So that the study of languages actually gives us historical data for periods respecting which no other historical evidence exists. Yet again I may notice the help which not only the sculptor, but the archæologist, concerned with the investigation of ancient statues, derives from anatomy. And if I may be permitted to refer to my own most recent studies, I would mention that it is possible, by reference to physical acoustics and to the physiological theory of the sensation of hearing, to account for the elementary principles on which our musical system is constructed, a problem essentially within the sphere of æsthetics. In fact, it is a general principle that the physiology of the organs of sense is most intimately connected with psychology, inasmuch as physiology traces in our sensations the results of mental processes which do not fall within the sphere of consciousness, and must therefore have remained inaccessible to us.

I have been able to quote only some of the most striking instances of this interdependence of different sciences, and such as could be explained in a few words. Naturally, too, I have tried to choose them from the most widely separated sciences. But far wider is of course the influence which allied sciences exert upon each other.—*Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects.*
Translation of E. ATKINSON.





HELPS, SIR ARTHUR, an English essayist and historian, born at Streatham, Surrey, July 10, 1813; died in London, March 7, 1875. He was the son of an English merchant; was educated at Eton and at Cambridge. In 1835 he published *Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd*. On leaving the University he became private secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in 1840-41 was secretary to Lord Morpeth in Ireland. After this he had no official post until 1860, when he was appointed Clerk of the Privy Council, an office which he retained during his life. He was the author of *Essays Written in the Intervals of Business* (1841), two plays, *Henry the Second*, and *Catherine Douglas* (1843); *The Claims of Labor, an Essay on the Duties of the Employers to the Employed* (1844); *Friends in Council, a Series of Readings and Discourses thereon* (1847-51); *Companions of My Solitude* (1851); *The Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen* (1848-52); *The Spanish Conquest of America* (1855, 1857 and 1861); *Culita the Serf*, a tragedy (1858); *Friends in Council, Second Series* (1859); *Organization in Daily Life* (1862); *The Life of Las Casas, the Apostle to the Indians* (1868); *Life of Columbus, Life of Pizarro, and Realmah* (1869); *Casimir Maremma* (1870); *Brevia, short Essays and Aphorisms, Conversations on War and General Culture*, and *Life of Hernando Cortes* (1871); *Thoughts on Government*, and *The Life and Labor of Sir*

Thomas Brassey (1872); *Talks About Animals and their Masters* (1873); *Ivan de Biron* (1874) and *Social Pressure* (1875).

Helps is best known by his social essays and by his histories of the Spanish conquest of America. Ruskin says: "A true thinker, who has practical purpose in his thinking, and is sincere, as Plato, or Carlyle, or Helps, becomes in some sort a seer, and must be always of infinite use to his generation."

UNEXPECTED OPPORTUNITY.

Once this happened to me, that a great fierce obdurate crowd were pushing up in long line toward a door which was to lead them to some good thing ; and I, not liking the crowd, stole out of it, having made up my mind to be last, and was leaning indolently against a closed-up side door ; when, all of a sudden, this door opened, and I was the first to walk in, and saw arrive long after me, the men who had been thrusting and struggling round me.—This does not often happen in the world, but I think there was a meaning in it.—*Companions of my Solitude.*

THE PRIVILEGE OF DOING A KINDNESS.

It is a great privilege to have an opportunity many times in a day, in the course of your business, to do a real kindness which is not to be paid for. Graciousness of demeanor is a large part of the duty of any official person who comes in contact with the world. Where a man's business is, there is the ground for his religion to manifest itself.—*Companions of my Solitude.*

THE SPANISH ENCOMIENDA SYSTEM.

The history of *encomiendas* is, perhaps, the largest branch of the greatest public cause the world has yet seen. It is a misfortune that, with the exception of one Italian gentleman, Benzoni, we have no instance of an independent traveller going to the New World, and

making his remarks upon the state of society in it. But if there had been such travellers, the aspects which the conquered country would have presented to them would have been very various and very difficult to understand. They would have seen some Indians with marks in their faces toiling at the mines, while other Indians, unbranded, and perhaps with their wives, were also engaged in the same unwelcome toil. They would have noticed some Indians at work in domestic offices in and about the Spanish houses; other Indians employed in erecting public buildings and monasteries; others working, in their rude, primitive way, upon their own plantations; others occupied in the new employment, to them, of tending cattle brought from Spain; others engaged in manufactories of silk and cotton; others reckoning with king's officers, and involved in all the intricacies of minute accounts. Everywhere, on all roads, tracks, and by-paths, they would have seen Indians carrying burdens; and these travellers must have noticed the extraordinary fact that an activity in commerce, war, and public works, greater perhaps than that of Europe at the same time, was dependent, as regards transport, upon men instead of beasts of burden. Such a state of things the world had never seen before.

Then across the path of these travellers would have moved a small, stern-looking body of Spaniards, fully armed, and followed by more thousands of Indians than the men in armor numbered hundreds—probably five thousand Indians and three hundred Spaniards. These were about to make what they call *entrada* into some unknown or half-known adjacent country. If the travellers, without attracting the notice of the conquerors, could have gained the opportunity of speaking a few words with any of the Indians engaged in these various ways, they would soon have heard narratives varying in a hundred particulars, but uniform in one respect, namely, that the Indians were all unwillingly engaged in working for alien masters.

I cannot better begin this very difficult and complicated subject, which, however, if once understood, will reward all the attention it requires, than by giving a precise definition, according to the best Spanish legists of what an *encomienda* was. It was "a right conceded

by royal bounty to well-deserving persons in the Indies, to receive and enjoy for themselves the tributes of the Indians who should be assigned to them, with a charge of providing for the good of those Indians in spiritual and temporal matters, and of inhabiting and defending the provinces where these *encomiendas* should be granted to them. The first thing that will strike the careful reader is that the foregoing definition of *encomienda* will by no means justify or account for the various kinds of forced service which I picture those travellers to have seen who might have visited the Spanish Indies within the first fifty years after their conquest. But this apparent discrepancy may be easily explained. These *encomiendas* were not given, theoretically at least, until after the complete conquest of the province in which they were given. During the time of war those Indians who were made prisoners were considered slaves, and were called *Indios de guerra*, just the same as when the Spaniards made war upon the Moors of Barbary, the slaves, in that case, being called *Berberiscos*.

Then there were the ransomed slaves, *Indios de Rescate*, as they were called, who, being originally slaves in their own tribe, were delivered by the *caçique* of that tribe or by other Indians, in lieu of tribute. Upon this it must be remarked that the word slave meant a very different thing in Indian language from what it did in Spanish language, and certainly did not exceed in signification the word vassal. A slave in an Indian tribe, as Las Casas remarks, possessed his house, his hearth, his private property, his farm, his wife, his children, and his liberty, except when at certain stated times his lord had need of him to build his house, or labor upon a field, or do other similar things which occurred at stated intervals. This statement is borne out by a letter addressed to the Emperor from the auditors of Mexico, in which they say that, "granted that among the Indians there were slaves, the one servitude is very different from the other. The Indians treated their slaves as relations and vassals, the Christians as dogs." The *Audiencia* proceed to remark that slaves were wont to succeed their masters in their seignories, and they illustrate this by saying that at the time of the Conquest it was a slave who governed that part of the

citadel which is called Temixtitán. Moreover, such confidence was placed in this man, that Cortez himself gave him the same government after the death of King Quauhtemozin. The auditors conclude by saying, "He is dead, and there is here a son of his who went with the marquis to kiss your majesty's hands."

The causes for which these men were made slaves in their own tribes were of the most trivial nature, and such as would go some way to prove that slavery itself was light. In times of scarcity, a parent would sell a son or a daughter for two *fanegas* (three bushels) of maize. The slightest robbery was punished with slavery, and then, if the slave gave anything to his relatives from the house of his master, they were liable to be made slaves. In cases of non payment of debt, as in the Roman law, after a certain time the debtor became a slave. If a slave fled, the lord took the nearest kinsman of the fugitive for a slave, by which it seems that relationship in those countries had the inconveniences that it seems to have in China now. But the strangest and most ludicrous way in which a free Indian could become a slave was by losing at a game of ball, in which practised players inveigled their simple brethren, after the fashion of modern sharpers, showing rich things to be gained, and pretending that they themselves knew nothing of the game.

Referring again to what might have been seen by an observant person in the Indies at any time within fifty years after the Conquest, he would have been sure to notice certain bands of Indians who were more closely connected together than the slaves, either of ransom or of war, whose fate, up to the year 1542, we have just been tracing. After any conquest in the Indies that was not ferociously mismanaged (as was the case in the Terra-firma), the Indians remained in the *pueblos* or villages. There, according to the theory of *encomiendas*, quoted above, they were to live, paying tribute to their *encomienderos*, who theoretically stood in the place of the king, and were to receive this tribute from the Indians as from his vassals. But such a state of things would ill have suited with the requirements of the Spaniards. Money is the most convenient thing to receive in a civilized community; but in an infant colony, personal

services are most in requisition. Accordingly these are what were at once demanded from the Indians: and in order that this demand might consist with the maintenance of these Indian *pueblos*, it was necessary that a portion of the native community should, for certain periods of the year, quit their homes, and, betaking themselves to the service of the Spaniards, work out the tribute for themselves and for the rest of the Indian village. This was called *repartimiento*. In the words of the greatest jurist who has written on this subject, Antonio de Leon, "Repartimiento, in New Spain, is that which is made every week of the Indians who are given for mines and works by the judge for that purpose (*los Jueces Repartidores*), for which the *pueblos* contribute, throughout twenty weeks of the year, what they call the *dobra* (a Spanish coin), at the rate of ten Indians for every hundred; and the remainder of the year what they call the *sencilla* (another Spanish coin), at the rate of two Indians for every hundred. The above rate was for works and cultivation of land. When it was for mines, to work at which particular *pueblos* were set aside, it was a contribution for the whole year, at the rate of four Indians for every hundred." The *encomienda*, with this form of repartition attached to it, corresponds to nothing in feudalism or vassalage, and may be said to have been a peculiar institution, growing out of the novel circumstances in the New World. The history of the *encomienda* constitutes the greatest part of the history of the bulk of the people in the New World for many generations.

To any one who has much knowledge of civil life or of history, it will be obvious how many questions will arise from such a strange and hitherto unheard-of arrangement of labor. What distance will these Indians be carried from their homes? Will there be a sufficient number left to provide for the sustenance of the native community? Will the population of those communities be maintained? How will it be managed that the repartition should be fair? for, if otherwise, the same Indians may be sent over and over again, and, in fact, be different in no respect from slaves. Then, again, these services are to go for tribute. Who is to assign the value of the services or the rate of the tribute? More

subtle questions remain to be considered, if not solved. Shall the tax be a capitation tax, so many *pesos* for each Indian, or shall it be a certain sum for each *pueblo*? If the former is adopted, shall the women and children be liable? Shall overwork be allowable, so that the bands of Indians in *repartimiento* may not only work out their own taxes, and the taxes of their little community, but bring back some small *peculium* of their own, which will render them especially welcome when they return to their friends and families? All these problems, and others which I have not indicated, were eventually worked out by a course of laborious and consistent legislation, to which, I believe, the world has never seen any parallel, and which must have a very considerable place in any history, aiming to be complete, that may hereafter be written, of slavery or colonization. At the first, everything was as vague in this matter as oppression could desire; and oppression loves vagueness as its favorite element.—*The Spanish Conquest in America.*





HEMANS, FELICIA DOROTHEA (BROWNE), an English poet, born in Liverpool, September 25, 1793; died near Dublin, Ireland, May 16, 1835. Her father, a merchant of Liverpool, took up his residence in Wales while his daughter was a child, and the greater part of her life was passed in that country. She was noted for rare personal beauty and for precocity of genius, to which in after years she added an acquaintance with French, German, Italian, Portuguese and Spanish, together with some skill as a musician and artist. At the age of fourteen she put forth a little volume of poems entitled *Early Blossoms*, and four years afterward another entitled *The Domestic Affections*, which met with a not unfavorable reception. In 1812 she married Captain Hemans, an officer who had served with credit in the Peninsular War. The marriage was not a happy one, and six years afterward Captain Hemans went to Italy, leaving his wife, with four sons, besides one yet to be born. The husband and wife never met again, though some correspondence was kept up: and after some years the two elder sons were sent to their father at Rome, the younger ones remaining with their mother. The literary labors of Mrs. Hemans fairly commenced soon after the separation from her husband. She wrote several narrative poems of considerable length, of which *The Forest Sanctuary* is the longest and best. She



FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS.

also wrote two tragedies, *The Vespers of Palermo*, and *The Siege of Valencia*, the former of which was produced on the stage, but with very moderate success. The greater part of the poems of Mrs. Hemans consists of short pieces which may be styled Lyrics. Four years before her death she took up her residence in Ireland, where her brother was living. Her constitution began to give way, and some time before her death she almost entirely lost the use of her limbs. Her last poem, a sonnet entitled "Sunday in England," was dictated to her brother three weeks before her death.

CHRIST WALKING ON THE WATERS.

A mighty minster, dim, and proud, and vast !
Silence was round the sleepers whom its floor
Shut in the grave ; a shadow of the past :
A memory of the sainted steps that wore
Erewhile its gorgeous pavement seemed to brood
Like mist upon the stately solitude ;
A halo of sad fame to mantle o'er
Its white sepulchral forms of mail-clad men :
And all was hushed as night in some deep Alpine glen.

More hushed, far more ! for there the wind sweeps by.
Or the woods tremble to the stream's loud play ;
Here a strange echo made my very sigh
Seem for the place too much a sound of day !
Too much my footsteps broke the moonlight, fading,
Yet arch through arch in one soft flow pervading,
And I stood still. Prayer, chant, had died away
Yet past me floated a funeral breath
Of incense. I stood still—as before God and Death.

For thick ye girt me round, ye long departed !
Dust—imaged forms—with cross and shield and crest
It seemed as if your ashes would have started
Had a wild voice burst forth above your rest !

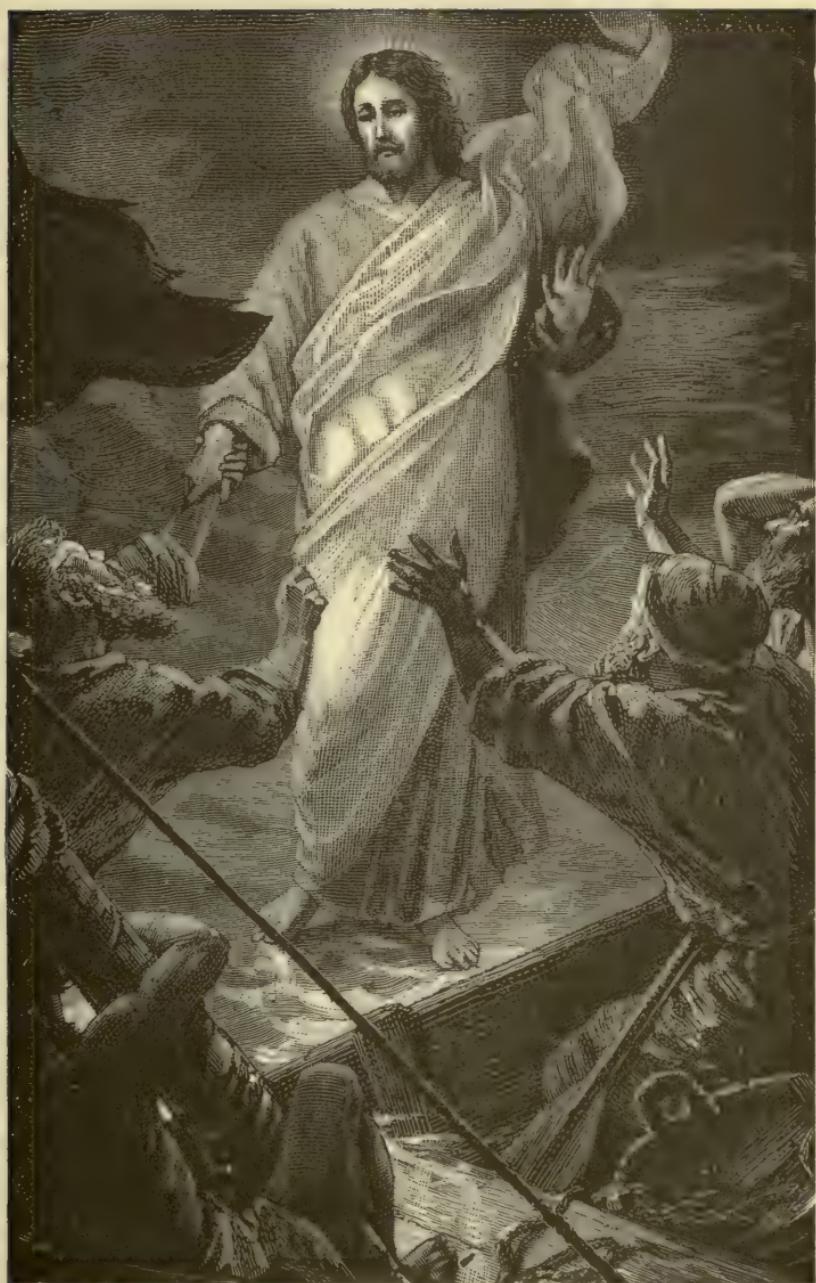
Yet ne'er, perchance, did worshipper of yore
Bear to your thrilling presence what I bore
 Of wrath, doubt, anguish, battling in the breast !
I could have poured out words on that pale air,
To make your proud tombs ring—no, no, I could not
 there.

Not 'midst those aisles, through which a thousand years
 Mute as clouds, and reverently had swept ;
Not by those shrines, which yet the trace of tears
 And kneeling votaries on their marble kept !
Ye two were mighty in your pomp of gloom
And trophied age, O temple, altar, tomb !
 And you, ye dead—for in that faith ye slept,
Whose weight had grown a mountain on my heart,
Which could not *there* be loosed. I turned me to depart.

I turned : what glimmered faintly on my sight—
 Faintly, yet brightening, as a wreath of snow
Seen through dissolving haze ? The moon, the night,
 Had waned, and dawn poured in—gray, shadowy,
 slow,
Yet dayspring still ! A solemn hue it caught,
Piercing the storied windows, darkly fraught
 With stoles and draperies of imperial glow ;
And soft and sad that colored gleam was thrown
Where pale, a picture from above the altar shone.

Thy form, thou Son of God !—a wrathful deep,
 With foam, and cloud, and tempest round Thee spread
And such a weight of night !—a night when sleep
 From the fierce rushing of the billows fled.
A bark showed dim beyond Thee, its mast
Bowed, and its rent sail shivering to the blast ;
 But like a spirit in Thy gliding tread,
Thou, as o'er glass didst walk that stormy sea,
Through rushing winds which left a silent path for
 Thee.

So still Thy white robes fell !—no breath of air
 Within their long and slumbrous folds had sway.
So still the waves of parted, shadowy hair
 From the dear brow flowed droopingly away !



CHRIST WALKING ON THE WATERS

Drawing by Prof. B. Plockhorst.

Dark were the heavens above Thee, Saviour!—dark
 The gulfs, Deliverer! round the straining bark.
 But Thou!—o'er all thine aspect and array
 Was poured one stream of pale, broad, silvery light:
 Thou wert the single star of that all-shadowing night!

Aid for one sinking! Thy lone brightness gleamed
 On his wild face, just lifted o'er the wave.
 With its worn, fearful, human look, that seemed
 To cry, through surge and blast—"I perish!—save!"
 Not to the winds—not vainly! Thou wert nigh.
 Thy hand was stretched to fainting agony,
 Even in the portals of the unquiet grave!
 O Thou that art the Life! and yet didst bear
 Too much of mortal woe to turn from mortal prayer!

But was it not a thing to rise on death,
 With its remembered light, that face of thine,
 Redeemer! dimmed by this world's misty breath,
 Yet mournfully, mysteriously divine?
 Oh! that calm, sorrowful, prophetic eye,
 With its dark depths of grief, love, majesty:
 And the pale glory of the brow!—a shrine
 Where power sat veiled, yet shedding softly round
 What told that *Thou* couldst be but for a time uncrowned!

And more than all, the heaven of that sad smile,
 The lip of mercy, our immortal trust!
 Did not that look, that very look, erewhile
 Pour its o'ershadowed beauty on the dust?
 Wert Thou not such when earth's dark cloud hung o'er
 Thee?
 Surely Thou wert! My heart grew hushed before Thee,
 Sinking with all its passions, as the gust
 Sank at Thy voice, along the billowy way:
 What nad I there to do but kneel, and weep, and pray!
 —*The Forest Sanctuary.*

AVE, SANCTISSIMA, ORA PRO NOBIS.

Thy sad sweet hymn, at eve, the seas along:—
 Oh! the deep soul it breathed!—the love, the woe,

The fervor, poured in that full gush of song,
 As it went floating through the fiery glow
 Of the rich sunset ! bringing thoughts of Spain,
 With all their vesper voices o'er the main,
 Which seemed responsive in its murmuring flow
Ave, Sanctissima !—how oft that lay
 Hath melted from my heart the martyr's strength away.

Ave, Sanctissima !
 'Tis nightfall on the sea ;
Ora pro nobis !
 Our souls rise to thee.

Watch us, while the shadows lie
 O'er the dim waters spread ;
 Hear the heart's lonely sigh,
 Thine too hath bled !

Thou hast looked on death :
 Aid us when death is near !
 Whisper of heaven to faith ;
 Sweet Mother, hear.

Ora pro nobis !
 The wave must rock our sleep ;
Ora, Mater, ora !
 Thou star of the deep !

Ora pro nobis, Mater !—What a spell
 Was in those notes, with day's last glory dying
 On the flushed waters ! Seemed they not to swell
 From the far dust wherein my sires were lying
 With crucifix and sword ? Oh ! yet how clear
 Comes their reproachful sweetness to mine ear !
Ora—with all the purple waves replying,
 All my youth's visions rising in the strain—
 And I had thought it much to bear the rack and chain
 —*The Forest Sanctuary.*

ELYSIUM.

Fair wert thou in the dreams
 Of elder time, thou land of glorious flowers
 And summer winds and low-toned silvery streams,

Dim with the shadow of thy laurel bowers,
 Where, as they passed, bright hours
 Left no faint sense of parting, such as clings
 To earthly love, and joy in loveliest things.

Fair wert thou, with the light
 On thy blue hills and sleepy waters cast,
 From purple skies ne'er deepening into night,
 Yet soft, as if each moment were their last
 Of glory, fading fast
 Along the mountains ! But thy golden day
 Was not as those that warn us of decay.

And ever, through thy shades,
 A swell of deep Æolian sound went by,
 From fountain-voices in their secret glades,
 And low reed-whispers making sweet reply
 To Summer's breezy sigh,
 And young leaves trembling to the wind's light breath,
 Which ne'er had touched them with a hue of death,

And who, with silent tread,
 Moved o'er the plains of waving asphodel ?
 Called from the dim procession of the dead ;—
 Who 'midst the shadowy amaranth bowers might dwell,
 And listen to the swell
 Of those majestic hymn-notes, and inhale
 The spirit wandering in the immortal gale ?

They of the sword, whose praise
 With the bright wine at nations' feasts went round ;
 They of the lyre, whose unforgotten lays
 Forth on the winds had sent their mighty sound,
 And in all regions found
 Their echoes 'midst the mountains, and become
 In man's deep heart as voices of his home.

They of the daring thought :—
 Daring and powerful, yet to dust allied,
 Whose flight through stars and seas and depths had
 sought
 The soul's far birthplace—but without a guide !
 Sages and seers, who died.

And left the world their high mysterious dreams,
Born 'midst the olive-woods, by Grecian streams.

But the most loved are they
Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion voice
In regal halls. The shades o'erhang their way ;
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice ;
And gentle hearts rejoice
Around their steps ; till silently they die,
As a stream shrinks from Summer's burning eye.

And these—of whose abode
'Midst her green valleys earth retained no trace,
Save a flower springing from their burial-sod,
A shade of sadness on some kindred face,
A dim and vacant place
In some sweet home : thou hadst no wreaths for these,
Thou sunny land, with all thy deathless trees.

The peasant at his door
Might sink to die when vintage feasts were spread,
And songs on every wind.—From thy bright shore
No lovelier vision floated round his head ;
Thou wert for nobler dead !
He heard the bounding steps which round him fell,
And sighed to bid the festal sun farewell.

Calm on its leaf-strewn bier
Unlike a gift of Nature to Decay,
Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too dear,
The child at rest before the mother lay,
E'en so to pass away,
With its bright smile ! Elysium, what wert thou
To her who wept o'er that young slumberer's brow ?

Thou hadst no home, green land !
For the fair creature from her bosom gone,
With life's fresh flowers just opening in its hand,
And all the lovely thoughts and dreams unknown
Which in its clear eyes shone,
Like Spring's first wakening. But that light was past :—
Where went the dewdrop swept before the blast ?—

Not where thy soft winds played ;
Not where thy waters lay in glassy sleep ;
Fade with thy bowers, thou Land of Visions, fade :
From thee no voice came o'er the gloomy deep,
And bade man cease to weep.
Fade with the amaranth plain, the myrtle grove,
Which could not yield one hope to sorrowing love.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one house with glee :
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
She kept each folded flower in sight :—
Where are those dreamers now ?

One, midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream is laid ;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar-shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea hath one ;
He lies where pearls lie deep ;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain ;
He wrapt his colors round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned ;
She faded midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree ;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
 And cheered with song the earth :--
 Alas for love ! if thou wert all,
 And naught beyond, O Earth !

GERTRUDE VON DER WART.

Her hands were clasped, her dark eyes raised
 The breeze blew back her hair ;
 Up to the fearful wheel she gazed ;
 All that she loved were there.
 The night was round her clear and cold,
 The holy heaven above,
 Its pale stars watching to behold
 The might of earthly love.

“And bid me not depart,” she cried ;
 “My Rudolph, say not so ;
 This is no time to quit thy side ;
 Peace, peace ! I cannot go.
 Hath the world aught for me to fear,
 When death is on thy brow ?
 The world ! what means it ? Mine is *here* ;
 I will not leave thee now.

“I have been with thee in thine hour
 Of glory and of bliss ;
 Doubt not its memory’s living power
 To strengthen me through this !
 And thou, mine honored love and **true**,
 Bear on, bear nobly on !
 We have the blessed heaven in view,
 Whose rest shall soon be won.”

And were not these high words to flow
 From woman’s breaking heart ?
 Through all that night of bitterest **woe**
 She bore her lofty part :
 But oh ! with such a glazing eye,
 With such a curdling cheek :--
 Love ! Love ! of mortal agony
 Thou, only thou, shouldst speak,

The wind rose high; but with it rose
 Her voice that he might hear.
Perchance that dark hour brought relief
 To happy bosoms near ;
While she sat striving with despair
 Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
 Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow
 With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch, upon the lute-chords low
 Had stilled his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
 She bathed his lips with dew,
And on his cheek such kisses prest
 As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh ! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
 Enduring to the last !—
She had her meed—one smile in death,
 And his worn spirit passed ;
While even as o'er a martyr's grave
 She knelt on that sad spot ;
And, weeping, blessed the God who gave
 Strength to forsake it not.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The breaking waves dashed high
 On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
 Their giant branches tossed ;
And the heavy night hung dark
 The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
 On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
 They the true-hearted came ;
Not with the roll of stirring drums
 And the trumpet that sings of fame ;
Not as the flying come,
 In silence and in fear :—

They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
Till the stars heard and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free :
The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared ;
Such was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amid that Pilgrim band ;—
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?—
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas, the sports of war ?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine !
Yes, call that holy ground,
The soil where first they trod
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

TO WORDSWORTH.

Thine is a strain to read among the hills,
The old and full of voices, by the source
Of some free stream, whose gladdening presence fills
The solitude with sound ; for in its course
Even such is thy deep song, that seems a part
Of those high scenes, a fountain from their heart.

Or its calm spirit fitly may be taken
To the bank in sunny garden bowers,
Where vernal winds each tree's low tones awaken,
And bud and bell with changes mark the hours.
There let thy thought be with me, while the day
Sinks with a golden and serene decay.

Or by some hearth where happy faces meet,
When night hath hushed the woods, with all their
birds,

There, from some gentle voice, that lay were sweet
As antique music, linked with household words
While in pleased murmurs woman's lip might move
And the raised eye of childhood shine in love,

Or where the shadows of dark solemn yews
Brood silently o'er some lone burial ground,
Thy verse hath power that brightly might diffuse
A breath, a kindling as of Spring around ;
From its own glow of hope and courage high,
And steadfast faith's victorious constancy.

True bard and holy ! thou art even as one
Who, by some secret gift of soul or eye,
In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
Sees where the springs of living waters lie.
Unseen a while they sleep ; till, touched by thee,
Bright healthful waves flow forth to each glad wan-
derer free.

SUNDAY IN ENGLAND.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending
Through England's primrose meadow-paths their
way
Towards spire and tower, 'mid shadowy elms ascend-
ing,
Whence their sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed
day,
The halls from old heroic ages gray,
Pour their fair children forth, and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds
play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a free vernal stream. *I* may not tread
With them those pathways—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound ; yet, O my God, I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.



HENRY, PATRICK, an American orator and statesman, born at Studley, Hanover County, Va., May 29, 1736; died at Red Hill, Charlotte County, Va., June 6, 1799. His father was a native of Scotland, and a kinsman of Robertson, the historian. He was a man of good education, taught a grammar school in his own house in Virginia, where his son acquired a fair education in English branches, and some knowledge of Latin and mathematics. Patrick was placed at fifteen in a country store; and two years later his father set him up, in company with his brother, as a small trader. The father became pecuniarily embarrassed, and the mercantile enterprise was abandoned. At about eighteen Patrick married the daughter of a respectable farmer, who gave him a small farm. He grew weary of farming, sold his property, and converted the proceeds into merchandise. But he would shut up his little store at any time to go hunting or fishing, gave credit to any one who asked it, and soon became a bankrupt. He had now reached the age of twenty-four, and resolved to become a lawyer. After studying six weeks he applied for admission to the bar; the court granted his request, but advised him to study a little more before commencing practice. He must have made good use of this counsel, for when, three years later, an opportunity presented itself, he was found prepared at the age of twenty-seven to take a foremost place in his profession.



PATRICK HENRY.

The salary of clergymen of the Established Church had been fixed at so many pounds of tobacco, then worth twopence a pound. After some time there was an unusually short crop, and the price was greatly advanced: whereupon the colonial legislature passed an act commuting the salaries into a money payment at the old rate. This act had not received the royal sanction, and so was not strictly a law. One of the parsons brought suit to recover his salary of 16,000 pounds of tobacco. The case was regarded as a test one, and the court-room was crowded with clergymen, all anticipating a triumph. For some reason Patrick Henry had been retained as counsel for the defence. When he rose to plead he halted, stammered, and seemed on the point of breaking down; but in a few minutes he broke out into a strain of argument and invective which, to judge by the report of those who heard it, has rarely been equalled. Long before he concluded the clergy had one by one slunk from the court-room, without waiting to hear the verdict. One sentence of this speech is worthy of note, as fore-shadowing the war of the Revolution, which was even then impending. Speaking of the refusal of the king to sanction the act of the colonial legislature, he boldly affirmed that "A king by disallowing acts of a salutary nature, from being the father of his people, degenerates into a tyrant, and forfeits all rights to his subjects' obedience."

The cause which Henry then won, in spite of what was undoubtedly the strict letter of the existing law, was emphatically the cause of the people, with whom from that moment he became an

idol, and so continued to the end of his life. His legal practice became at once larger than that of any other lawyer in Virginia. In the spring of 1765 a vacancy occurred in the House of Burgesses, by the resignation of a member, and Henry was elected to fill his place, taking his seat on May 20th. Tidings of the passage of the Stamp-Act by the British Parliament had just reached the colonies, and on the 29th, which happened to be his twenty-ninth birthday, Henry introduced a series of resolutions pronouncing the Stamp-Act unconstitutional and subversive of British and American liberty. He supported these resolutions by a speech which Thomas Jefferson—a young man of two-and-twenty—declared surpassed anything which he had ever heard. The resolutions were passed in spite of the opposition of all those who had been regarded as leaders in the House; and from that day Henry became the acknowledged leader in Virginia politics.

In May, 1773, Henry, in conjunction with Jefferson, Richard Henry Lee, and Dabney Carr, carried through the Virginia House of Burgesses a resolution establishing Committees of Correspondence between the colonies, which gave unity to the Revolutionary struggle; and a year later he was foremost in the movement for calling a Continental Congress, to which he was a delegate, and opened the proceedings by a speech in which he declared, "I am not a Virginian, but an American." On March 25, 1775, he introduced into the Virginia Convention a resolution for putting the colony at once in a state of defence, supporting the motion by a speech—one of

the few of which we have a full report. In 1776 he was elected the first Governor of the State of Virginia, and was re-elected in 1777 and 1778. The Constitution of the State provided that no person could hold that office for more than three consecutive annual terms, and that a period of not less than four years must elapse before he could again be eligible. He was re-elected in 1784, again in 1785; but declined election for another term, and resumed the practice of law.

In 1787 he declined to become one of the delegates to the convention which framed the Federal Constitution, which superseded the Articles of Confederation. He was opposed to the Constitution then framed, and was a member of the State Convention of Virginia, by which it was ratified next year in spite of his opposition. One ground of his original mistrust of the Constitution was the power which, as he held, it gave to Congress to abolish slavery in the States. In the course of the debates in the Virginia Convention, he said:—

THE POWER GIVEN TO CONGRESS TO ABOLISH SLAVERY.

Among the ten thousand implied powers which they may assume, they may, if engaged in war, liberate every one of your slaves, if they please. And this must and will be done by men, a majority of whom have not a common interest with you. . . . Another thing will contribute to bring this event about. Slavery is detested. We feel its fatal effects; we deplore it with all the pity of humanity. Let all these considerations at some future period press with full force on the minds of Congress. Let that urbanity, which I trust will distinguish America, and the necessity of national defence—let all these things operate on

their minds ; they will search that paper and see if they have the power of manumission. And have they not it ? Have they not power to provide for the general defence and welfare ? May they not think that these call for the abolition of slavery ? May they not pronounce all slaves free ? and will they not be warranted by that power ? This is no ambiguous implication or logical deduction. The paper speaks to the point. They have the power, in clear, unequivocal terms, and will clearly and certainly exercise it.—*Speech in Convention, June 24, 1788.*

VIRGINIA MUST PREPARE FOR WAR.

This is no time for ceremony. The question before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery ; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offence, I should consider myself as guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings. It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of Hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that Siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty ? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes see not, and having ears hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation ? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided ; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British Ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been

pleased to solace themselves and the House. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not. It will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed by a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain an enemy in this quarter of the world to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No; she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British Ministry have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? We have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not deceive ourselves longer. We have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the Throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hand of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the Throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contend-

ing—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left to us.

They tell us that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of Hope until our enemies have bound us hand and foot? We are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of Nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, are invincible by any force which the enemy can send against us. Besides, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battle for us. The battle is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave.

Besides, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged; their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it. Let it come! It is in vain to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ear the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field! Why are we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

—*Speech in Convention, March 25, 1775.*

AGAINST THE ADOPTION OF THE CONSTITUTION.

The public mind, as well as my own, is extremely uneasy at the proposed change of government. Give me leave to form one of the number of those who wish to be thoroughly acquainted with the reasons of this perilous and uneasy situation, and why we are brought hither to decide on this great national question. I consider myself as the servant of the people of this commonwealth, as a sentinel over their rights, liberty, and happiness. I represent their feelings when I say that they are exceedingly uneasy, being brought from that state of full security which they enjoy, to the present delusive appearance of things. Before the meeting of the late Federal Convention at Philadelphia, a general peace and an universal tranquillity prevailed in this country, and the minds of our citizens were at perfect repose ; but since that period they are exceedingly uneasy and disquieted.

When I wished for an appointment to this Convention, my mind was extremely agitated for the situation of public affairs. I consider the republic to be in extreme danger. If our situation be thus uneasy, whence has arisen this fearful jeopardy ? It arises from this fatal system ; it arises from a proposal to change our government—a proposal that goes to the utter annihilation of the most solemn engagements of the States—a proposal of establishing nine States into a confederacy, to the eventual exclusion of four States. It goes to the annihilation of those solemn treaties we have formed with foreign nations. Those treaties bound us as thirteen States, confederated together. Yet here is a proposal to sever that confederacy. Is it possible that we shall abandon all our treaties and national engagements ? And for what ? . . .

This proposal of altering our federal government is of a most alarming nature. Make the best of our new government—say it is composed by anything but inspiration—you ought to be extremely cautious, watchful, jealous of your liberty ; for instead of securing your rights, you may lose them forever. If a wrong step be now made, the republic may be lost forever. If this new government will not come up to the expectation of

the people, and they should be disappointed, their liberty will be lost, and tyranny must and will arise. I repeat it again, and beg gentlemen to consider that a wrong step, made now, will plunge us into misery, and our republic will be lost.—*Speech in Convention, June 24, 1788.*

But Henry's misgivings as to the working of the Constitution were mitigated by the adoption of the first eleven Amendments, some of which had been suggested by him, and he gave his support to the administration of Washington, although not approving of all its measures. In 1795 Washington offered him the post of Secretary of State, and subsequently that of Chief Justice of the United States; in 1796 he was again elected Governor of Virginia; and in 1797 President Adams nominated him as Special Minister to France; but he declined all these positions on account of impaired health and the necessary care of a large family. In 1799 the Virginia Legislature passed resolutions affirming the right of a State to resist the execution of an obnoxious act of Congress. Washington urged Henry to offer himself for a seat in the Legislature, for the purpose of opposing a doctrine which they both regarded as fraught with the utmost danger to the Union. He did so, and was elected, but died before taking his seat.

In all our history there is no man whose personal and official character is more absolutely irreproachable than was that of Patrick Henry. Of only a few of his speeches have we more than an account of the impression which they made upon those who heard him. So impassioned was his delivery that they seemed to be uttered on the

spur of the moment. But the few which have come down to us were evidently as elaborately prepared as were those of Demosthenes. Jefferson indeed declared that he was the greatest of orators, and John Randolph that he was "Shakespeare and Garrick combined." *The Life of Patrick Henry* has been written by William Wirt (1817), by Alexander H. Everett, in "Sparks's American Biography" (1844), and by Moses Coit Tyler, in the "American Statesmen" series (1887). Another *Life* has been published by his grandson, William Wirt Henry, who prepared the biographical sketch of his grandfather in "Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography" (1887).





HENRYSON, ROBERT, a Scottish poet, born about 1425; died about 1507. After studying at the newly founded University of Glasgow, he became a notary public and schoolmaster at Dunfermline. Although chronologically his life was almost exactly a century later than that of Chaucer, there is a marked resemblance both in matter and manner between the two poets. He wrote *Robene and Makyne*, said to be the earliest English classical poem. One of Henryson's poems, *The Testament of Cressid*, is a kind of sequel to the *Troilus and Cresseide* of Chaucer, and is inserted in some editions of Chaucer's works. Henryson wrote a metrical version of several of Æsop's *Fables*, to which was prefixed an introductory poem of which Chaucer might have been proud.

"The various works of Henryson," writes David Irving, "afford so excellent a specimen of the Scotch language and versification, that a complete collection, printed with due accuracy and accompanied with proper illustrations, could not fail to be highly acceptable to the lovers of our early literature."

A VISION OF ÆSOP.

In mids of June, that jolly sweet seasoun,
When that fair Phœbus with his bēamēs bricht
Had dryit up the dew frae dale and down,
And all the land made with his gleamēs licht,
In ane morning betwixt mid-day and nicht,

I raise, and put all sloth and sleep aside,
And to a wood I went alone, but guide.

Me to conserve then frae the sunnès heat,
Under the shadow of ane hawthorn green
I leanit down among the flowers sweet ;
Syne cled my head and closèd baith mine een.
On sleep I fall amang those boughès been ;
And in my dream methocht come through the shaw
The fairest man that ever before I saw !

His gown was of ane claih as white as milk,
His chimeris was of chambelote purple-brown ;
His hood of scarlet bordered weel with silk,
Unheckèd-wise, until his girdle down ;
His bonnet round and of the auld fassoun ;
His beard was white, his een was great and gray,
With locker hair, whilk over his shoulders lay.

Ane roll of paper in his hand he bare,
Ane swanès pen stickand under his ear,
Ane ink-horn, with ane pretty gilt pennair,
Ane bag of silk, all at his belt did bear ;
Thus was he goodly graithet in his gear.
Of stature large, and with a fearfull face,
Even where I lay, he come ane sturdy pace ;

And said, "God speed, my son ;" and I was fain
Of that couth word, and of his company.
With reverence I saluted him again,
"Welcome, father ;" and he sat down me by.
"Displease you nocht, my good maister, though I
Demand your birth, your faculty, and name,
Why ye come here, or where ye dwell at hame ?"

"My son," said he, "I am of gentle blood,
My native land is Rome withouten nay ;
And in that town first to the schools I gaed ;
In civil law studied full many a day,
And now my wonning is in heaven for aye.
Æsop I hecht ; my writing and my wark
Is couth and kend to mony a cunning clerk."



HEPWORTH, GEORGE HUGHES, an American clergyman and lecturer, was born in Boston, Mass., February 4, 1833, and died June 7, 1902 (age 69). He studied theology at Harvard, was for two years pastor of the Unitarian church at Nantucket, and in 1858 was called to the Church of the Unity, Boston. During the years 1862-63 he served as chaplain in the army. In 1870 he became pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York, but having modified his religious views, resigned that charge in 1872, and organized the Church of the Disciples, of which he was pastor for the following six years. Afterward he was engaged on the editorial staff of the *New York Herald*. He has been a popular lecturer. He is the author of *Whip, Hoe, and Sword*, a sketch of his experiences as chaplain in the Army of the Southwest (1864), *Little Gentleman in Green, a Fairy Tale* (1865), *Rocks and Shoals*, a collection of short lectures to young men (1870), *Starboard and Port* (1876), *Hiram Goff's Religion; or, The Shoemaker by the Grace of God* (1893), *Herald Sermons* (1894), *They Met in Heaven* (1894), *Brown Studies* (1895).

What have become familiarly known as the "Herald Sermons" are the result of a suggestion made to Dr. Hepworth by James Gordon Bennett, who was of the opinion that for those who never see a religious paper, and never go into a "steeple-house," a short weekly sermon, printed in the Sunday paper, would be a good thing. "On

general principles," says *The Critic*, "we agree with Mr. Bennett; after seeing the sermons, we agree with him still further. Though short, they are luminous, appropriate, and meant for human beings. The writer seems to have acted simply as a lighter to the eternal lamps of Scripture."

GOOD AND BAD FORTUNE.

What is called good fortune is the most dangerous thing that can come to a man. Many a one is born into a new life by being thrown from the pinnacle of wealth to the depths of poverty. God as truly teaches you when he makes you look at life through your fears, as when he fills your hands with plenty, and wreathes your lips with smiles. Many and many a man, after twenty years of toil, stands on his half-million, and looks proudly at the position he has made for himself. He has given his brain, his muscle, his time, and his character to the acquisition of a fortune ; at last he has won it. But perchance —how often is this the case !—he has forgotten to lay up treasures in heaven. . . . In one fell, dreadful moment—it may be a panic in the market, a fall in stocks, no matter what—the whole is swept away, and he stands impoverished and alone. He is poor again, but not with the world before him as in his youth. The world is all behind him, and he has nothing before him but the certainty of old age and death. To the casual observer a great calamity has befallen him. Fortune has been not only fickle, but even cruel ; and at first he is inclined to believe that God has either been very unkind, or else has neglected him altogether. He sits pondering the problem : he sees what his life has been, and what it might have been. He sees how, like a hound on the track of a hare, he has pursued money, and forgotten the better things which money cannot buy : so little by little he creeps up closer and closer and closer to God, until he finds that he has paid just half a million dollars for a strong religious faith, and feels that he has bought it very cheaply indeed.— *Rocks and Shoals.*



HERACLITUS, a celebrated Greek metaphysician and philosopher, born at Ephesus, probably about 535 B.C.; died there probably about 475 B.C. Though but little is definitely known of this eminent personage, enough has been gleaned from his works to warrant the assumption that he was one of the most subtle and profound of the logicians of Ancient Greece. It is only in recent years that his true position has been assigned to him in the history of philosophy. Not only his immediate disciples, but his critics as well, including Plato, have systematically laid stress upon those features of his doctrines which are least indicative of his real point of view. Heraclitus must be understood as claiming not only the unreality of the abstract notion of being, except as the correlative of not being, but also the physical doctrine that all phenomena are in a continual state of transition from non-existence to existence and *vice versa*, without distinguishing these propositions or qualifying them by any reference to the relation of thought to experience. "Everything is and is not; all things are and nothing remains."

A valuable translation by G. T. W. Patrick, Professor of Philosophy in the State University of Iowa, of the existing fragments (130 in all) of Heraclitus *On Nature*, with accompanying historical and critical introduction and notes, was ac-

cepted as a thesis for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the Johns Hopkins University in 1888. In this work, from which the following extracts are taken, Professor Patrick, speaking of the need of a translation that shall enable the English reader to judge for himself what manner of man the Ephesian was of whom so many have written so variously, says: "In the hands of these critics, with their various theories to support, the remains of Heraclitus's work have suffered a violence of interpretation only partially excused by his known obscurity. . . . The increasing interest in early Greek philosophy, and particularly in Heraclitus, who is the one Greek thinker most in accord with the thought of our century, makes such a translation justifiable, and the excellent and timely edition of the Greek text by Mr. Bywater makes it practicable."

FRAGMENTS.

I.—It is wise for those who hear, not me, but the universal Reason, to confess that all things are one.

III.—Those who hear and do not understand are like the deaf. Of them the proverb says: "Present, they are absent."

IV.—Eyes and ears are bad witnesses to men having rude souls.

VII.—If you do not hope, you will not win that which is not hoped for, since it is unattainable and inaccessible.

VIII.—Gold-seekers dig over much earth and find little gold.

XI.—The God whose oracle is at Delphi neither speaks plainly nor conceals, but indicates by signs.

XII.—But the Sibyl, with raging mouth uttering things solemn, rude and unadorned, reaches with her voice over a thousand years, because of the God.

XVI.—Much learning does not teach one to have understanding, else it would have taught Hesiod and Pythagoras, and again Xenophanes and Hecatæus.

XX.—This world the same for all, neither any of the gods nor any man has made, but it always was and is, and shall be, an ever-living fire, kindled in due measure, and in due measure extinguished.

XXII.—All things are exchanged for fire and fire for all things, just as wares for gold and gold for wares.

XXVI.—Fire coming upon all things will sift and seize them.

XXXVI.—God is day and night, winter and summer, war and peace, plenty and want. But he is changed, just as when incense is mingled with incense, but named according to the pleasure of each.

XLI.—Into the same river you could not step twice, for other and still other waters are flowing.

XLV.—They do not understand how that which separates unites with itself. It is a harmony of oppositions, as in the case of the bow and of the lyre.

XLVI.—The unlike is joined together, and from differences results the most beautiful harmony, and all things take place by strife.

LXXI.—The limits of the soul you would not find out, though you should traverse every way.

LXXIII.—A man when he is drunken is led by a beardless youth, stumbling, ignorant where he is going, having a wet soul.

XCII.—Although the Law of Reason is common, the majority of people live as though they had an understanding of their own.

XCVII.—The thoughtless man understands the voice of the Deity as little as the child understands the man.

XCVIII.—The wisest of men compared with God appears an ape in wisdom and in beauty and in all other things.

CV.—It is hard to contend against passion, for whatever it craves it buys with its life.

CXXII.—There awaits men after death what they neither hope nor think.—*Patrick's Translation from the Text of Bywater.*



HERAUD, JOHN ABRAHAM, an English poet and dramatist, born in the parish of St. Andrews, Holborn, July 5, 1799; died at London, April 20, 1887. He was privately educated, and was originally intended for active business; but in 1818 he began writing for the magazines. In 1820 he published his local poem, *Tottenham*, and in 1821 his *Legend of St. Loy*; wrote articles for the *Quarterly*, and other reviews, and for three years assisted in the editorship of *Fraser's Magazine*. His poem of *The Descent into Hell* appeared in 1830, and *The Judgment of the Flood* in 1834, and both were republished many years afterward, enlarged and rearranged. He has written *Videna*, a tragedy acted in 1854; *Wife or no Wife*, *Agnolo Dioro*, and a version of M. Legouvé's *Medea*, *The Roman Brother*, and *Salvator, or the Poor Man of Naples*, two tragedies; *The Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola*, and some orations and lectures on Coleridge, and on poetry. He was for three years editor of the *Monthly Magazine*, and subsequently of the *Christian's Monthly Magazine*. In 1865 Mr. Heraud published *Shakspere: His Inner Life, as intimated in his Works*. In 1870 he reappeared as a poet, in a volume entitled *The Ingathering*, which was followed in 1871 by another war-epic, or the conflict between France and Prussia, under the title of *The War of Ideas*. His latest works are, *Uxmal: an antique Love Story*; and *Macée de Lesdepart: an Historical Romance*, (1878).

Heraud was a keen critic of acting. His memory carried him back to John Kemble and Edmund Kean. He was himself the writer of several dramas. The tragedy of *Videna* was acted at the Marylebone Theatre with success in 1854, and *Wife or no Wife* and a version of M. Legouvé's *Medea* were afterward produced, with equal favor. From 1849 to 1879 he was also the dramatic critic of the *Illustrated London News*. Ultimately he was in receipt of a pension from that journal as well as from the *Athenæum*. On July 21, 1873, on the nomination of Mr. W. E. Gladstone, he was appointed a brother of the Charterhouse, Charterhouse Square, London.

THE FUTURE HOME.

Prepare thee, soul, to quit this spot,
Where life is sorrow, doubt, and pain :
There is a land where these are not,
A land where peace and plenty reign.

And, after all, is Earth thy home ?—
Thy place of exile, rather, where
Thou wert conveyed, ere thought could come
To make thy young remembrance clear.

Oh ! there in thee are traces still,
Which of that other country tell—
That Angel-land where came no ill,
Where thou art destined yet to dwell.

Yon azure depth thou yet shalt sail,
And, lark-like, sing at Heaven's gate ;
The bark that shall through air prevail,
Even now thy pleasure doth await.

The Ship of Souls will thrid the space
"Twixt Earth and Heaven with sudden flight :
Dread not the darkness to embrace,
That leads thee to the Land of Light.



HERBERT, EDWARD, BARON, an English soldier, diplomatist, philosopher, and historian, born at Montgomery, Wales, in 1581; died in London, August 20, 1648. He was the eldest (?) brother of George Herbert, the poet. Up to the age of fifty he was actively engaged in public affairs. In 1631 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Herbert of Cherbury, after which he devoted himself mainly to philosophical and historical pursuits. His most important philosophical work, the *Tractatus de Veritate*, was written as early as 1624; this was reprinted in 1645, with the two additional chapters: *De Causis Errorum* and *De Religione Laici*. He subsequently wrote a book in Latin which was translated into English, and printed under the title of *The Ancient Religion of the Gentiles*. His principal historical work is the *History of the Life and Reign of King Henry VIII*. He also wrote an *Autobiography*, which was first printed by Horace Walpole in 1764, and has been several times reprinted, last in 1826. In his *Autobiography* he thus refers to his book *De Veritate*:

A DIVINE TOKEN.

Being doubtful in my chamber one fine day in the summer, my casement being open towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book, *De Veritate*, in my hands, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words: "O thou eternal God, author of this light which now shines upon me,

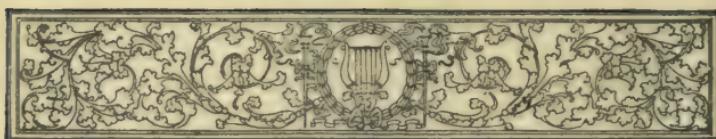
and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech thee, of thy infinite goodness to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make. I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book ; if it be for thy glory, I beseech thee give me some sign from heaven ; if not, I shall suppress it." I had no sooner spoke these words, but a loud, though yet gentle noise came forth from the heavens, for it was like nothing on earth, which did so cheer and comfort me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded ; whereupon also I resolved to print my book. This, how strange soever it may seem, I protest before the eternal God is true ; neither am I in any way superstitiously deceived herein : since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but in the serenest sky I ever saw, being without all cloud, did, to my thinking, see the place from whence it came.

SIR THOMAS MORE AND THE GREAT SEAL.

Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, after divers suits to be discharged of his place—which he had held two years and a half—did at length by the king's good leave resign it. The example whereof being rare, will give me occasion to speak more particularly of him. Sir Thomas More, a person of sharp wit, and endued besides with excellent parts of learning (as his works may testify), was yet (out of I know not what natural facetiousness) given so much to jesting, that it detracted no little from the gravity and importance of his place, which though generally noted and disliked, I do not think was enough to make him give it over in that merriment we shall find anon, or retire to a private life. Neither can I believe him so much addicted to his private opinions as to detest all other governments but his own Utopia, so that it is probable some vehement desire to follow his book, or secret offence taken against some person or matter—among which perchance the king's new intended marriage, or the like, might be accounted—occasioned this strange counsel ; though, yet, I find no reason pretended for it but infirmity and want of health.

Our king hereupon taking the seal, and giving it, to-

gether with the order of knighthood, to Thomas Audley, Speaker of the Lower House, Sir Thomas More, without acquainting anybody with what he had done, repairs to his family at Chelsea, where, after a mass celebrated the next day in the church, he comes to his lady's pew, with his hat in his hand—an office formerly done by one of his gentlemen—and says : “Madam, my lord is gone.” But she thinking this at first to be but one of his jests, was little moved, till he told her sadly he had given up the great seal ; whereupon she speaking some passionate words, he called his daughters then present to see if they could not spy some fault about their mother's dressing ; but they after search saying they could find none, he replied : “Do you not perceive that your mother's nose standeth somewhat awry ?”—of which jeer the provoked lady was so sensible, that she went from him in a rage. Shortly after, he acquainted his servants with what he had done, dismissing them also to the attendance of some other great personages to whom he had recommended them. For his fool, he bestowed him on the lord-mayor during his office, and afterwards on his successors in that charge. And now coming to himself, he began to consider how much he had left, and finding that it was not above one hundred pounds yearly in lands, besides some money, he advised with his daughters how to live together. But the grieved gentlewomen—who knew not what to reply, or indeed how to take these jests—remaining astonished, he says : “We will begin with the slender diet of the students of the law, and if that will not hold out, we will take such commons as they have at Oxford ; which yet if our purse will not stretch to maintain, for our last refuge we will go a-begging, and at every man's door sing together a *Salve Regina* to get alms.” But these jests were thought to have in them more levity than to be taken everywhere for current ; he might have quitted his dignity without using such sarcasms, and betaken himself to a more retired and quiet life without making them or himself contemptible. And certainly, whatsoever he intended thereby, his family so little understood his meaning, that they needed some more serious instructions.—*History of Henry VIII*



HERBERT, GEORGE, an English clergyman and poet, born at Montgomery, Wales, April 3, 1593; died at Bemerton, near Salisbury, in February, 1632. He was of a noble family, a brother of Baron Herbert of Cherbury, previously mentioned, who distinguished himself as a soldier, diplomatist, and philosopher. George Herbert was educated at Westminster and afterward at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was elected Fellow in 1615, and Public Orator in 1619, his duties being to prepare the official Latin letters and addresses of the College. He gained the favorable notice of King James I., who presented him with a sinecure office worth £120 a year. He was ordained deacon about 1622, but for some years hesitated about being ordained as priest, looking indeed for civil preferment. Upon his ordination in 1626 he was made Prebendary of Leighton Ecclesia. In 1630 Charles I. presented him with the living of Bemerton, near Salisbury, which he held until his death two years afterward. Izaak Walton, his biographer, tells the quaint story of his marriage. A pious and wealthy gentleman conceived such an affection for Herbert that he was desirous that he should marry one of his nine daughters; he also expressed the same wish to his favorite daughter; but he died before the young people had even seen each other. A meeting was brought about by a mutual friend. They

fell in love at first sight, and were married on the third day after their first interview. Herbert was known as "the holy George Herbert." He was an intimate friend of Lord Bacon, of Sir Henry Wotton, and of John Donne. Among Herbert's works (none of which were published during his lifetime), are *The Priest to the Temple*, in prose, in which he depicts, for his own guidance, his ideal of what the character of a Country Parson should be; *Outlandish Proverbs, Sentences, etc.*, collected and translated from a variety of sources; *The Church Militant*, in verse; and *The Temple: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations*. This last, by far the most important of Herbert's works, met with universal favor, not less than twenty thousand copies having been sold within a few years of its publication; and it still holds its place in public estimation. Prefixed to *The Temple*, by way of introduction, is a poem of seventy-eight stanzas entitled *The Church Porch*, giving directions, often quaintly couched, for the practical conduct of life.

STANZAS FROM THE "CHURCH PORCH."

I.

Lord, my first fruits present themselves to Thee ;
 Yet not mine neither ; for from Thee they came.
 And must return. Accept of them and me,
 And make us strive who best shall sing Thy Name,
 Turn their eyes hither who shall make a gain :
 Theirs who shall hurt themselves or me, refrain.

2.

Thou, whose sweet youth and early hopes enhance
 Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure
 Harken unto a verser, who may chance
 Rhyme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure :

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

6.

Drink not the third glass, which thou canst not tame
When once it is within thee ; but before
Mayst rule it as thou list, and pour the shame,
Which it would pour on thee, upon the floor.
It is most just to throw that on the ground
Which would throw me there, if I kept thee round.

10.

Take not His name, who made thy mouth, in vain :
It gets thee nothing, and hath no excuse.
Lust and Wine plead a pleasure ; Avarice, gain ;
But the cheap Swearer through his open sluice
Lets his soul run for naught, as little fearing :
Were I an epicure, I could bate swearing.

13.

The cheapest sins most deadly punished are,
Because to shun them also is so cheap ;
For we have wit to mark them, and to spare.
Oh, crumble not away thy soul's fair heap
If thou wilt die, the gates of hell are broad ;
Pride and full sins have made the way a road.

22.

Do all things like a man, not sneakingly ;
Think the king sees thee still ; for his King does.
Simpering is but a lay hypocrisy
Give it a corner, and the clew undoes.
Who fears to do ill sets himself to task ;
Who fears to do well, sure should wear a mask.

26.

By all means use thyself sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself : see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare look into thy chest, for 'tis thine own,
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.

Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.

31.

By no means run in debt : take thine own measure
Who cannot live on twenty pounds a year,
Cannot on forty : he's a man of pleasure—
A kind of thing that's for itself too dear.
The curious unthrift makes his cloth too wide,
And spares himself, but would his tailor chide.

40.

Laugh not too much : the witty man laughs least
For wit is news only to ignorance.
Less at thine own things laugh, lest in the jest
Thy person share, and the conceit advance.
Make not thy sport abusive ; for the fly
That feeds on dung, is colored thereby.

42.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer :
Hast thou the knack ? pamper it not with liking
But if thou want it, buy it not too dear.
Many affecting wit beyond their power,
Have got to be a dear fool for an hour.

45.

When baseness is exalted, do not bate
The place its honor for the person's sake.
The shrine is that which thou dost venerate,
And not the beast that bears it on his back.
I care not though the cloth-of-state should be
Not of rich arras but mean tapestry.

50.

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please,
All such is courteous, useful, new, or witty ;
Usefulness comes by labor, wit by ease ;
Courtesy grows in Court, news in the City.

Get a good stock of these, then draw the card.
That suits him best of whom thy speech is heard.

55.

Mark what another says ; for many are
Full of themselves, and answer their own notion ;
Take all into thee ; then with equal care
Balance each dram of reason, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friends, be with them both ;
Share in the conquest, and confess a troth.

60.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree ;
(Love is a present from a mighty king),
Much less make any one thine enemy.
As guns destroy, so many a little sling.
The cunning workman never doth refuse
The meanest tool that he may chance to use.

64.

In alms regard thy means, and others' merit.
Think heaven a better bargain than to give
Only thy single market-money for it.
Join hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all something ; to a good poor man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

65.

Man is God's image ; but a poor man is
Christ's stamp to boot ; both images regard
God reckons for him, counts the favor His :
Write, "So much given to God ;" thou shalt be heard
Let thy alms go before, and keep heaven's gate
Open for thee ; or both may come too late.

68.

Though private prayer be a brave design,
Yet public hath more promises, more love ;
And love's a weight to hearts, to eyes a sign.
We all are but cold suitors ; let us move

Where is the warmest. Leave thy six and seven ;
Pray with the most ; for where most pray is heaven.

69.

When once thy foot enters the church be bare.
God is more there than thou ; for thou art there
Only by His permission. Then beware,
And make thyself all reverence and fear.
Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stockings ; quit thy state :
All equal are within the church's gate.

71.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thy heart ; that, spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise ;
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in church-time others' symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

72.

Let vain or busy thought have there no part ;
Bring not thy plough, thy pots, thy pleasures, thither.
Christ purged His temple ; so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well ;
For churches either are our heaven or hell.

73.

Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge ;
If thou mistake him, thou conceivest him not.
God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot :
The worst speak something good : if all want sense,
God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

77.

Sum up at night what thou hast done by day,
And in the morning what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul ; mark the decay
And growth of it ; if with thy watch, that too

Be down, then wind up both ; since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

78.

In brief, acquit thee bravely : play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come but go.
Defer not the least virtue : life's poor span
 Make not an ill by trifling in thy woe.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains ;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

The Temple consists of about one hundred and sixty poems, most of them short, but a few extending to several hundred lines. Some of them are marked by those quaint conceits characteristic of the time in which Herbert lived. Thus the first poem *The Altar* is so arranged that the lines form a kind of altar.

THE ALTAR.

A broken altar, Lord, Thy servant rears,
Made of a heart, and cemented with tears ;
Whose parts are as Thy hand did frame ;
No workman's tool hath touched the same
 A HEART alone
 Is such a stone,
 As nothing but
 Thy power doth cut.
Wherefore each part
Of my hard heart
Meets in this frame
To praise Thy name :
That if I chance to hold my peace,
These stones to praise Thee may not cease.
O let Thy BLESSED SACRIFICE be mine,
And sanctify this ALTAR to be Thine.

PARADISE.

I bless Thee, Lord because I
Among Thy trees, which in a
To Thee both fruit and order

Grow
row
ow.

What open force or hidden Can blast my fruit, or bring me While the enclosure is Thine	<i>Charm harm, arm?</i>
Inclose me still for fear I Be to me rather sharp and Then let me want thy head and	<i>Start, tart, art.</i>
When thou dost greater judgments And with thy knife but prune and E'en fruitful trees more fruitful	<i>Spare pare, are.</i>
Such sharpness shows the sweetest Such cuttings rather heal than And such beginnings touch their	<i>Friend : end : end.</i>

ON MAN.

My God, I hear this day
That none doth build a stately habitation,
But he that means to dwell therein.
What house more stately, hath there been,
Or can be, than is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is everything,
And more : he is a tree, yet bears no fruit ;
A beast, yet is or should be more :
Reason and speech we only bring.
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

My body is all symmetry,
Full of proportions, one limb to another,
And all to all the world besides :
Each part may call the farthest brother ;
For head with foot hath private amity,
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so far,
But Man hath caught and kept it as his prey.
His eyes dismount the highest star
He is in little all the sphere ;
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow ;
 The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fount Rains flow.
 Nothing we see but means our good,
 As our delight or as our treasure :
 The whole is either our cupboard of food,
 Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed ;
 Night draws the curtain which the sun withdraws ;
 Music and light attend our head.
 All things unto our flesh are kind
 In their descent and being ; to our mind
 In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of duty :
 Waters united are our navigation ;
 Distinguished, our habitation ;
 Below, our drink ; above, our meat ;
 Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty ?
 Then how are things neat !

More servants wait on Man
 Than he'll take notice of : in every path
 He treads down that which doth befriend him
 When sickness makes him pale and wan,
 Oh, mighty love ! Man is one world, and hath
 Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, Thou hast
 So brave a palace built, Oh dwell in it,
 That it may dwell with Thee at last !
 Till then, afford us so much wit,
 That as the world serves us, we may serve Thee,
 And both Thy servants be.

A BOSOM SIN.

Lord, with what care hast Thou begirt us round !
 Parents first season us ; then schoolmasters
 Deliver us to laws ; they send us bound,
 To rules of reason, holy messengers,
 Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,

Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
 Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
 Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,
 Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
 The sound of glory ringing in our ears ;
 Without, our shame ; within, our consciences ;
 Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears
 Yet all these fences and their whole array
 One cunning bosom sin blows quite away.

THE VIRTUOUS SOUL.

Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky !
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
 For thou must die.

Sweet Rose ! whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye ;
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die.

Sweet Spring ! full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie !
 My music shows ye have your closes ;
 And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives.
 But though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.

TO ALL ANGELS AND SAINTS.

O glorious Spirits, who, after all your bands,
 See the smooth face of God, without a frown
 Or strict commands ;
 Where every one is king, and hath his crown
 If not upon his head, yet in his hands !

Not out of envy or maliciousness
 Do I forbear to crave your special aid.
 I would address
 My vows to thee most gladly, blessed Maid,
 And Mother of my God, in my distress.

Thou art the holy mine whence came the Gold,
The great restorative for all decay
In young and old.

Thou art the cabinet where the Jewels lay
Chiefly to thee would I my soul unfold.

But now, alas ! I dare not ; for our King,
Whom we do all jointly adore and praise,
Bids no such thing :
And where His pleasure no injunction lays
(Tis your own case), ye never move a wing.

All worship is prerogative, and a flower
Of His rich crown, from whom lies no appeal
At the last hour :
Therefore we dare not from his garland steal,
To make a posy for inferior power.





HERBERT, HENRY WILLIAM (FRANK FORT-
ESTER, *pseud.*), an Anglo-American novelist, born
in London, April 7, 1807; died by his own hand
in New York, May 17, 1858. He was the son of
the Dean of Manchester, received his education
at Eton and at the University of Cambridge, and
in 1831 emigrated to New York. In 1833, con-
jointly with A. D. Patterson, he began the pub-
lication of the *American Monthly Magazine*, of
which he was editor for three years. His first
work of fiction was *The Brothers: a Tale of the
Fronde* (1834). He was the author of several other
novels or romances, of several historical works,
and of numerous books on field sports, in which
sort of writing he excelled. Among his works
are: *Oliver Cromwell*, an historical novel (1837);
Marmaduke Wyvil, and *The Deerstalkers* (1843); *The
Roman Traitor* (1848); *Field Sports of North America*
(1849); *The Warwick Woodlands*, and *Fish and Fish-
ing in North America* (1850); *Guarica: The Miller
of Martigny*, and *Sherwood Forest* (1855); *The
Quorndon Hounds*; *Dermott O'Brien*; *The Lord of
the Manor*; *Henry VIII. and His Six Wives*; *Cap-
tains of the Greek Republics*; *Captains of the Roman
Republic*; *The Chevaliers of France from the Cru-
sades to the Marechales of Louis XIV.*, and *The Royal
Maries of Mediæval History*. He also translated
into English the *Agamemnon* and the *Prometheus
of Æschylus*.

THE LAST BEAR ON THE WARWICK HILLS.

Tom and I set forth after breakfast, with dog and gun, to beat up a large bevy of quail which he had found on the preceding evening, when it was quite too late to profit by the find, in a great buckwheat stubble, a quarter of a mile hence on the southern slope. After a merry tramp, we flushed them in a hedgerow, drove them up into this swale, and "used them up considerable," as Tom said. The last three birds pitched into the bank: and as we followed them we came across what Tom pronounced upon the instant to be the fresh track of a bear. Leaving the meaner game, we set ourselves to work immediately to trail old Bruin to his lair, if possible; the rather that from the loss of a toe, Tom confidently, and with many oaths, asserted that this was no other than "the damndest etarnal biggest bear that ever had been knowed in Warwick;" one that had been acquainted with the sheep and calves of all the farmers round, for many a year. In less than ten minutes we had traced him to the cave, whereunto the track led visibly, and whence no track returned. The moment we had housed him, Tom left me with directions to sit down close to the den's mouth, and there to smoke my cigar, and talk to myself aloud, until his return from exploring the locality and learning whether our friend nad any second exit to his snug winter-quarters. "You needn't be scart now, I tell you," he concluded; "for he is a deal too cute to come out, or even show his nose, while he smells 'bacca and hears voices. I'll be back to-rights."

After some twenty-five or thirty minutes back he came blown and tired, but in extraordinary glee. "There's no help for it; he's got to smell hell anyway! There's not a hole in this hull hillside but this."

"But can we bolt him?" inquired I somewhat dubiously.

"Sartin," replied he scornfully, "sartin; what's there now to hinder us? I'll bide here quietly, whilst you cuts down into the village, and brings all the hands you can raise; and bid them bring lots of blankets and an axe or two and all there is in the house to eat and drink—

both ; and a heap of straw. Now don't be stoppin' to ask me no questions—shin it, I say, and jest cali in and tell my brother what we've done, and start him up here right away ; leave me your gun, and all o' them cigars. Now streak it."

Well, away I went, and in less than an hour we had a dozen able-bodied men, with axes, arms, provisions, edible and potable, enough for a week's provision, on the ground, where we found Tom and his brother, both keeping good watch and ward. The first step was to prepare a shanty, as it was evident there was small chance of bolting him before nightfall. This was soon done, and our party was immediately divided into gangs, so that we might be on the alert both day and night. A mighty fire was next kindled over the cabin's mouth in hopes we might smoke him out. After this method had been tried all that day and all night it was found utterly useless—the cavern having so many rifts and rents, as we could see by the fumes which arose from the earth at several points, whereby the smoke escaped without becoming dense enough to force our friend to bolt.

We then tried dogs. Four of the best the country could produce were sent in, and a most demoniacal affray and hubbub followed within the bowels of the earth-fast rock. But in a little while three of our canine friends were glad enough to make their exit, mangled and maimed and bleeding ; more fortunate than their companion, whose greater pluck had only earned for him a harder and more mournful fate. We sent for fireworks, and kept up for some hours such a din and such a stench as might have scared the devil from his lair. But Bruin bore it all with truly stoical endurance. Miners were summoned next ; and we essayed to blast the granite ; but it was all in vain—the hardness of the stone defied our labors.

Three days had passed away, and we were now no nearer than at first ; every means had been tried, and every means found futile. Blank disappointment sat on every face, when Michael Draw, Tom's brother, not merely volunteered, but could not by any means be deterred from going down into the den, and shooting the brute in its very hold. Dissuasion and remonstrance **were** in vain—he was bent on it ; and at length Tom,

who had been the most resolved in his opposition, exclaimed, "If he will go, let him!" so that decided the whole matter.

The cave, it seemed, had been explored already, and its localities were known to several of the party, but more particularly to the bold volunteer who had insisted on this perilous enterprise. The well-like aperture, which could alone be seen from without, descended, widening gradually as it got further from the surface, for somewhat more than eight feet. At that depth the fissure turned off at right angles, running nearly horizontally—an arch of about three feet in height and some two yards in length—into a small circular chamber, beyond which there was no passage whether for man or beast, and in which it was certain that the well-known and much-detested bear had taken up its winter-quarters. The plan, then, upon which Michael had resolved was to descend into this cavity, with a rope securely fastened under his arm-pits, provided with a sufficient quantity of lights and a good musket, to worm himself forward, on his back, along the horizontal tunnel, and shoot at the eyes of the fierce monster, which would be clearly visible in the dark den by the reflection of the torches; trusting to the alertness of his comrades from without, who were instructed, instantly on hearing the report of his musket-shot, to haul him out, hand-over-hand.

This mode decided upon, it needed no long space to put it into execution. Two narrow laths of pine-wood were procured, and half a dozen auger-holes bored into each; as many candles were inserted into these temporary candlebra, and duly lighted. The rope was next made fast about his chest, his musket carefully loaded with good two-ounce bullets, well wadded in greased buckskin; his butcher-knife disposed in readiness to meet his grasp; and in he went, without one fear or doubt on his bold, sun-burnt visage. As he descended, I confess that my heart fairly sank, and a faint sickness came across me when I thought of the dread risk he ran in courting the encounter of so fell a foe, wounded and furious, in that small, narrow hole, where valor, nor activity, nor the high heart of manhood, could be expected to avail anything against the close hug of the shaggy monster.

Tom's ruddy face grew pale, and his huge body quivered with emotion as, bidding him "God speed," he gripped his brother's fist, gave him the trusty piece which his own hand had loaded, and saw him gradually disappear, thrusting the lights before him with his feet, and holding the long queen's-arm cocked and ready in a hand that trembled not—the only hand that trembled not of all our party. Inch by inch his stout frame vanished into the narrow fissure; and now his head disappeared, and still he drew the yielding rope along. Now he has stopped; there is no strain upon the rope; there is a pause—a long and fearful pause. The men without stood by to haul—their arms stretched forward to their full extent, their sinewy frames bent to the task, and their rough lineaments expressive of strange agitation. Tom and myself, and some half dozen others, stood on the watch with ready rifles, lest, wounded and infuriate, the brute should follow hard on the invader of its perilous lair.

Hark to that dull and stifled growl! The watchers positively shivered, and their teeth chattered with excitement. There! there! that loud and bellowing roar, reverberated by the ten thousand echoes of the confined cavern till it might have been taken for a burst of subterraneous thunder! that wild and fearful howl—half roar of fury—half yell of mortal anguish! With headlong violence they hauled upon the creaking rope, and dragged with terrible impetuosity out of the fearful cavern—his head striking the granite rocks, and his limbs fairly chattering against the rude projections, yet still with gallant hardihood retaining his good weapon—the sturdy woodman was whirled out into the open air unwounded; while the fierce brute within rushed after him to the very cavern's mouth, raving and roaring till the solid mountain seemed to shake and quiver.

As soon as he had entered the small chamber he had perceived the glaring eyeballs of the monster; had taken his aim steadily between them by the strong light of the burning candles; and, as he said, had lodged his bullet fairly—a statement which was verified by the long-drawn and painful moanings of the beast within. After a while these dread sounds died away, and all was as still as death. Then once again, undaunted by his pre-

vious peril, the bold man, though, as he averred, he felt the hot breath of the monster on his face, so nearly had it followed him in his precipitate retreat, prepared to beard the savage in its hold.

Again he vanished from our sight; again his musket-shot roared like the voice of a volcano from the vitals of the rock; again he was dragged into daylight. But this time, maddened with wrath and agony, yelling with rage and pain, streaming with gore, and white with foam, which flew on every side, churned from his gnashing tusks, the bear rushed after him. One mighty bound brought it clear out of the deep chasm—the bruised trunk of the daring hunter, and the confused group of men who had been stationed at the rope, and who were now, between anxiety and terror, floundering to and fro, hindering one another—lay within three, or at most four, paces of the frantic monster; while to increase the peril, a wild and ill-directed volley, fired in haste and fear, was poured in by the watchers, the bullets whistling on every side, but with far greater peril to our friends than to the object of their aim. Tom drew his gun up coolly—pulled—but no spark replied to the unlucky flint. With a loud curse he dashed the useless musket to the ground, unsheathed his butcher-knife, and rushed on to attack the wild beast single-handed.

At the same point of time I saw my sight, as I fetched up my rifle, in clean relief against the dark fur of the head, close to the root of the left ear. My finger was upon the trigger, when, mortally wounded long before, exhausted by his dying effort, the huge brute pitched headlong without waiting for my shot, and within ten feet of his destined victim, “in one wild uproar expired.” He had received all four of Michael’s bullets; the first shot had planted one ball in his lower jaw, which it had shattered fearfully, and another in his neck; the second had driven one through the right eye into the very brain, and cut a long deep furrow on the crown with the other. Six hundred and odd pounds did he weigh. He was the largest and the last. None of his shaggy brethren have visited, since his decease, the woods of Warwick; nor shall I ever more, I trust, witness so dread a peril so needlessly encountered.—*The Warwick Woodlands.*



HERDER.



HERDER, JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON, one of the most gifted of the so-called classical group of German writers, born at Mohrungen, East Prussia, August 25, 1744; died at Weimar, December 18, 1803. He was intended for a surgeon, but having fainted during the first operation of which he was a witness, he turned his attention to theology, and studied at Königsberg. Toward the close of 1764 he was appointed teacher and preacher in the Cathedral School at Riga. In 1770 he was appointed Court Preacher at Bückberg. The University of Göttingen offered him the chair of Theology, but his acceptance of it was prevented by a call to Weimar, in 1776, and the Grand Duke appointed him Court Preacher, General Superintendent, and Councillor of the Upper Consistory. In 1781 he became President of the Upper Consistory. His works, sixty volumes in all, relate to literature, art, philosophy, history, and religion. Among them are: *Fragments of Recent German Literature* (1767); *Critical Forests* (1769); *The Spirit of Hebrew Poetry* (1782); *Ideas towards a Philosophy* (translated into English under the title, *Outlines of the History of Mankind*) (1784-91); *The Cid*, and *Folk-Songs*.

Herder adopted a hostile attitude toward the prevailing spirit of the age in theology, literature, and philosophy. Of a very excitable temperament, he early nursed ambitious dreams; as a

minister of the gospel he looked forward to influencing the great and raising the common people. The philosopher Kant admitted him to his lectures, and Herder began to doubt the soundness of the prevailing enlightened philosophy. Hamann, a contemporary writer of mystical stories and a man with a fantastical imagination and a thorough knowledge of Greek writers, gave a turn to Herder's style by his own writings as well as by inducing him to study Shakespeare. He was of a discontented and sensitive nature, and though usually timid, he often attacked his enemies in vicious and forcible language. His literary work was all begun with great ardor, but his zeal soon flagged, and not one of his great works was carried to the completion originally intended. He was a great admirer of Lessing, whom he resembled in many ways. Alluding to the difficulty of understanding and describing Herder's many-sided character, Richter says: "The starry heavens no star-map paints, although painting may represent a landscape. It was Herder's fault that he was not a star of the first magnitude, or of any other magnitude, but a clump of stars out of which each one spells a constellation to please himself."

MAN A LINK BETWEEN TWO WORLDS.

Everything in Nature is connected : one state pushes forward and prepares another. If, then, man be the last and highest link, closing the chain of terrestrial organization, he must begin the chain of a higher order of creatures as its lowest link, and is probably, therefore, the middle ring between the two adjoining systems of the creation. He cannot pass into any other organization upon earth without turning backward and wander-

ing in a circle. That he should stand still is impossible ; since no living power in the dominions of the most active goodness is at rest : thus there must be a step before him, close to him, yet as exalted above him as he is pre-eminent over the brute, to whom he is at the same time nearly allied. This view of things, which is supported by all the laws of nature, alone gives us the key to the wonderful phenomenon of man, and at the same time to the only philosophy of his history. . . .

Far as the life of man here below is from being calculated for entirety ; equally far is this incessantly revolving sphere from being a repository of permanent works of art, a garden of never-fading plants, a seat to be eternally inhabited. We come and go : every moment brings thousands into the world, and takes thousands out of it. The Earth is an inn for travellers ; a planet, on which birds of passage rest themselves, and from which they hasten away. The brute lives out his life ; and, if his years be too few to attain higher ends, his inmost purpose is accomplished : his capacities exist, and he is what he was intended to be. Man alone is in contradiction with himself, and with the Earth : for, being the most perfect of all creatures, his capacities are the farthest from being perfected, even when he attains the longest term of life before he quits the world. But the reason is evident : his state, being the last upon this Earth, is the first in another sphere of existence, with respect to which he appears here as a child making his first essays. Thus he is the representative of two worlds at once ; and hence the apparent duplicity of his essence. . . .

If superior creatures look down upon us, they may view us in the same light as we do the *middle species*, with which Nature makes a transition from one element to another. The ostrich flaps his feeble wings to assist himself in running, but they cannot enable him to fly ; his heavy body confines him to the ground. Yet the organizing Parent has taken care of him, as well as of every middle creature ; for they are all perfect in themselves, and only appear defective to our eyes. It is the same with man here below : his defects are perplexing to an earthly mind ; but a superior spirit that inspects the internal structure, and sees more links of the chain,

may indeed pity, but cannot despise him. He perceives why man must quit the world in so many different states, young and old, wise and foolish, grown gray in second childhood, or an embryo yet unborn. Omnipotent goodness embraces madness and deformity, and all the degrees of cultivation, and all the errors of man, and wants not balsams to heal the wounds that death alone could mitigate. Since probably the future state springs out of the present, as our organization from inferior ones, its business is no doubt more closely connected with our existence here than we imagine. The garden above blooms only with plants of which the seeds have been sown here, and put forth their first germs from a coarser husk. If, then, as we have seen, sociality, friendship, or active participation in the pains and pleasures of others, be the principal end to which humanity is directed, the finest flower of human life must necessarily there attain the vivifying form, the overshadowing height, for which our heart thirsts in vain in any earthly situation. Our brethren above, therefore, assuredly love us with more warmth and purity of affection than we can bear to them: for they see our state more clearly; to them the moment of time is no more, all discrepancies are harmonized, and in us they are probably educating unseen partners of their happiness, and companions of their labors. But one step farther, and the oppressed spirit can breathe more freely, the wounded heart recovers: they see the passenger approach it, and stay his sliding feet with a powerful hand.

Since, therefore, we are of a middle species between two orders, and in some measure partake of both, I cannot conceive that the Future state is so remote from the Present, and so incomunicable with it, as the animal part of man is inclined to suppose, and indeed many steps and events in the history of the human race are to me incomprehensible, without the operation of superior influence. A divine economy has certainly ruled over the human species from its first origin, and conducted him into the course the readiest way. . . .

Thus much is certain, that there dwells an infinity in each of man's powers, which cannot be developed here, where it is repressed by other powers, by animal senses and appetites, and lies bound as it were to the state of

terrestrial life. Particular instances of memory, of imagination, nay, of prophesy and prehension, have discovered wonders of that hidden treasure which reposes in the human soul; and indeed the senses are not to be excluded from this observation. That diseases and partial defects, have been the principal occasions of indicating this treasure, alters not the nature of the case; since this very disproportion was requisite to set one of the weights at liberty, and display its power.

The expression of Leibnitz, that the soul is a mirror of the universe, contains perhaps a more profound truth than has usually been deduced from it: for the powers of a universe seem to lie concealed in her, and require only an organization, or a series of organizations, to set them in action. Supreme goodness will not refuse her this organization, but guides her like a child in leading-strings, gradually to prepare her for the fulness of increasing enjoyment, under a persuasion that her powers and senses are self-acquired. Even in her present fetters *space* and *time* are to her empty words: they measure and express relations of the body, but not of her internal capacity, which extends beyond time and space, when it acts in perfect internal quiet. Give thyself no concern for the place and hour of thy future existence: the Sun, that enlightens thy days, is necessary to thee during thy abode and occupation upon earth; and so long it obscures all the celestial stars. When it sets, the universe will appear in greater magnitude; the sacred night, that once enveloped thee, and in which thou wilt be enveloped again, covers thy Earth with shade, and will open to thee the splendid volume of immortality in Heaven. There are habitations, worlds, and spaces, that bloom in unfading youth, though ages on ages have rolled over them, and defy the changes of time and season; but everything that appears to our eyes decays, and perishes, and passes away; and all the pride and happiness of Earth are exposed to inevitable destruction.

This earth will be no more, when thou thyself still art, and enjoyest God and his creation in other abodes, and differently organized. On it thou hast enjoyed much good. On it thou hast attained an organization, in which thou hast learned to look around and above

thee as a child of Heaven. Endeavor, therefore, to leave it contentedly, and bless it in the field, where thou hast sported as a child of immortality, and as the school, where thou hast been brought up in joy, and in sorrow, to manhood. Thou hast no farther claim on it ; it has no farther claim on thee. As the flower stands erect, and closes the realm of the subterranean inanimate creation, to enjoy the commencement of life, in the region of day ; so is man raised above all the creatures that are bowed down to the Earth. With uplifted eye, and outstretched hand, he stands as a son of the family, awaiting his father's call.—*Translation of T. CHURCHILL.*

OUTLIVING OURSELVES.

What we call outliving ourselves—that is, a kind of death—is, with souls of the better sort, but sleep, which precedes a new waking, a relaxation of the bow which prepares it for new use. So rests the fallow field, in order to produce the more plentifully hereafter. So dies the tree in winter, that it may put forth and blossom anew in the spring. Destiny never forsakes the good man, as long as he does not forsake himself, and ignobly despair of himself. The Genius which seemed to have departed from him, returns to him again, at the right moment, bringing new activity, fortune, and joy. Sometimes the Genius comes in the shape of a friend, sometimes in that of an unexpected change of times. Sacrifice to this Genius even though you see him not ! Hope in back-looking, returning Fortune, even when you deem her far off ! If the left side is sore, lay yourself on the right ; if the storm has bent your sapling one way, bend it the other way, until it attains once more the perpendicular medium. You have wearied your memory ? Then exercise your understanding. You have striven too diligently after seeming, and it has deceived you ? Now seek being. That will not deceive. Unmerited fame has spoiled you ? Thank Heaven that you are rid of it, and seek, in your own worth, a fame which cannot be taken away. Nothing is nobler and more venerable than a man who, in spite of fate, perseveres in his duty, and who, if he is not happy outwardly, at least deserves to be so. He will certainly become so at the right sea-

son. The Serpent of time often casts her slough, and brings to the man in his cave, if not the fabled jewel in her head and the rose in her mouth, at least medicinal herbs which procure him oblivion of the past, and restoration to new life.

Philosophy abounds in remedies designed to console us for misfortunes endured, but unquestionably its best remedy is when it strengthens us to bear new misfortunes, and imparts to us a firm reliance on ourselves. The illusion which weakens the faculties of the soul, comes, for the most part, from without. But the objects which environ us are not ourselves. It is sad indeed, when the situation in which a man is placed is so embittered and made so wretched, that he has no desire to touch one of its grapes or flowers, because they crumble to ashes in his hands, like those fruits of Sodom. Nevertheless, the situation is not himself; let him, like the tortoise, draw in his limbs and be what he can and ought. The more he disregards the consequences of his actions, the more repose he has in action. Thereby the soul grows stronger and revivifies itself, like an ever-springing fountain. The fountain does not stop to calculate through what regions of the earth its streams shall flow, what foreign matter it shall take in, and where it shall finally lose itself. It flows from its own fulness, with an irrepressible motion. That which others show us of ourselves is only appearance. It has always some foundation, and is never to be wholly despised; but it is only the reflection of our being in them, mirrored back to us from their own; often a broken and dim form, and not our being itself. Let the little insects creep over and around you, and be at the uttermost pains to make you appear dead; they work in their nature. Work you in yours, and live! In fact, our breast, our character, keeps us always more and longer upright, than all the acumen of the head, than all the cunning of the mind. In the heart we live, and not in the thoughts. The opinions of others may be a favorable or unfavorable wind in our sails. As the ocean its vessels, so circumstances at one time may hold us fast, at another may powerfully further us; but ship and sail, compass, helm, and oar, are still our own. Never, then, like old Tithonus, grow gray in the conceit that

your youth has passed away. Rather, with newly awakened activity, let a new Aurora daily spring from your arms.—*Translation of F. H. HEDGE.*

A SONG OF LIFE.

Time more swift than wind and billows,
Fleeth. Who can bid it stay ?
To enjoy it when 'tis present,
To arrest it on its way,
This, ye brothers, will the fleeting
Of the winged days restrain ;
Let us strew life's path with roses,
For its glory soon will wane !

Roses ! for the days are merging
Into winter's misty tide,
Roses ! for the bloom and blossom
Round about on every side.
On each spray there blossom roses,
On each noble deed of youth ;
Happy he who, till its warning,
E'er hath lived a life of truth.

Days, O be ye like a garland,
Crowning locks of snowy white,
Blooming with new brightness round them,
Like a youthful vision bright.
E'en the dark-hued flowers refresh us
With repose of matchless price,
And refreshing breezes waft us
Kindly into Paradise.

—*Translation of ALFRED BASKERVILLE*

A LEGENDARY BALLAD.

Among green, pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so wild,
Was set a marble image
Of the Virgin and her child.

There, oft, on summer evenings,
A lovely boy would rove,
To play beside the image
That sanctified the grove.

Oft sat his mother by him,
Among the shadows dim,
And told how the Lord Jesus
Was once a child like him.

“And now from highest heaven
He doth look down each day,
And sees whate'er thou doest,
And hears what thou dost say.”

Thus spake the tender mother :
And on an evening bright,
When the red, round sun descended,
’Mid clouds of crimson light,

Again the boy was playing,
And earnestly said he,
“O beautiful Lord Jesus,
Come down and play with me !

“I’ll find thee flowers the fairest,
And weave for thee a crown ;
I will get thee ripe red strawberries
If thou wilt but come down.

“O holy, holy Mother,
Put him down from off thy knee !
For in these silent meadows
There are none to play with me.”

Thus spake the boy so lovely :
The while his mother heard,
And on his prayer she pondered,
But spake to him no word.

That selfsame night she dreamed
A lovely dream of joy,
She thought she saw young Jesus
There, playing with the boy.

“And for the fruits and flowers
Which thou hast brought to me,
Rich blessings shall be given
A thousandfold to thee.

“ For in the fields of heaven
 Thou shalt roam with me at will,
 And of bright fruits celestial
 Thou shalt have, dear child, thy fill .

Thus tenderly and kindly
 The fair child Jesus spoke,
 And full of careful musings
 His anxious mother woke.

And thus it was accomplished,
 In a short month and a day,
 That lovely boy, so gentle,
 Upon his deathbed lay.

And thus he spoke in dying :
 “ O mother dear, I see
 The beautiful child Jesus
 A-coming down to me !

“ And in his hand he beareth
 Bright flowers as white as snow,
 And red and juicy strawberries,—
 Dear mother, let me go ! ”

He died, and that fond mother
 Her tears could not restrain ;
 But she knew he was with Jesus
 And she did not weep again.

—*Translation of MARY HOWITT*





HEREDIA, JOSÉ MARÍA DE, a Cuban poet, dramatist, and historian, born at Santiago de Cuba, December 31, 1803; died at Toluca, Mexico, May 7, 1839. During his early youth he travelled extensively with his parents throughout his native island and the neighboring island of Santo Domingo, and in Mexico, Venezuela, and Florida; and at the age of fourteen he settled down to study in Havana, where he was admitted to the bar in 1823. For taking part in the insurrectional movement of that year he was immediately banished to the United States, where he spent two years. In 1824 he published in New York the volume of poems—*Poesías de José María de Heredia*—which has made him famous as one of the greatest, if not, as many contend, the greatest, of Spanish-American poets. In 1825, at the request of President Victoria, he went to Mexico, where he was appointed Ministro de la Audiencia, and where he spent the rest of his short life engaged in the practice of law and in the discharge of various important government duties. His dramas include *Sila* (1826); *Tiberio* (1827); and *Los Últimos Romanos* (1829). In the following year appeared the first two volumes of his valuable *Lecciones de Historia Universal* (1830-31). He also published, at various times, metrical translations of the *Saul* of Alfieri, the *Mahomet* of Voltaire, the *Abufar* of Ducis, the *Atreo y Thiestes* of Crétillon, and the *Cayo Graco* of Che-

nier. Heredia's poems have been often translated and have passed through many editions in Spain and Spanish-America, as well as in England and the United States, and in Portugal, Italy, Germany, and France. Critics of all nations have paid the highest tributes to the lyrical talent of the great Cuban poet; and in his own country a movement has been set on foot for the erection of a monument to his memory. Of the best of his poems, the greatest, in the opinion of critical readers, is the magnificent ode to *Niagara*.

NIAGARA.

My lyre! give me my lyre! my bosom feels
 The glow of inspiration. Oh, how long
 Have I been left in darkness, since this light
 Last visited my brow! Niagara!
 Thou with thy rushing waters dost restore
 The heavenly gift that sorrow took away.

Tremendous torrent! for an instant hush
 The terrors of thy voice, and cast aside
 Those wide-involving shadows, that my eyes
 May see the fearful beauty of thy face!
 I am not all unworthy of thy sight;
 For from my very boyhood have I loved
 Shunning the meaner track of common minds,
 To look on Nature in her loftier moods.
 At the fierce rushing of the hurricane,
 At the near bursting of the thunderbolt,
 I have been touched with joy; and when the sea,
 Lashed by the wind, hath rocked my bark, and showed
 Its yawning caves beneath me, I have loved
 Its dangers and the wrath of elements.
 But never yet the madness of the sea
 Hath moved me as thy grandeur moves me now.

Thou flowest on in quiet, till thy waves
 Grow broken midst the rocks; thy current then

Shoots onward like the irresistible course
Of destiny. Ah, terribly they rage,—
The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there! My brain
Grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze
Upon the hurrying waters; and my sight
Vainly would follow, as toward the verge
Sweeps the wide torrent. Waves innumerable
Meet there and madden,—waves innumerable
Urge on and overtake the waves before,
And disappear in thunder and in foam.

They reach, they leap the barrier,—the abyss
Swallows insatiable the sinking waves.
A thousand rainbows arch them, and woods
Are deafened with the roar. The violent shock
Shatters to vapor the descending sheets.
A cloudy whirlwind fills the gulf, and heaves
The mighty pyramid of circling mist
To heaven. The solitary hunter near
Pauses with terror in the forest shades.

What seeks my restless eye? Why are not here,
About the jaws of this abyss, the palms,—
Ah, the delicious palms,—that on the plains
Of my own native Cuba spring and spread
Their thickly foliaged summits to the sun,
And, in the breathing of the ocean air,
Wave soft beneath the heaven's unspotted blue?

But no, Niagara,—thy forest pines
Are fitter coronal for thee. The palm,
The effeminate myrtle, and frail rose may grow
In gardens, and give out their fragrance there,
Unmanning him who breathes it. Thine it is
To do a nobler office. Generous minds
Behold thee, and are moved, and learn to rise
Above earth's frivolous pleasures; they partake
Thy grandeur, at the utterance of thy name.

God of all truth! in other lands I've seen
Lying philosophers, blaspheming men,
Questioners of thy mysteries, that draw
Their fellows deep into impiety;

And therefore doth my spirit seek thy face
 In earth's majestic solitudes. Even here
 My heart doth open all itself to thee.
 In this immensity of loneliness,
 I feel thy hand upon me. To my ear
 The eternal thunder of the cataract brings
 Thy voice, and I am humbled as I hear.

Dread torrent, that with wonder and with fear
 Dost overwhelm the soul of him that looks
 Upon thee, and dost bear it from itself,—
 Whence hast thou thy beginning? Who supplies,
 Age after age, thy unexhausted springs?
 What power hath ordered, that, when all thy weight
 Descends into the deep, the swollen waves
 Rise not and roll to overwhelm the earth?

Never have I so deeply felt as now
 The hopeless solitude, the abandonment,
 The anguish of a loveless life. Alas!
 How can the impassioned, the unfrozen heart
 Be happy without love? I would that one,
 Beautiful, worthy to be loved and joined
 In love with me, now shared my lonely walk
 On this tremendous brink. 'Twere sweet to see
 Her dear face touched with paleness, and become
 More beautiful from fear, and overspread
 With a faint smile while clinging to my side.
 Dreams,—dreams! I am an exile, and for me
 There is no country, and there is no love.

Hear, dread Niagara, my latest voice!
 Yet a few years, and the cold earth shall close
 Over the bones of him who sings thee now
 Thus feelingly. Would that this, my humble verse
 Might be, like thee, immortal! I, meanwhile,
 Cheerfully passing to the appointed rest,
 Might raise my radiant forehead in the clouds
 To listen to the echoes of my fame.

—Translated for the *United States Review and Literary Gazette*.



HEREDIA, JOSÉ MARÍA DE, a Cuban-French poet, born near Santiago de Cuba, November 22, 1842. "He is of the bluest blood of the Spanish colonial aristocracy," writes Edmund Gosse, "and traces his ancestry direct from one of the first conquerors of the New World, from one of the companions of Cortez." On his mother's side he is of French origin. At the age of eight he was taken to Paris, and received his earliest education at the College of St. Vincent at Senlis. Nine years later he returned to Cuba, and studied for a year at the University of Havana. In 1860 he settled in France, where he took up the study of law, and studied history at the École des Chartes. His first verses were published in 1862, in the *Revue de Paris* of that period; and in 1866 he contributed to the *Parnasse Contemporain* with Sully Prudhomme, Coppée, Verlaine, Mendès, and Mallarmé. The unusual precision of his sonnets began to attract general attention; and "it became a sort of collector's joy to watch the newspapers and reviews for stray sonnets of Heredia." In 1869 his name was prominently connected with the second *Parnasse*; and in the same year he published his now famous and extremely rare little volume of *Sonnets et Eaux-fortes*. His studies in history led to his translating and editing Bernal Diaz del Castillo's great historical work; wherein the profound learning of his annotations

led all eager students of the Conquistadors to hope that his labors in that direction might be continued. In 1893 he collected into a volume entitled *Les Trophées* the scattered occasional sonnets which, written on folio sheets of antique paper cut from the fly leaves of valuable incunabula, he had sent during many years to particular friends, and some of which, at long intervals, had stolen into fugitive print by breach of confidence or by eloquent appeal of some committee of poets; and in 1894 he was elected a member of the French Academy.

"Beyond all question," writes Edmund Gosse in the *Contemporary Review*, "he is a great poetic artist, and probably the most remarkable now alive in Europe. From beginning to end the book rings with melody; each sonnet brings up before the inward eye a luminous picture, in a clear sunlit atmosphere, flashing with color, sharply defined, completely provided with every artifice and accomplishment, taste and craftsmanship."

Heredia's poetry is of that rarest of all rare species of composition, the objective sonnet, and so coldly and unalterably severe of form as to almost defy translation. In his hands the sonnet is of an absolute regularity. The two rhymes of his octette never change their positions; and his sextette is permitted but two arrangements. He allows himself no license of any kind, but takes his frame and fills it with unvarying exactitude. His central characteristic is technical perfection. *Les Trophées*, which is really one poem of many sonnets, opens with *L'Oubli*. Oblivion is the enemy

he is to attack. The temple on the Grecian promontory is in ruins; its goddesses of marble and its heroes of bronze lie broken and defaced under the dry and wind-blown grasses; and the sea at the foot of the headland moans and wails for the dead sirens of long ago. Not stone and not metal can defy oblivion; the only true, immortal art, which no caprice of man or time can destroy, is verse. And so, in verse that shall be as like hammered bronze and carven marble as he can make it, this proudest of modern poets will try to save the fleeting world of beauty from decay.

OBLIVION.

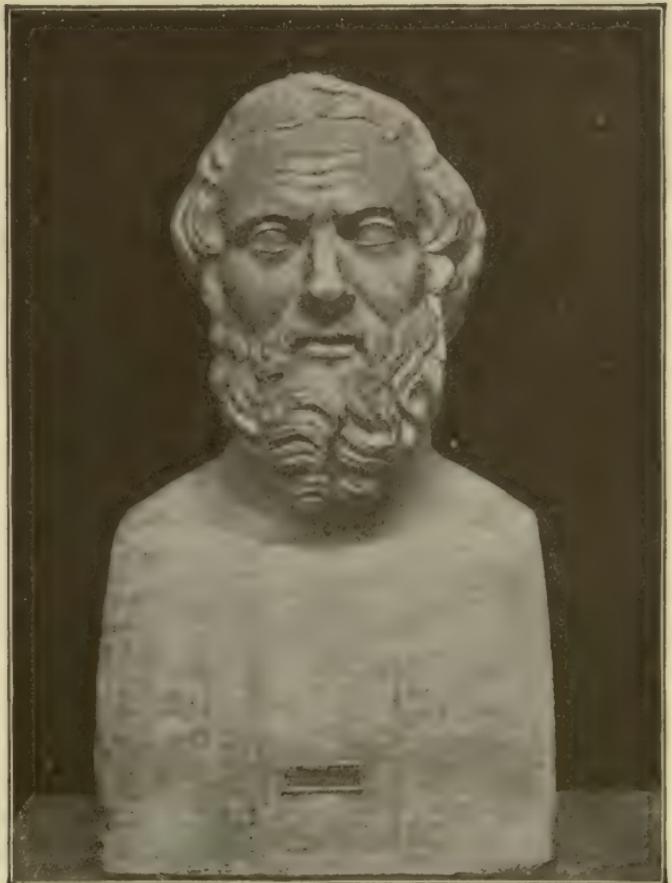
On the height of the cliff stands the long-ruined shrine;
And grim death has inlaid with the mouldering grass
Marble goddesses mingled with heroes of brass;
And their fame is o'ergrown by the close-clinging vine.

On the boundless blue sky looms, perchance, the dark line
Of a farmer who bids his tired oxen to pass
And to drink from the waters divine; — o'er whose glass
A forgotten song rings from the sky and the brine.

Gentle Earth, mother fond of the gods now all dead,
Makes with each budding spring an attempt, but in vain,
For the temple's crushed shaft an acanthus to gain.
By the fathers' past dreams man to-day is not led;
He can listen unmoved to the sea as its mass
Wails and moans for the sirens — the sirens, alas !
— *Translated for the UNIVERSITY OF LITERATURE by*
MISS DOROTHEA SHEPPERSON.



HERODOTUS, a Greek traveller and historian, born at Halicarnassus, in Asia Minor, about 484 B.C.; died probably at the Greek colony of Thurium, in Italy, about 420 B.C. Of his personal history little is authentically recorded. That he was possessed of considerable wealth is evident from the extensive journeys which he undertook; that he was versed in all the literature of his time is shown by his writings throughout; there is, however, no evidence that he was acquainted with any language except Greek. His journey to Egypt probably took place when he was twenty-four years of age, and he seems to have remained in that country about six years. His other journeyings, the dates of which are uncertain, took him to Babylon, Susa, the Persian capital, Scythia, Thrace, and all over Greece proper, Asia Minor, and some of the Grecian islands. The countries visited by him extend for 1,700 miles from east to west, and more than 1,600 miles from north to south, covering nearly all of the habitable globe as it was known to the Greeks. He also picked up such vague information as he could of the regions lying beyond those which he visited. At the age of about thirty-seven he took up his residence at Athens, having fairly entered upon the composition of his great work, to the elaboration of which the remaining years of his life were mainly devoted. It is divided into nine Books, each bearing the



HERODOTUS.

name of one of the nine Muses. In the opening sentence he thus sets forth his purpose:

THE PROEM TO THE HISTORY.

These are the researches of Herodotus of Halicarnassus, which he publishes in the hope of thereby preserving from decay the remembrance of what men have done, and of preventing the great and wonderful actions of the Greeks and the Barbarians from losing their due meed of glory ; and withal to put on record what were their grounds of feud.

The leading aim was to narrate the contest between the Persians and Greeks—that is, between Asia and Europe—which was formally begun by Darius Hystaspis in 490 B.C., and closed by the signal defeats of the forces of Xerxes at Plataea and Mycalé seventeen years later. But the history of this war is continually broken in upon by what might properly be styled “Researches and Inquiries of Travel.” He is supposed to have written another work upon Assyrian History, but if it was written, no part of it is now extant. The work of Herodotus has been often translated into English, notably by Cary and Beloe. But the earlier translations are superseded by that of George Rawlinson (1858-60; third edition, 1873), assisted by his brother, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and Sir James Gardner Wilkinson.

The History of the Græco-Persian War strictly begins with the Fifth Book. Perhaps the most interesting portions of the whole are Book II. (“Erato”), which describes Egypt, and Book III. (“Thalia”), which narrates the mad freaks of Cambyses, King of Persia, the son and successor of the great Cyrus, and predecessor of Darius

Hystaspis. Our extracts will be wholly from these two books, as translated by Rawlinson.

AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL INVESTIGATION.

The Egyptians, before the reign of their King Psammetichus, believed themselves to be the most ancient of mankind. Since Psammetichus, however, made an attempt to discover who were actually the primitive race, they have been of opinion that while they surpass all other nations, the Phrygians surpass them in antiquity. This king, finding it impossible to make out by dint of inquiry what men were the most ancient, contrived the following method of discovery :—He took two children of the common sort, and gave them over to a herdsman to bring up at his folds, strictly charging him to let no one utter a word in their presence, but to keep them in a sequestered cottage, and from time to time to introduce goats to their apartment, see that they got their fill of milk, and in all other respects look after them. His object herein was to know, after the indistinct babblings of infancy were over, what word they would first articulate. It happened as he had anticipated. The herdsman obeyed his orders for two years, and at the end of that time, on his one day opening the door of their room and going in, the children both ran up to him with outstretched arms, and distinctly said *Békos*. When this first happened the herdsman took no notice, but afterward when he observed, upon coming often to see them, that the word was constantly in their mouths, he informed his master, and by his command brought the children into his presence. Psammetichus then himself heard them say the word, upon which he then proceeded to make inquiry what people there were who called anything *békos*; and hereupon he learnt that *békos* was the Phrygian name for “bread.” In consideration of this circumstance the Egyptians yielded their claims, and admitted the greater antiquity of the Phrygians. That these were the real facts I learnt at Memphis from the priests of Vulcan. The Greeks, among other foolish tales, relate that Psammetichus had the children brought up by women whose tongues he had previously cut out; but the priests said their bringing up was such as I have described above.

THE INUNDATION OF THE NILE.

Perhaps after censuring all the opinions that have been put forward, on this obscure subject, one ought to prove some theory of one's own. I will therefore proceed to explain what I think to be the reason of the Nile's swelling in the summer time. During the winter the sun is driven out of his usual course by the storms, and removes to the upper parts of Libya. This is the whole secret in the fewest possible words; for it stands to reason that the country which the Sun-god approaches the nearest and which he passes most directly over, will be scantest of water, and that there the streams which feed the river will shrink the most.

To explain, however, more at length, the case is this: The sun in his passage across the upper parts of Libya, affects them in the following way: As the air in those regions is constantly clear, and the country warm through the absence of cold winds, the sun in his passage across them acts upon them exactly as he is wont to act elsewhere in summer, when his path is in the middle of heaven—that is, he attracts the water. After attracting it, he again repels it into the upper regions, where the winds lay hold of it, scatter it, and reduce it to a vapor, whence it naturally enough comes to pass that winds that blow from this quarter—the south and southwest—are of all winds the most rainy. And my own opinion is that the sun does not get rid of all the water which he draws year by year from the Nile, but retains some about him. When the winter begins to soften, the sun goes back again to his old place in the middle of the heaven, and proceeds to attract water equally from all countries. Till then the other rivers run big from the quantity of rain-water which they bring down from countries where so much moisture falls that all the land is cut into gullies; but in summer, when the showers fail, and the sun attracts their water, they become low. The Nile, on the contrary, not deriving any of its bulk from rains, and being in the winter subject to the attraction of the sun, naturally runs at that season, unlike all other streams, with a less burden of water than in the summer time. For

in summer it is exposed to attraction equally with all other rivers, but in winter it suffers alone.

It is the sun, also, in my opinion, which, by heating the space through which it passes, makes the air of Egypt so dry. There is thus perpetual summer in the upper parts of Libya. Were the position of the heavenly bodies reversed, so that the place where now the north wind and the winter have their dwelling became the station of the south wind and of the noon-day, while on the other hand the station of the south wind became that of the north, the consequence would be that the sun, driven from the mid-heaven by the winter and the northern gales, would betake himself to the upper parts of Europe, as he now does to those of Libya, and then I believe his passage across Europe would affect the Ister exactly as the Nile is affected at the present day. And with respect to the fact that no breeze blows from the Nile, I am of the opinion that no wind is likely to arise in very hot countries, for breezes love to blow from some cold quarter.

THE COURSE OF THE NILE.

The course of the Nile is known, not only throughout Egypt, but to the extent of four months' journey either by land or water above the Egyptian boundary; for on calculation it will be found that it takes that length of time to travel from Elephantiné to the country of the "Deserters." There the direction of the river is from west to east. Beyond, no one has any certain knowledge of its course, since the country is uninhabited by reason of the excessive heat.

I did hear, indeed, what I will now relate, from certain natives of Cyrené. Once upon a time, they said, they were on a visit to the oracular shrine of Ammon, when it chanced that in the course of conversation with Etearchus, the Ammonian king, the talk fell upon the Nile, how that its sources were unknown to all men. Etearchus upon this mentioned that some Nasimonians had come over to his court, and when asked if they could give any information concerning the uninhabited parts of Libya, had told the following tale. (The Nasimonians are a Libyan race who occupy the Syrtis and a tract of no great size toward the east.)

They said there had grown up among them some wild young men, the sons of certain chiefs, who, when they came to man's estate, indulged in all manner of extravagances, and among other things drew lots for five of their number to go and explore the desert parts of Libya, and try if they could not penetrate farther than any had done previously. The coast of Libya along the sea which washes it to the north, throughout its entire length from Egypt to Cape Soloris, which is its farthest, is inhabited by Libyans of many distinct tribes, who possess the whole tract except certain portions which belong to the Phœnicians and the Greeks. Above the coast-line and the country inhabited by the maritime tribes, Libya is full of wild beasts ; while beyond the wild-beast region there is a tract which is wholly sand, very scant of water, and utterly and entirely a desert.

The young men therefore despatched on this errand by their comrades, with a plentiful supply of water and provisions, travelled at first through the inhabited region, passing which they came to the wild-beast tract, whence they finally entered upon the desert, which they proceeded to cross in a direction from east to west. After journeying for many days over a wide extent of sands they came at last to a plain where they observed trees growing ; approaching them, and seeing fruit on them, they proceeded to gather it. While they were thus engaged, there came upon them some dwarfish men, under the middle height, who seized them and carried them off. The Nasimonians could not understand a word of their language, nor had they any acquaintance with the language of the Nasimonians. They were led across extensive marshes, and finally came to a town where all the men were of the height of their conductors, and black-complexioned. A great river flowed by the town, running from west to east, and containing crocodiles. Here let me dismiss Etearchus the Ammonian, and his story, only adding that (according to the Cyrenæans) he declared that the Nasimonians got safe back to the country, and that the men whose city they had reached were sorcerers.

With respect to the river which ran by their town, Etearchus conjectured it to be the Nile ; and reason

favors that view. For the Nile certainly flows out of Libya, dividing it down the middle, and as I conceive—judging the unknown from the known—rises at the same distance from its mouth as the Ister. The latter river has its source in the country of the Celts near the city Pyrené, and runs through the middle of Europe, dividing it into two portions. The Celts live beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and border on the Cynesians, who dwell at the extreme west of Europe. Thus the latter flows through the whole of Europe before it finally empties itself into the Euxine at Istria, one of the colonies of the Milesians. Now as this river flows through regions that are inhabited, its course is perfectly well known; but of the sources of the Nile no one can give any account, since Libya, the country through which it passes, is desert and without inhabitants. As far as it was possible to get information by inquiry, I have given a description of the stream. It enters Egypt from the parts beyond. Egypt lies almost exactly opposite the mountainous region of Cilicia, whence a lightly equipped traveller may reach Sinopé on the Euxine in five days by the direct route. Sinopé lies opposite the place where the Ister falls into the sea. My opinion, therefore, is that the Nile as it traverses the whole of Libya, is of equal length with the Ister. And here I take my leave of this subject.

Herodotus wrote more than twenty-two centuries ago. Up to about the middle of the present century nothing was known as to the course of the Nile beyond what was narrated by Herodotus; for the supposed discovery by James Bruce, near the close of the last century, of the source of the Nile in the mountain region of Abyssinia, though true as a matter of fact, was actually misleading. He discovered, indeed, the origin of the so-called "Blue River," that affluent which, after the rainy season, supplies the water which constitutes the "rising of the Nile," but during the remaining nine months of the year presents hardly

more than a dry river-bed. Of the far more important affluent, known as "the White River," fed by the great Nyanzas, whose waters constitute the Nile for three-quarters of the year, neither Herodotus, nor any other man for more than two thousand years, ever dreamed. The "open secret" of the Nile remained for our own generation to discover.

ABOUT THE CROCODILE.

The following are the peculiarities of the crocodile. During the four winter months they eat nothing. They are four-footed, and live indifferently on land or in the water. The female lays and hatches her eggs ashore, passing the greater portion of the day on dry land, but at night retiring to the river, the water of which is warmer than the night-air and the dew. Of all known animals this is the one which from the smallest size grows to be the greatest; for the egg of the crocodile is but little bigger than that of the goose, and the young crocodile is in proportion to the egg; yet when it is full-grown the animal measures frequently seventeen cubits, and even more. It has the eyes of a pig, teeth large and tusk-like, of a size proportioned to its frame. Unlike any other animal, it is without a tongue. It cannot move its under jaw, and in this respect too it is singular, being the only animal in the world which moves its upper jaw, and not the under. It has strong claws and a scaly skin, impenetrable upon the back. In the water it is blind, but on the land it is very keen of sight. As it lives chiefly in the river, it has the inside of its mouth constantly covered with leeches; hence it happens that while all the other birds and beasts avoid it, with the trochilus it lives at peace, since it owes much to that bird; for the crocodile, when he leaves the water and comes upon the land, is in the habit of lying with his mouth wide open, facing the western breeze; at such times the trochilus goes into his mouth and devours the leeches. This benefits the crocodile, who is pleased, and takes care not to hurt the trochilus.

The modes of catching the crocodile are many and various. I shall only describe the one which seems to me most worthy of mention. They bait a hook with a chine of pork, and let the meat be carried out into the middle of the stream, while the hunter upon the bank holds a living pig, which he belabors. The crocodile hears its cries, and making for the sound, encounters the pork, which he instantly swallows down. The men on the shore haul, and when they have got him to land, the first thing the hunter does is to plaster his eyes with mud. This once accomplished, the animal is despatched with ease ; otherwise he gives much trouble.

THE PHœNIX.

They have also another sacred bird called the Phœnix, which I myself have never seen except in pictures. Indeed it is a great rarity even in Egypt, only coming there (according to accounts of the people of Heiopolis) once in five hundred years, when the old phœnix dies. Its size and appearance—if it is like the pictures—is as follows : The plumage is partly red, partly golden, while the general make and size are almost exactly that of the eagle. They tell a story of what this bird does, which does not seem to me to be credible : that he comes all the way from Arabia, and brings the parent bird, all plastered with myrrh, to the temple of the sun, and there buries the body. In order to bring him, they say, he first forms a ball of myrrh as big as he finds that he can carry ; then he hollows out the ball, and puts his parent inside ; after which he covers over the opening with fresh myrrh, and the ball is then of exactly the same weight as at first ; so he brings it to Egypt, plastered over as I have said, and deposits it in the temple of the sun. Such is the story they tell of the doings of this bird.

MODES OF EMBALMING.

There are a set of men in Egypt who practise the art of embalming, and make it their proper business. These persons, when a body is brought to them, show the bearers various models of corpses, made in wood, and painted so as to resemble nature. The most perfect is said to be after the manner of Him whom I do

not think it religious to name in connection with such a matter ; the second is inferior to the first, and less costly ; the third is the cheapest of all. All this the embalmers explain, and then ask in which way it is wished that the corpse should be prepared. The bearers tell them, and having concluded their bargain, take their departure, while the embalmers, left to themselves, proceed to their task.

The mode of embalming, according to the most perfect process, is the following : They take first a crooked piece of iron, and with it draw out the brain through the nostrils, thus getting rid of a portion, while the skull is cleared of the rest by rinsing with drugs. Next, they make a cut along the flank, with a sharp Ethiopian stone, and take out the whole contents of the abdomen, which they then cleanse, washing it thoroughly with palm-wine, and again frequently with an infusion of pounded aromatics. After this they fill the cavity with the purest bruised myrrh, with cassia, and every sort of spicery, except frankincense, and sew up the opening. Then the body is placed in natrum for seventy days, and covered entirely over. After the expiration of that space of time, which must not be exceeded, the body is washed, and wrapped round from head to foot with bandages of fine linen cloth, smeared over with gum, which is used generally by the Egyptians in the place of glue ; and in this state it is given back to the relations, who enclose it in a wooden case which they have made for the purpose, shaped into the figure of a man. Then fastening the case, they place it in a sepulchral chamber, upright against the wall. Such is the most costly way of embalming the dead.

If persons wish to avoid expense, and choose the second process, the following is the method pursued : Syringes are filled with oil made from the cedar-tree, which is then, without any incision or disembowelling, injected into the abdomen. The passage by which it might be likely to return is stopped, and the body laid in natrum the prescribed number of days. At the end of the time the cedar-oil is allowed to make its escape ; and such is its power that it brings with it the whole stomach and intestines in a liquid state. The natrum meanwhile has dissolved the flesh, and so nothing is

left of the dead body but the skin and the bones. It is returned in this condition to the relatives, without any further trouble being bestowed upon it.

The third method of embalming, which is practised in the case of the poorer classes, is to clean out the intestines with a clyster, and let the body lie in the natrum the seventy days, after which it is at once given to those who come to fetch it away.

In Egypt Herodotus heard a version of the siege of Troy, differing in some particulars from that narrated in the *Iliad*. According to this Egyptian version, Paris (whom Herodotus calls Alexander) took his departure from Sparta with the frail Helen and the immense treasures which he had stolen from Menelaus. He headed for Ilium, but was driven by contrary winds upon the Egyptian coast. Proteus, the Egyptian king, having been informed of the perfidy of Paris, allowed him to take his departure for his own country, but detained Helen and the stolen treasures to be delivered up to Menelaus, when he should come to claim them, which he did after the destruction of Ilium. Herodotus thus proceeds :

HELEN AND THE SIEGE OF TROY.

I made inquiry of the priests, whether the story which the Greeks tell about Ilium is a fable or no. In reply they related the following particulars, of which they declared that Menelaus had himself informed them :

After the rape of Helen, a vast army of Greeks, wishing to render help to Menelaus, set sail for the Teucrian territory. On their arrival they disembarked, and formed their camp, after which they sent ambassadors to Ilium, of whom Menelaus was one. The embassy was received within the walls, and demanded the restoration of Helen, with the treasures which Alexander had carried off, and likewise demanded satisfaction for the wrong done.

The Teucrians gave at once the answer in which they persisted ever afterward, backing their assertions sometimes even with oaths, to wit, that neither Helen nor the treasures claimed were in their possession: both the one and the other had remained, they said, in Egypt; and it was not just to come upon them for what Proteus, king of Egypt, was detaining. The Greeks, imagining that the Teucrians were merely laughing at them, laid siege to the town, and never rested until they finally took it.

So Menelaus travelled to Egypt, and on his arrival sailed up the river as far as Memphis, and related all that had happened. He met with the utmost hospitality, received back Helen unharmed, and recovered all his treasures. After this friendly treatment Menelaus, they said, behaved most unjustly toward the Egyptians; for as it happened that at the time when he wanted to take his departure, he was detained by the wind being contrary, and as he found this obstruction continue, he had recourse to a most wicked expedient. He seized, they said, two children of the people of the country, and offered them up in sacrifice. When this became known, the indignation of the people was stirred, and they went in pursuit of Menelaus, who, however, escaped with his ships to Libya, after which the Egyptians could not say whither he went. The rest they knew full well, partly by the inquiries which they had made, and partly from the circumstances having taken place in their own land, and therefore not admitting of doubt.

Such is the account given by the Egyptian priests, and I am inclined to regard as true all that they say of Helen, from the following considerations: If Helen had been at Troy, the inhabitants would, I think, have given her up to the Greeks, whether Alexander consented to it or no. For surely neither Priam nor his family could have been so infatuated as to endanger their own persons, their children and their city, merely that Alexander might possess Helen. At any rate, if they determined to refuse at first, yet afterward, when so many of the Trojans fell on every encounter with the Greeks, and Priam, too, in each battle lost a son, sometimes two or three, and even more, if we may credit the epic poets, I do not believe that even if

Priam himself had been married to her, he would have declined to deliver her up, with the view of bringing the series of calamities to a close. Nor was it as if Alexander had been heir to the crown, in which case he might have had the chief management of affairs, since Priam was already old. Hector, who was his elder brother, and a far braver man, stood before him, and was the heir to the kingdom on the death of their father Priam. And it could not be Hector's interest to uphold his brother in his wrong when it brought such dire calamities upon himself and the other Trojans. But the fact was that they had no Helen to deliver, and so they told the Greeks; but the Greeks would not believe what they said—Divine Providence, as I think, so willing that by their utter destruction it might be made evident to all men that when great wrongs are done, the gods will surely visit them with great punishments. Such, at least, is my view of the matter.

THE DESCENT OF RHAMPSINITUS TO HADES.

When Proteus died, Rhampsinitus, so the priests informed me, succeeded to the throne. His monuments were the western gateway of the temple of Vulcan, and the two statues which stand in front of this gateway, called by the Egyptians the one Summer, the other Winter, each twenty-five cubits in height. The statue of Summer, which is the northernmost of the two, is worshipped by the natives, and has offerings made to it; that of Winter, which stands toward the south is treated in precisely the contrary way. King Rhampsinitus was possessed, they said, of great riches in silver; indeed, to such an amount that none of the princes, his successors, surpassed or even equalled his wealth. . . .

This same king, I was also informed by the priests, descended alive into the region which the Greeks call Hades, and there played at dice with Ceres, sometimes winning and sometimes suffering defeat. After a while he returned to earth, and brought with him a golden napkin, the gift of the goddess. From this descent of Rhampsinitus into Hades, and return to earth again, the Egyptians, I was told, instituted a festival, which

they certainly celebrated in my day. On what occasion it was that they instituted it—whether upon this or upon any other—I cannot determine. The following are the ceremonies: On a certain day in the year the priests weave a mantle, and binding the eyes of one of their number with a fillet, they put the mantle upon him, and take him with them into the roadway conducting to the temple of Ceres, when they depart and leave him to himself. Then the priest, thus blindfolded, is led (they say) by two wolves to the temple of Ceres, distant twenty furlongs from the city, where he stays a while, after which he is brought back from the temple by the wolves, and left upon the spot where they first joined him.

THE DOCTRINE OF METEUPSYCHOSIS.

Such as think the tales of the Egyptians credible are free to accept them for history. For my own part, I propose to myself throughout my whole work faithfully to record the traditions of the several nations. The Egyptians maintain that Ceres and Bacchus preside in the realms below. They were also the first to broach the opinion that the soul of man is immortal, and that when the body dies, it enters into the form of an animal which is born at the moment, thence passing on from one animal into another until it has circled through the forms of all the creatures which tenant the earth, the water, and the air; after which it enters again into a human frame, and is born anew. The whole period of the transmigration is (they say) three thousand years. There are Greek writers—some of an earlier, some of a later date—who have borrowed this doctrine from the Egyptians, and put it forward as their own. I could mention their names, but I abstain from doing so.

THE INSANE FREAKS OF CAMBYES THE SON OF CYRUS.

About the time when Cambyses arrived at Memphis, from his unsuccessful expedition against the Ethiopians, Apis appeared to the Egyptians. Now Apis is the god whom the Greeks call *Epaphus*. As soon as he appeared, straightway all the Egyptians arrayed themselves in their gayest garments, and fell to feasting and jollity; which

when Cambyses saw, making sure that these rejoicings were on account of his own ill success, he called before him the officers who had charge of Memphis, and demanded of them why, when he was at Memphis before, the Egyptians had done nothing of this kind, but waited until now, when he had returned with the loss of so many of his troops? The officers made answer, that one of their gods had appeared to them—a god who at long intervals of time had been accustomed to show himself in Egypt; and that always on his appearance, the whole of Egypt feasted and kept jubilee. When Cambyses heard this, he told them that they lied, and as liars he condemned them all to death.

When they were dead he called the priests to his presence, and questioning them received the same answer; whereupon he observed, "That he would soon know whether a tame god had really come to dwell in Egypt;" and straightway, without another word, he bade them bring Apis to him. So they went out from his presence to fetch the god. Now this Apis, or Epaphus, is the calf of a cow which is never afterward able to bear young. The Egyptians say that fire comes down from heaven upon the cow, which thereupon conceives Apis. The calf which is so called has the following marks: He is black, with a square spot of white upon his forehead, and on his back the figure of an eagle; the hairs upon his tail are double, and there is a beetle upon his tongue.

When the priests returned, bringing Apis with them, Cambyses, like the hare-brained person that he was, drew his dagger, and aimed at the belly of the animal, but missed his mark, and stabbed him in the thigh. Then he laughed, and said to the priests: "Oh! blockheads, and think ye that the gods become like this, of flesh and blood, and sensible to steel? A fit god indeed for Egyptians, such an one? But it shall cost you dear that you have made me your laughing-stock!" When he had so spoken, he ordered those whose business it was, to scourge the priests, and if they found any of the Egyptians keeping festival, to put them to death. Thus was the feast stopped throughout the land of Egypt, and the priests suffered punishment.

Apis, wounded in the thigh, lay some time pining in the temple; at last he died of his wound, and the priests



CAMBYES KILLS THE BULL APIS.

Drawing by H. Vogel.

buried him secretly without the knowledge of Cambyses. And now Cambyses, who even before had not been quite in his right mind, was forthwith, as the Egyptians say, smitten with madness for this crime.

CAMBYSES MURDERS HIS BROTHER.

The first of his outrages was the slaying of Smerdis his full brother, whom he had sent back to Persia from Egypt out of envy because he drew the bow brought from the Ethiopians by the Ichthyophagi, which none of the other Persians were able to bend the distance of two fingers' breadth. When Smerdis was departed into Persia, Cambyses had a vision in his sleep : he thought a messenger from Persia came to him with tidings that Smerdis sat upon the royal throne, and with his head touched the heavens. Fearing therefore for himself, and thinking it likely that his brother would kill him and rule in his stead, Cambyses sent Prexaspes, whom he trusted beyond all the other Persians, bidding him put Smerdis to death. So this Prexaspes went up to Susa, and slew Smerdis. Some say he killed him as they hunted together ; others that he took him down to the Erythræan Sea, and there drowned him.

CAMBYSES MURDERS HIS WIFE-SISTER.

This, it is said, was the first outrage which Cambyses committed. The second was the slaying of his sister, who had accompanied him into Egypt, and lived with him as his wife, though she was his full sister, the daughter both of his father and his mother. The way wherein he had made her his wife was the following : It was not the custom of the Persians before his time to marry their sisters ; but Cambyses happening to fall in love with one of his, and wishing to take her to wife, as he knew that it was an uncommon thing, called together the royal judges, and put it to them "whether there was any law which allowed a brother if he wished, to marry his sister ?" Now the royal judges are certain picked men among the Persians who hold their office for life, or until they are found guilty of some misconduct. By them justice is administered in Persia, and

they are the interpreters of the old laws, all disputes being referred to their decision. When Cambyses, therefore, put his question to these judges, they gave him an answer which was at once true and safe: "They did not find any law," they said, "allowing a brother to take his sister to wife; but they found a law that the king might do whatever he pleased." And so they neither warped the law through fear of Cambyses, nor ruined themselves by over-stiffly maintaining the law; but they brought another quite distinct law to the king's help, which allowed him to have his wish. Cambyses therefore married the object of his love, and no long time afterward he took to wife another sister. It was the younger of these who went with him to Egypt and there suffered death at his hands.

Concerning the manner of her death, as concerning that of Smerdis, two different accounts are given. . . . The Egyptians tell the story thus: The two were sitting at table, when the sister took a lettuce, and stripping off the leaves asked her brother when he thought the lettuce looked the prettiest—when it had its leaves on, or now that it was stripped; he answered: "When the leaves were on." "But thou," she rejoined, "hast done as I did to the lettuce, and made bare the house of Cyrus." Then Cambyses was wroth, and sprang fiercely upon her, though she was with child at the time. And so it came to pass that she miscarried and died.

Thus mad was Cambyses upon his own kindred, and this either from his usage of spies or from some other among the many causes from which calamities are wont to arise. They say that from his birth he was afflicted with a dreadful disease—the disorder which some call the "sacred sickness." It would be by no means strange, therefore, if his mind were affected in some degree, seeing that his body labored under so sore a malady.

CAMBYES AND PREXASPE.

He was mad also upon others besides his kindred—among the rest upon Prexaspes, the man whom he esteemed beyond the rest of all the Persians, who carried his messages, and whose son held the office—an

honor of no small account among the Persians—of his cupbearer. Him Cambyses is said to have once addressed as follows : “ What sort of a man, Prexaspes, do the Persians think me ? What do they say of me ? ” Prexaspes answered, “ Oh ! Sire, they praise thee greatly in all things but one—they say that thou art too much given to the love of wine.” Whereupon Cambyses, full of rage, made answer : “ What ! they say now that I drink too much wine, and have lost my senses, and am gone out of my mind ! Then their former speeches about me were untrue.” For once when the Persians were sitting with him and Crœsus was by, he had asked them, “ What sort of a man they thought him compared to his father, Cyrus ? ” Hereon they had answered, “ that he surpassed his father, for he was lord of all that his father ever ruled, and further, had made himself master of Egypt and the sea. Then Crœsus, who was standing near, and disliked the comparison, spoke thus to Cambyses : “ In my judgment, O son of Cyrus, thou art not equal to thy father, for thou hast not left behind thee such a son as he.” Cambyses was delighted when he heard this reply, and praised the judgment of Crœsus.

Recollecting these answers, Cambyses spoke fiercely to Prexaspes, saying : “ Judge now thyself, Prexaspes, whether the Persians tell the truth, or whether it is not they who are mad for speaking as they do. Look there now at thy son standing in the vestibule—if I shoot and hit him right in the middle of the heart, it would be plain that the Persians have no grounds for what they say ; if I miss him, then I allow that the Persians are right, and that I am out of my mind.” So speaking he drew his bow to the full, and struck the boy, who straightway fell down dead. Then Cambyses ordered the body to be opened, and the wound examined ; and when the arrow was found to have entered the heart, the king was quite overjoyed, and said to the father with a laugh : “ Now thou seest plainly, Prexaspes, that it is not I who am mad, but the Persians who have lost their senses. I pray thee, tell me sawest thou ever mortal man send an arrow with a better aim ? ” Prexaspes, seeing that the king was not in his right mind, and fearing for himself, replied : “ Oh ! my lord, I do not think that God himself could shoot so dexterously.”

CMBYSSES AND CRÆSUS.

Such was the outrage which Cambyses committed at this time. At another, he took twelve of the noblest Persians, and without bringing any charge worthy of death against them, buried them all up to the neck. Hereupon Croesus, the Lydian, thought it right to admonish Cambyses, which he did in these words following : “ Oh ! King, allow not thyself to give way entirely to thy youth and the heat of thy temper ; but check and control thyself. It is well to look to consequences, and in forethought lies true wisdom. Thou layest hold of men, who are thy fellow-citizens, and without cause of complaint slayest them ; thou even puttest children to death. Bethink thee now, if thou shalt often do things like these, will not the Persians rise in revolt against thee ? It is by thy father’s wish that I offer thee advice. He charged me strictly to give thee such counsel as I might see to be most for thy good.” In thus advising Cambyses, Croesus meant nothing but what was friendly ; but Cambyses answered him, “ Dost thou presume to offer me advice ? Right well thou ruledst thy own country when thou wert a king ; and right sage advice thou gavest my father, Cyrus, bidding him cross the Araxes and fight the Massagetae in their own land, when they were willing to have passed over into ours. By thy misdirection of thine own affairs thou broughtest ruin upon thyself ; and by thy bad counsel, which he followed, thou broughtest ruin upon Cyrus, my father. But thou shalt not escape punishment now, for I have long been seeking to find some occasion against thee.”

As he thus spoke, Cambyses took up his bow to shoot at Croesus ; but Croesus ran hastily out and escaped. So when Cambyses found that he could not kill him with his bow, he bade his servants seize him and put him to death. The servants, however, who knew their master’s humor, thought it best to hide Croesus ; that so, if Cambyses relented, and asked for him, they might bring him out, and get a reward for having saved his life ; if, on the other hand, he did not relent or regret the loss, they might then despatch him. Not long afterward Cambyses did in fact relent the loss of Croesus, and

the servants perceiving it, let him know that he was still alive. "I am glad," said he, "that Crœsus lives; but as for you who saved him, ye shall not escape my vengeance, but shall all of you be put to death." And he did even as he had said.

HOW THE ARABIANS PROCURE CASSIA AND CINNAMON.

The manner in which the Arabians collect the cassia is the following: they cover all their body and their faces with the hides of oxen and other skins, leaving only holes for the eyes; and thus protected go in search of the cassia, which grows in a lake of no great depth. All round the shores and in the lake itself there dwell a number of winged animals, much resembling bats, which screech horribly and are very valiant. These creatures they must keep from their eyes all the while that they gather the cassia.

Still more wonderful is the mode in which they collect the cinnamon. Where the wood grows, and what country produces it, they cannot tell; only some, following probability, relate that it comes from the country in which Bacchus was brought up. Great birds, they say, bring the sticks which we Greeks, taking the word from the Phoenicians, call *cinnamon*, and carry them up into the air to make their nests. These are fastened with a sort of mud to a sheer face of rock, where no foot of man is able to climb. So the Arabians, to get the cinnamon, use the following artifice: They cut all the oxen and asses and beasts of burden that die in their land into large pieces, which they carry with them into those regions, and place near the nests. Then they withdraw to a distance, and the old birds, swooping down, seize the pieces of meat and fly with them to their nests; which, not being able to support the weight, break off and fall to the ground. Hereupon the Arabians return and collect the cinnamon, which is afterward carried from Arabia into other countries.



HERRERA, FERNANDO DE, a Spanish ecclesiastic and poet, born at Seville in 1534; died there in 1597. Little is known of his life; but he was called the Divine, and was praised by Cervantes and Lope de Vega. He published a volume of poems in 1582, and others of his poems appeared after his death. He wrote vigorous prose also. His chief work is the *Relacion de la Guerra de Chipre y Batalla de Lepanto* (1572). Another work, the *History of Spain till the Time of Charles V.*, is not extant. A number of his longer poems are lost, among them *The Battle of the Giants*, *The Rape of Proserpina*, *The Amadis*, and *The Loves of Laurino and Caerona*. Herrera realized the inadequacy of the Castilian language to express the finer sentiments of the poet, and he set about improving it by substituting words and phrases from the Latin, Greek, and Italian languages for the corresponding vulgar and trivial expressions in his own; but his system was theoretical, and while inspired by good intentions was lacking in taste, so that in many instances where he strives to be elevated and correct, he succeeds in being simply formal and affected. He addressed his verses to an Andalusian lady, said to have been the Countess of Gelves, for whom he entertained a Platonic love which lent tenderness and beauty to his poetry.

ODE TO SLEEP.

Sweet Sleep, that through the starry path of night
With dewy poppies crowned pursu'st thy flight !
Stiller of human woes,
That shedd'st o'er Nature's breast a soft repose '
O, to these distant climates of the West
Thy slowly wandering pinions turn ;
And with thy influence blest
Bathe these love-burdened eyes, that ever burn
And find no moment's rest,
While my unceasing grief
Refuses all relief !
O, hear my prayer ! I ask it by thy love,
Whom Juno gave thee in the realms above.
Sweet power that dost impart
Gentle oblivion to the suffering heart,
Beloved Sleep, thou only canst bestow
A solace for my woe !
Thrice happy be the hour
My weary limbs shall feel thy sovereign power !
Why to these eyes alone deny
The calm thou pour'st on Nature's boundless reign
Why let thy votary all neglected die,
Nor yield a respite to a lover's pain ?
And must I ask thy balmy aid in vain ?
Hear, gentle power, O, hear my humble prayer,
And let my soul thy heavenly banquet share !

In this extreme of grief, I own thy might.
Descend, and shed thy healing dew ;
Descend, and put to flight
The intruding Dawn, that with her garish light
My sorrows would renew !
Thou hear'st my sad lament, and in my face
My many griefs may'st trace :
Turn, then, sweet wanderer of the night, and spread
Thy wings around my head !
Haste, for the unwelcome Morn
Is now on her return !
Let the soft rest the hours of night denied
Be by thy lenient hand supplied.

Fresh from my summer bowers,
 A crown of soothing flowers,
 Such as thou lov'st, the fairest and the best,
 I offer thee ; won by their odors sweet,
 The enamored air shall greet
 The advent : O, then, let thy hand
 Express their essence bland,
 And o'er my eyelids pour delicious rest !
 Enchanting power, soft as the breath of spring
 Be the light gale that stirs thy dewy wing !
 Come, ere the sun ascends the purple east—
 Come, end my woes ! So, crowned with heavenly charms
 May fair Pasithea take thee to her arms !

—*Translation of T. Roscoe.*

FROM AN ODE TO DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

When from the vaulted sky,
 Struck by the bolt and volleyed fire of Jove,
 Enceladus, who proudly strove
 To rear to heaven his impious head,
 Fell headlong upon Etna's rocky bed ;
 And she, who long had boldly stood
 Against the powers on high,
 By thousand deaths undaunted, unsubdued—
 Rebellious Earth—her fury spent,
 Before the sword of Mars unwilling bent.

In heaven's pure serene,
 To his bright lyre, whose strings melodious rung,
 Unshorn Apollo sweetly sung,
 And spread the joyous numbers round—
 His youthful brows with gold and laurel bound—
 Listening to the sweet, immortal strain,
 Each heavenly power was seen ;
 And all the lucid spheres, night's wakeful train,
 That swift pursue their ceaseless way,
 Forgot their course, suspended by his lay.

Hushed was the stormy sea—
 At the sweet sound the boisterous waves were laid,
 The noise of rushing winds was stayed ;
 And with the gentle breath of pleasure

The Muses sung, according with his measure.
In wildest strains of rapture lost,
He sung the victory.
The power and glory of the heavenly host ;
The horrid mien and warlike mood,
The fatal pride of the Titanian brood :
Of Pallas, Attic maid,
The Gorgon terrors and the fiery spear :
Of him, whose voice the billows fear,
The valor proved in deadly fight ;
Of Hercules the strength and vengeful might.
But long he praised thy dauntless heart.
And sweetest prelude made,
Singing, Bistonian Mars, thy force and art ;
Thine arm victorious, which o'erthrew
The fiercest of the bold Phlegrean crew.

— *Translation of HERBERT*





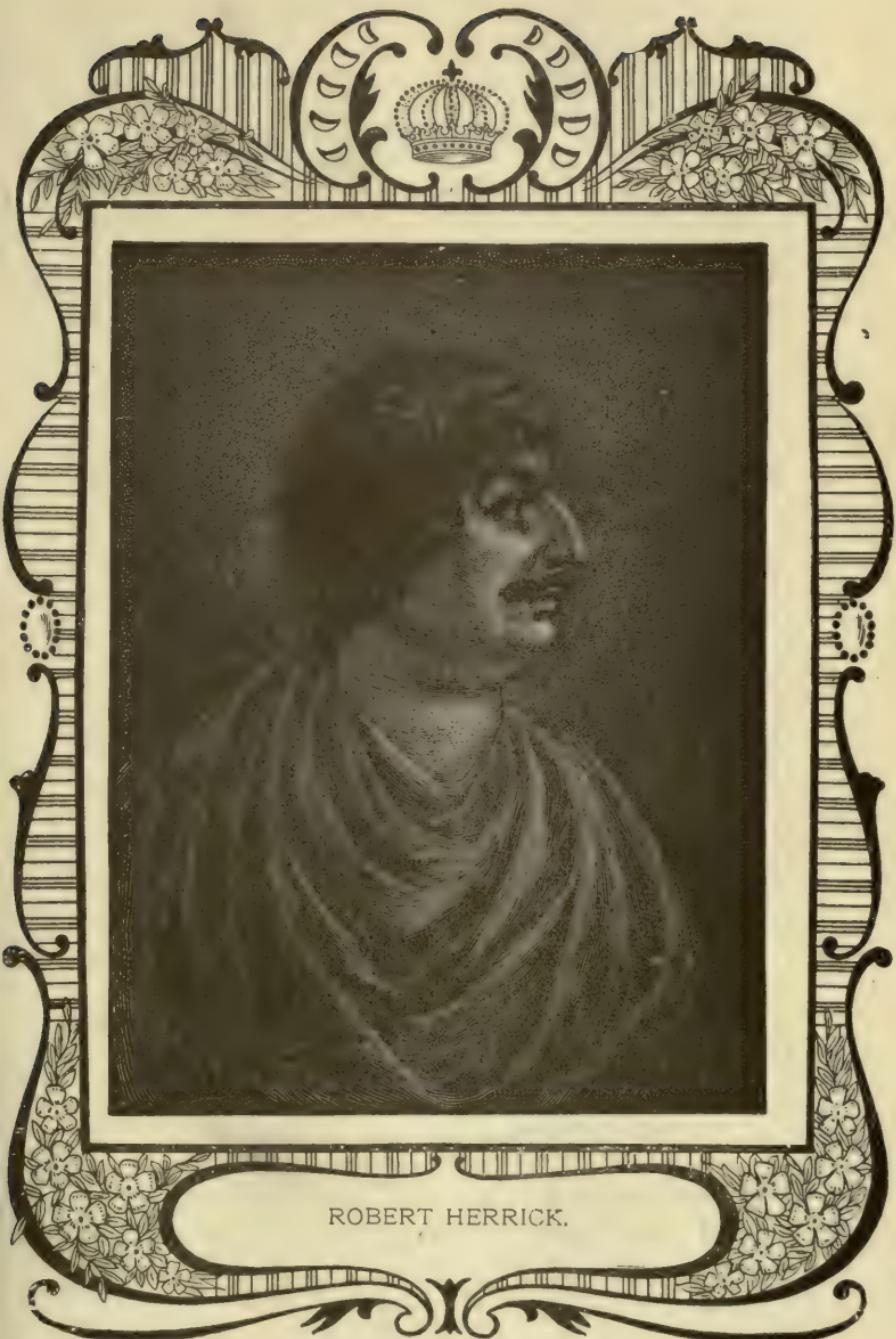
HERRICK, ROBERT, an English clergyman and poet, born in London in August, 1591 ; died at Dean Prior, Devonshire, in October, 1674. He studied at Cambridge, and after leaving the university led a jovial life in London for several years. Among his associates was Ben Jonson, to whom—or, rather, to whose departed shade—he addressed the following lines :

TO BEN JONSON.

Ah Ben !
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun ;
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad ?
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben !
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus.
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it ;
Lest we that talent spend ;
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit, the world should have no more.

At the age of thirty-six Herrick took Holy Orders, and was in 1629 presented by Charles I.



ROBERT HERRICK.

to the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire. Here he wrote numerous poems, not altogether of a clerical character, but containing many clever descriptions of rural customs and manners. In 1647 he published the *Noble Numbers*, and the *Hesperides, or Works Human and Divine*, which were dedicated to "the Most Illustrious and Most Hopeful Prince Charles," then a lad of eighteen, afterward King Charles II. In this publication the author drops the clerical designation, and announces himself as "Robert Herrick, Esquire."

His volume had hardly been published when Herrick was ejected from his living by the "Long Parliament." He repaired to London, where he lived as best he could for ten or twelve years. Upon the restoration of Charles II., in 1660, Herrick was reinstated in his vicarage. He was now close upon threescore and ten, well wearied of a life which had been nowise saintly, though apparently not marked by any great excesses. In his old age he wrote the following "Apologia" for some of the writings of his earlier years :

HERRICK'S APOLOGIA.

For these, my unbaptized rhymes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed times—
For every sentence, clause, and word,
That's not inlaid with Thee, O Lord,
Forgive me, God, and blot each line
Out of my book that is not Thine :
But if, 'mongst all, Thou findest one
Worthy Thy benediction,
That one, of all the rest shall be
The glory of my work and me.

For nearly a century and a half after the death of Herrick his poems appear to have been almost

forgotten. In 1810 a selection from the *Hesperides* was published by Dr. Nott; since then several good editions have appeared in England and America. Among these there is no better one than that edited by Professor Child of Harvard College (2 vols., Boston, 1856). Herrick's poems include not a few of the daintiest fancies in the English language.

A THANKSGIVING.

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell :
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof ;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state ;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall,
And kitchen small ;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread,
Unchipt, unfead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire.
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee.

The worts, the purslain, and the mess
 Of water-cress,
 Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent,
 And my content,
 Makes those, and my beloved beet,
 To be more sweet.

'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering heart
 With guiltless mirth ;
 And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
 Spiced to the brink.
 Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
 That sows my land :
 All this, and better, dost Thou send
 Me for this end :
 That I should render for my part
 A thankful heart,
 Which, fired with incense, I resign
 As wholly Thine :
 But the acceptance—that must be,
 O Lord, by Thee.

TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do you fall so fast ?
 Your date is not so past,
 But you may stay yet here awhile,
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What ! were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night ?
 'Twas pity nature brought ye forth
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave ;
 And after they have shown their pride,
 Like you awhile, they glide
 Into the grave.

TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
 As yet the early-rising sun
 Has not attained his noon :
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song ;
 And having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along !

We have short time to stay as you !
 We have as short a spring ;
 As quick a growth to meet decay,
 As you or anything ;
 We die,
 As your hours do ; and dry
 Away
 Like the summer's rain,
 Or as the pearls of morning-dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

CHERRY RIPE.

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
 Full and fair ones—come and buy !
 If so be you ask me where
 They do grow ?—I answer : There,
 Where my Julia's lips do smile—
 There's the land, or cherry-isle ;
 Whose plantations fully show
 All the year where cherries grow.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the hour of my distress,
 When temptations me oppress,
 And when I my sins confess,
 Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart, and sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the Furies in a shoal
Come to fight a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the priest his last has prayed
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When God knows I'm tossed about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet before the glass is out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the Tempter me pursueth,
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

When the judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to Thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !



HERSCHEL, FREDERICK WILLIAM, a celebrated astronomer, born at Hanover, Prussia, November 15, 1738; died at Slough, near Windsor, England, August 25, 1822. He was the son of a musician of Hanover. His early educational advantages were not great, but he repaired all their deficiencies by his own efforts, and became, not only a skilful musician, but a fine mathematician. About 1758 he went to England. After several years of teaching music he obtained the position of organist in a fashionable church in Bath, in which city he became the leading musical authority. While practising his profession he devoted his leisure to astronomical research. In 1772 he was joined by his sister Caroline, who became his efficient co-operator both in music and astronomy. Unable to purchase a telescope, Herschel set about constructing one, and in 1774 completed one of six feet focal length. All the leisure of sister and brother was now given to astronomy—the nights to observation, and the days to the toil of grinding and polishing specula.

In 1780 his first paper, an *Inquiry in Regard to the Varying Lustre of several Stars*, was communicated to the Royal Society. This was followed by other papers embodying the results of his observations, and culminating in an inquiry whether there was any relation between the recurrence of sun-spots and the variability of seasons on the

earth. The appearance of a white spot near each pole of the planet Mars led to investigations which caused him to conclude that the climate of that planet closely resembles ours, and that the white patches were snow, a conclusion since confirmed by other investigators. In 1781 he discovered a planet to which he gave the name of *Georgium Sidus* (the "Georgian Star"), afterward called Herschel, and now called Uranus. In 1782 Herschel was invited by George III. to Windsor, and was appointed the King's private astronomer, with a salary of £200 a year, and an additional £50 for the assistance of his sister. They established themselves at Slough, where they continued their investigations. From 1784 to 1818 he addressed a series of remarkable papers to the Royal Society, on the stars of the Milky Way and their attendant planets, and on the nebulous masses from the condensation of which he conceived the stellar universe to have been formed. Besides pursuing his investigations, he constructed a grand reflecting telescope, which he completed in August, 1789, through which he could see Saturn with six of its satellites, and through which he soon afterward discovered the seventh. The eighth and the Saturnian ring escaped him.

His sister, CAROLINE LUCRETIA HERSCHEL, was born at Hanover, March 16, 1750; died there, January 9, 1848. She resided at Hanover, her birth-place, until her twenty-second year, when she went to England, joining her brother at Bath, to whom she gave great assistance, not only acting as his amanuensis, but frequently performing the long and complicated calculations involved in his

investigations. Her contributions to science appeared mostly in her brother's works, and under his name. After the death of her brother, in 1822, she returned to Hanover. In 1828 she completed a catalogue of the fixed stars and nebulæ observed by her brother, for which she received a gold medal from the Astronomical Society of London, of which she was elected an honorary member.

JOHN FREDERICK WILLIAM HERSCHEL, an English astronomer and author, son of Frederick William Herschel, born at Slough, near Windsor, March 7, 1792; died at Collingwood, near Hawkurst, Kent, May 11, 1871. He was educated at Eton and at St. Joseph's College, Cambridge. In 1820 he produced a work on the differential calculus, and other branches of mathematical science. He also contributed two or three memoirs to the Royal Society upon the applications of mathematical analysis. In 1820 he completed, with his father's assistance, a reflecting telescope eighteen inches in diameter and twenty feet in focal length, with which he made his great astronomical observations. Before the end of 1833 he had re-examined all his father's discoveries of double stars and nebulæ, and had added many of his own. In November of the same year he set sail for the Cape of Good Hope, with the resolution of exploring the heavens of the southern hemisphere—"to attempt the completion of a survey of the whole surface of the heavens;" and in March, 1834, began his labors. At the end of four years he returned to England. His work, *Results of Observations at the Cape of Good Hope*, published in 1847, gives a faint idea of what his labors must have



SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

been. Sir John Herschel was an accomplished chemist, and made several important discoveries in photography. He was the author of several books: *On the Study of Natural Philosophy* (1830); *Outlines of Astronomy* (1849); *Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects*, a collection of papers contributed to *Good Words*. He contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* the articles on *Meteorology*, *Physical Geography*, and *Telescope*. A volume of his *Collected Addresses* has also been published.

TENDENCY OF PHILOSOPHICAL STUDIES.

Nothing can be more unfounded than the objection which has been taken, *in limine*, by persons, well meaning perhaps, certainly narrow-minded, against the study of natural philosophy—that it fosters in its cultivators an undue and overweening self-conceit, leads them to doubt of the immortality of the soul, and to scoff at revealed religion. Its natural effect, we may confidently assert, on every well-constituted mind, is, and must be, the direct contrary. No doubt, the testimony of natural reason, on whatever exercised, must of necessity stop short of those truths which it is the object of revelation to make known; but while it places the existence and principal attributes of a Deity on such grounds as to render doubt absurd and atheism ridiculous, it unquestionably opposes no natural or necessary obstacle to further progress: on the contrary, by cherishing as a vital principle an unbounded spirit of inquiry and ardency of expectation, it unfetters the mind from prejudices of every kind, and leaves it open and free to every impression of a higher nature which it is susceptible of receiving, guarding only against enthusiasm and self-deception by a habit of strict investigation, but encouraging, rather than suppressing, everything that can offer a prospect or a hope beyond the present obscure and unsatisfactory state.

The character of the true philosopher is to hope all things not unreasonable. He who has seen obscurities

which appeared impenetrable in physical and mathematical science suddenly dispelled, and the most barren and unpromising fields of inquiry converted, as if by inspiration, into rich and inexhaustible springs of knowledge and power, on a simple change of our point of view, or by merely bringing them to bear on some principle which it never occurred before to try, will surely be the very last to acquiesce in any dispiriting prospects of either the present or the future destinies of mankind; while on the other hand, the boundless views of intellectual and moral, as well as material relations which open on him on all hands in the course of these pursuits, the knowledge of the trivial place he occupies in the scale of creation, and the sense continually pressed upon him of his own weakness and incapacity to suspend or modify the slightest movement of the vast machinery he sees in action around him, must effectually convince him that humility of pretension, no less than confidence of hope, is what best becomes his character.

The question "*cui bono*"—to what practical end and advantage do your researches tend?—is one which the speculative philosopher who loves knowledge for its own sake, and enjoys, as a rational being should enjoy, the mere contemplation of harmonious and mutually dependent truths, can seldom hear without a sense of humiliation. He feels that there is a lofty and disinterested pleasure in his speculations which ought to exempt them from such questioning; communicating as they do to his own mind the purest happiness (after the exercises of the benevolent and moral feelings) of which human nature is susceptible, and tending to the injury of no one, he might surely allege *this* as a sufficient and direct reply to those who, having themselves little capacity, and less relish for intellectual pursuits, are constantly repeating upon him this inquiry.

A TASTE FOR READING.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a

taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office, and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles, but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest—with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best-bred and best-informed have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle but perfectly irresistible coercion in a habit of reading well directed, over the whole term of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. It cannot, in short, be better summed up than in the words of the Latin poet: "*Emollis mores, nes sinit esse feros.*" It civilizes the conduct of men, and suffers them not to remain barbarous.

HOW DOES AN EARTHQUAKE TRAVEL.

Now I come to consider the manner in which an earthquake is propagated from place to place; how it travels, in short. It runs along the earth precisely in the same manner, and according to the same mechanical laws as a wave along the sea, or rather as the waves of sound run along the air, but quicker. The earthquake which destroyed Lisbon ran out from thence, as from a centre, in all directions, at a rate averaging about twenty miles per minute, as far as could be gathered

from a comparison of the times of its occurrence at different places. But there is little doubt that it must have been retarded by having to traverse all sorts of ground ; for a blow or shock of any description is conveyed through the substance on which it is delivered with the rapidity of sound in that substance. Perhaps it may be new to many who hear me to be told that sound is conveyed by water, by stone, by iron, and indeed by everything, and at a different rate for each. In air it travels at the rate of about 1,140 feet per second, or about 13 miles in a minute. In water much faster, more than four times as fast (4,700 feet.) In iron ten times as fast (11,400 feet), or about 130 miles in a minute, so that a blow delivered endways at one end of an iron rod 130 miles long, would only reach the other after a lapse of a minute, and a pull at one end of an iron wire of that length, would require a minute before it would be felt at the other. But the substance of the earth through which the shock is conveyed is not only far less elastic than iron, but it does not form a coherent, connected body ; it is full of interruptions, cracks, loose materials, and all these tend to deaden and retard the shock ; and putting together all the accounts of all the earthquakes that have been exactly observed, their rate of travel may be taken to vary from as low as 12 or 13 miles a minute to 70 or 80.

The way, then, that we may conceive an earthquake to travel is this : I shall take the case which is most common, when the motion of the ground to and fro is horizontal. How far each particular spot on the surface of the ground is actually pushed from its place there is no way of ascertaining, since all the surrounding objects receive the same impulse almost at the same instant of time, but there are many indications that it is often several yards. In the earthquake of Cutch trees were seen to flog the ground with their branches, which proves that their stems must have been jerked suddenly away for some considerable distance and as suddenly pushed back ; and the same conclusion follows from the sudden rise of the water of lakes on the side where the shock reaches them, and its fall on the opposite side ; the bed of the lake has been jerked away for a certain distance from under the water, and pulled back.

Now suppose a row of sixty persons, standing a mile apart from each other, in a straight line, in the direction in which the shock travels, at a rate, we will suppose, of sixty miles per minute ; and let the ground below the first get a sudden and violent shove, carrying it a yard in the direction of the next. Since this shock will not reach the next till after the lapse of one second of time, it is clear that the space between the two will be shortened by a yard, and the ground—that is to say, not the mere loose soil on the surface, but the whole mass of solid rock below, down to an unknown depth—compressed, or driven into a smaller space. It is this compression that carries the shock forward. The elastic force of the rocky matter, like a coiled spring, acts both ways ; it drives back the first man to his old place, and shoves the second a yard nearer to the third ; and so on. Instead of men, place a row of tall buildings, or columns, and they will tumble down in succession, the base flying forward, and leaving the tops behind to drop on the soil on the side *from* which the shock came. This is just what was seen to happen in Messina in the great Calabrian earthquake. As the shock ran along the ground, the houses of the Faro were seen to topple down in succession ; beginning at one end and running on to the other, as if a succession of mines had been sprung. In the earthquake in Cutch, a sentinel standing at one end of a long straight line of wall, saw the wall bow forward and recover itself ; not all at once, but with a swell like a wave running all along it with immense rapidity. In this case it is evident that the earthquake wave must have had its front oblique to the direction of the wall just as an obliquely held ruler runs along the edge of a page of paper while it advances, like a wave of the sea, perpendicularly to its own length.—*Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects.*

HERSCHEL'S MIRRORS.

My brother applied himself to perfect his mirrors, erecting in his garden a stand for his twenty-foot telescope ; many trials were necessary before the required motions for such an unwieldy machine could be contrived. Many attempts were made by way of experiment upon a mirror before an intended thirty-foot

telescope could be completed, for which, between whiles (not interrupting the observations with seven, ten, and twenty foot, and writing papers for both the Royal and Bath Philosophical Societies), gauges, shapes, weight, etc., of the mirror were calculated, and trials of the composition of the metal were made. In short, I saw nothing else and heard nothing else talked of but about these things when my brothers were together. Alex was always very alert, assisting when anything new was going forward, but he wanted perseverance, and never liked to confine himself at home for many hours together. And so it happened that my brother William was obliged to make trial of my abilities in copying for him catalogues, tables, etc., and sometimes whole papers which were lent him for his perusal. Among them was one by Mr. Michel and a catalogue of Christian Mayer in Latin, which kept me employed when my brother was at the telescope at night. When I found that a hand was sometimes wanted when any particular measures were to be made with the lamp micrometer, etc., or a fire to be kept up, or a dish of coffee necessary during a long night's watching, I undertook with pleasure what others might have thought a hardship. . . . The mirror for the thirty-foot reflector was never out of his mind, and if a minute could be spared in going from one scholar to another, or giving one the slip, he called at home to see how the men went on with the furnace, which was built in a room below, even with the garden. The mirror was to be cast in a mould of loam prepared from horse-dung, of which an immense quantity was to be pounded in a mortar and sifted through a fine sieve. It was an endless piece of work, and served me for many an hour's exercise ; and Alex frequently took his turn at it, for we were all eager to do something toward the great undertaking. Even Sir William Watson would sometimes take the pestle from me when he found me in the work-room, where he expected to find his friends, in whose concerns he took so much interest that he felt disappointed at not being allowed to pay for the metal. But I do not think my brother ever accepted pecuniary assistance from any one of his friends ; and on this occasion he declined the offer by saying it was paid for already.—*From Caroline Herschel's Memoirs.*



HERTZ, HENRIK, a Danish dramatist and poet, born of Jewish parents at Copenhagen, August 25, 1798; died there, February 25, 1870. He studied law, but had scarcely passed his examination when he gave himself to literature. His first comedy appeared anonymously, in 1827. He afterward travelled in Germany, Italy, and France. He left in all thirty-six works, among which are *The Moving Day* (1828); *Cupid's Master Strokes* (1830); *The Plumage of the Swan* (1841); comedies, in which the characters are traced with decided ability. He also wrote a didactic poem, *On Nature and Art* (1832), and *Tyrfing*, a poem, in 1840. In 1836 his comedy *The Savings Bank* enjoyed a large share of public favor. The next year he further increased his popularity by the production of *Svend Dyring's House*, a beautiful and original piece, which held an important place on the stage for many years. In fact this piece and *King René's Daughter* are works which may be regarded as landmarks in Danish literature and stamp their author as a troubadour of the fiery and sensuous school of romance. As a lyric poet he has all the color and passion of Keats, and his style is grace itself. He has little or no local Scandinavian coloring, and succeeds best when he is describing the scenery or emotions of the glowing South. *King René's Daughter*, a lyrical drama, produced in 1845, is regarded as his masterpiece.

Its whole action is comprised between noon and sunset of a single day. In the following scene Iolanthe, the King's blind daughter, is represented as sleeping in a garden under the influence of a talisman.

KING RENÉ'S DAUGHTER.

[Characters: KING RENÉ; IOLANTHE, his blind daughter; EBN JAHIA, a physician; TRISTAN; ALMERIK, a messenger from the King; MARTHA and BERTRAND, attendants of IOLANTHE.]

Almerik.—And so she lacks for naught, and is content

If but some stranger on occasion come?
Of all the wealth the world to us presents,
Of all its glories, she surmiseth naught?
Does she not question you?

Martha.—That is a point
On which 'tis not so easy to reply;
It may be she suppresses many a thought.
She knows there is an entrance to this vale,
Hears the bell sound when anyone arrives,
Brightens to hear it, and in silence waits,
With ears intent. Yet doth she never ask
Where is the entrance, whitherward it leads;
For she has heard that there are many things
She must not ask, but leave to years to teach.
So 'tis with children. Speak to them of God,
Of power omnipotent, of another life,
And mark how they will listen, opening wide
Their little eyes in wonder, as some doubt—
A passing shade—is painted on their looks;
And then, at last, with touching faith, accept
For truth the things they may not comprehend.
So now for Iolanthe the whole world
Is one vast mystery, which she oft would pierce,
Then will her father or the abbess say:
“Rest thee content, my child—thou art too young
Some future time thou’lt comprehend it all.”
In this she piously confides; nor dreams
She wants the eyes’ clear sight, to compass all
The splendors of th’s goodly universe.—

May it not be, Sir, while we darkly muse
 Upon our life's mysterious destinies,
 That we in blindness walk, like Iolanthe,
 Unconscious that true vision is not ours ?
 Yet is that faith our hope's abiding star.

[Enter KING RENÉ, EBN JAHIA, and BERTRAND.]

René.—Martha, I bring thee here
 Good Ebn Jahia. As I learn, he hath
 Been here to-day once before.
 How goes it now ?

Mar.—Even to a wish, my liege.

René.—All that the leech enjoined thou hast fulfilled ?
 Neglected nothing ? Has Iolanthe lain
 With eyes close bandaged every night ?

Mar.—She has.

René (to *Ebn Jahia*).—That was a perilous venture.
 It is strange

She bears it. Yet the chance is fortunate
 That the bee stung her on the temple lately ;
 This served us for a plausible pretext.
 Ah ! sure the little bee deceived itself.
 In this fair world, that's tended by her care,
 Where, like a flower, she grows amidst her flowers,
 The insect, dazzled by the fragrant bloom,
 Deemed that it nestled in a rose's bud.
 Forgive me ! It is sinful thus to speak
 Of mine own child. But now no more of this.
 Thou long'st to see the fruitage of thy skill,
 Go, then, to Iolanthe. Bertrand ! Martha !
 Follow him in ; perchance he may require you.

[*EBN JAHIA*, followed by *BERTRAND* and *MARTHA*, goes out, and the *KING* converses with *ALMERIK*, whom he sends away when *EBN JAHIA* returns.]

René.—My Ebn Jahia, com'st thou like the dove
 That bears the olive-branch ? Thou lookest grave,
 And, as thine art, unfathomable all.
 How shall I construe what thy looks import ?

Ebn Jahia.—I have the strongest hopes, my noble
 liege.

René.—Is't so? Oh, thou'rt an angel sent from heaven?
 Thy dusky visage, like that royal Moor's
 Who knelt beside our great Redeemer's cradle,
 Heralds the star, shall cheer my night of gloom.
 Say, Jahia, say, whereon thy hope is based?
 What is thy counsel; what thy purpose? Speak!
 'Tis written in a book which late I read,
 That oftentimes an unsound eye is cured
 By application of the surgeon's knife.
 This thou wilt never try, my Ebn Jahia;
 Thou know'st the eye is a most noble part,
 And canst not gain such mastery o'er thyself
 As to approach my Iolanthe's eyes
 With instruments of steel. Nay, thou must dread
 To mar the beauty of their azure depths,
 That dark, deep fount, which still, though saddened o'er,
 Wells forth such glorious radiance. Oh! her eyes,
 How is it possible that night should brood
 On two fair orbs of such transcendent sheen?

Ebn Jahia.—Nay, be at ease! You need not fear
 for this.
 'Twould aid us little, should I have recourse to instru-
 ments.

René.—What is thy purpose, then?
Ebn Jahia.—Your pardon, good my lord! My treat-
 ment is
 A mystery, like all my leeches' craft;
 It scarce would serve my purpose to divulge it.
 'Tis not the fruitage of a moment's growth;
 No, but the slow result of wakeful years,
 Shaped—step by step conducted to one point,
 Whereat, so speed it Heaven! it shall succeed;
 Ay, and succeed it must, this very day,
 Or fail forever.

René.—How! This very day?
Ebn Jahia.—Soon as the sun has sunk beneath the hill,
 And a soft twilight spreads along the vale,
 Such as her eyes, still to the light unused,
 May bear with safety, I will test my plan.

René.—Ah, Ebn Jahia, prithee, not to-day!
 From day to day, from hour to hour, have I,
 With restless eagerness, looked onward for
 This moment: and alas! now it hath come

My heart grows faint, and wishes it away.—
Think what I peril ! When the sun goes down,
My fairest hope, perchance, goes down with it.
Thou'rt wrapt in thought. Art thou content to pause ?

Ebn Jahia.— I will not wait.

René.—Then, tell me, dost thou fear ?
Art thou not certain of the issue ? Thou
Didst put to question yonder silent stars,
From which thy potent art can wring response.
What was their answer ? tell me, *Ebn Jahia*,
The horoscope—was't happy ?

Ebn Jahia.— Yes, it was.
I told you so already. Yet the stars
Inclinant, non necessitant. They influence
The fortunes of mankind, yet do they not
Rule nature's laws with absolute control.
Rest thee at ease : I have no fear for this.
Another hindrance menaces my skill.

René.— A hindrance ?

Ebn Jahia.—One, my liege, I apprehend,
Which you will find it hard to obviate.
Iolanthe, ere I bend me to my task,
Must comprehend what she till now has lacked,
Must learn this very day that she is blind.

René.—No, *Ebn Jahia*, no ; this cannot be !

Ebn Jahia.—It must be, or my skill is powerless.

René.—No, no ! oh, never ! never ? Thou wilt not
Constrain me to this monstrous cruelty,
And strip her all at once, with sudden wrench,
Of that unconsciousness has been her blessing.
Not slowly, by degrees, but all at once,
Force on her tender soul this fearful truth ?
I cannot do it ! No, it may not be !

Ebn Jahia.—E'en as you will. I only can advise ;
And if you will not trust to my advice,
Then I am useless here. So, fare ye well !
Hence to the convent, I ! There you will find me,
If your resolve shall alter. Yet, bethink you ;
Sink but the sun behind yon mountain tops,
My utmost skill cannot again avail. *(Exit.)*

René.—Oh, dreadful strait ! And I so dearly bought
A hope, which yet so soon may be undone !
Shall I destroy at once her cheerful mood,

Convert it into comfortless despair,
 And see her youth grow pale by slow degrees,
 Wither and die in mournful consciousness ?
 He yet shall yield. I will not rest until
 He hears me, and submits to my desire.

(Exit.)

[TRISTAN, who has been unwillingly betrothed to IOLANTHE, though he has never seen her, and does not know that she is blind, enters the cottage where she is sleeping, accompanied by his preceptor GEOFFREY. As he turns to go, he takes the talisman from her breast, and she immediately awakes, and follows him into the garden. He loves her at first sight, and asks her to give him a red rose. He then discovers that she cannot distinguish one flower from another, except by form, texture, or perfume.]

Tristan.—Have they never told thee, then,
 That objects, things, can be distinguished, though
 Placed at a distance—with the aid of sight?

Iolanthe.—At distance? Yes! I by his twittering
 know

The little bird that sits upon the roof,
 And, in like fashion, all men by their voice.
 The sprightly steed whereon I daily ride,
 I know him in the distance by his pace
 And by his neigh. Yet with the help of sight?
 They told me not of that. An instrument
 Fashioned by art, or but a tool, perhaps?
 I do not know this sight. Canst teach me, then,
 Its use and purpose?

Tristan (aside).— O almighty Powers!
 She does not know or dream that she is blind!

Iolanthe (after a pause).—Whence art thou? Thou
 dost use so many words
 I find impossible to understand;
 And in thy converse, too, there is so much
 For me quite new and strange! Say, is the vale
 Which is thy home so very different
 From this of ours? Then stay, if stay thou canst,
 And teach me all that I am wanting in.

Tristan.— I'll come
 Again, and soon—to-day I'll come again.

Wilt thou permit me with thy hand to mark
How high I am, that, when we next shall meet,
Thou may'st distinguish me ?

Iolanthe.— What need of that—
I know that few resemble thee in height.
Thy utterance came to me as from above,
Like all that's high and inconceivable.
And know I not thy tones ? Like as thou speakest
None speak beside. No voice, no melody
I've known in nature or in instrument,
Doth own a resonance so lovely, sweet,
So winning, full, and gracious as thy voice.
Trust me, I'll know thee well amidst them all !

Tristan.—Then fare thee well, until we meet once
more.

Iolanthe.—There, take my hand ! Farewell ! Thou'l^t
come again—
Again, and soon ?—Thou know'st I wait for thee !

[KING RENÉ, the physician, and the attendants return, and MARTHA gathers from what the Princess tells her that she knows her blindness. The King explains to her further what is the sense of sight and bids her go into the cottage with EBN JAHIA, first to sink into a slumber and then to wake seeing, if it be Heaven's will.]

Iolanthe.—What ails thee, father ? Wherefore shakes
thy hand ?
My once dear father, joy'st thou not, that now
The hour has come thou'st panted for so long ?
Thou fearest it will prove unfortunate.
Yet, even then, shall I not be, as ever,
Thy child, thy own dear child—thy child, who joys
To be so dear—joys in her happy lot !—
Let me go in, then.

Rene.— Oh, my child ! my child !
Iolanthe.—Nay, do not fear ! For what my sage kind
master
Has ponder'd well, will prosper, I am sure.
It feels to me as though e'en now I know
The singular power which thou has called the light.
And it hath found its way to me already.
Ah, while that wondrous stranger was beside me

A feeling quivered through me, which I ne'er
 Had known before ; and every word he spoke
 Resounded like an echo in my soul,
 With new and unimagined melodies.
 Didst thou not say the power of light is swift,
 And gives significance to what it touches ?
 That it is also closely blent with warmth—
 With the heart's warmth ? Oh ! I know it is.
 If what thou call'st the light consist in this,
 Then a forewarning tells me it will be
 Revealed to me to-day. Yet on one point
 Thou dost mistake. 'Tis not the eye that sees ;
 Here, close beside the heart, our vision lies ;
 Here is it seated in remembrance sweet,
 A reflex of the light that pierced my soul,
 The light I go with bounding hope to meet ! (Exit.)

[While the King awaits the result of the physician's care, TRISTAN and GEOFFREY return, and TRISTAN learns that the blind girl whom he loves and the Princess whom he hates are the same person.]

[Enter EBN JAHIA, leading IOLANTHE by the hand.]

Iolanthe.— Where art thou leading me ?
 O God ! where am I ? Support me—oh, support me !
Ebn Jahia.— Calm thee, my child !
Iolanthe.— Support me—oh, stand still !
 I ne'er was here before—what shall I do
 In this strange place ? Oh, what is that ? Support me !
 It comes so close on me, it gives me pain.
Ebn Jahia.—Iolanthe, calm thee ! Look upon the
 earth !
 That still hath been to thee thy truest friend,
 And now, too, greets thee with a cordial smile.
 This is the garden thou hast ever tended.
Iolanthe.—My garden—mine ? Alas I know it not.
Ebn Jahia.— Cease your fears, my child.
 These stately trees are the date-palms, whose leaves
 And fruit to thee have long been known.
Iolanthe.— Ah, no !
 Indeed I know them not ! 'This radiance, too,
 That everywhere surrounds me—yon great vault

That arches there above us—oh, how high!—

What is it? Is it God? Is it His Spirit,

Which, as you said, pervades the universe?

Ebn Jahia.—Yon radiance is the radiance of the light.

God is in it, like as He is in all.

Yon blue profound, that fills yon airy vault,

It is the heaven, where, as we do believe,

God hath set up His glorious dwelling-place.

Kneel down, my child! and raise your hands on high,

To heaven's o'erarching vault—to God—and pray.

Iolanthe (kneels).—Mysterious Being, who to me hast spoken

When darkness veiled mine eyes, teach me to seek Thee

In Thy light's beams, that do illume this world;

Still, in the world, teach me to cling to Thee!—

Yes, He hath heard me. I can feel He hath,

And on me pours the comfort of His peace.

He is the only one that speaks to me,

Invisibly and kindly as before.

Ebn Jahia.—Arise! arise, my child, and look around.

Iolanthe.—Say, what are these, that bear such noble forms?

Ebn Jahia.—Thou know'st them all.

Iolanthe.—Ah, no; I can know nothing.

René (approaching *Iolanthe*).—Look on me, *Iolanthe*—me, thy father!

Iolanthe (embracing him).—My father! Oh, my God! Thou art my father!

I know thee now—thy voice, thy clasping hand.

Stay here! Be my protector, be my guide!

I am so strange here in this world of light.

They've taken all that I possessed away—

All that in old time was thy daughter's joy.

René.—I have call'd out a guide for thee, my child.

Iolanthe.—Whom meanest thou?

René (pointing to *Tristan*).—See, he stands expecting thee.

Iolanthe.—The stranger yonder? Is he one of those Bright cherubim thou once didst tell me of?

Is he the angel of the light come down?

René.—Thou knowest him—hast spoken with him. Think!

Iolanthe.—With him? with him? Father, I understand.

In yonder glorious form must surely dwell
The voice that late I heard—gentle, yet strong :
The one sole voice that lives in Nature's round.

(*To Tristan.*) Oh, but one word of what thou said'st before!

Tristan.—Oh, sweet and gracious lady !

Iolanthe.— List ! oh, list !

With these dear words the light's benignant rays
Found out a way to me ; and these sweet words
With my heart's warmth are intimately blent.

Tristan.—Iolanthe ! Dearest !

René.— Blessings on you both
From God, whose wondrous works we all revere !

—*Translation of THEODORE MARTIN*





HERVEY, JAMES, a popular English religious writer, born at Hardingstone, near Northampton, February 26, 1714; died December 25, 1758. He was educated at Lincoln College, Oxford. While there he came under the influence of John Wesley and others of that school, and for some time manifested an inclination toward their theology. Ultimately, however, while retaining his regard for the men and his sympathy for their religious aims, he adopted a Calvinistic creed and decided to retain his connection with the Established Church. His religious writings became highly popular, his *Meditations and Contemplations* (1746-47) passing through fourteen editions in as many years. They embrace *Meditations among the Tombs*, *Reflections on a Flower Garden*, *a Descant on Creation*, and *Contemplations on the Night and Starry Heavens*. In 1753 he published *Remarks on Lord Bolingbroke's Letters on History*, and in 1755 *Theron and Aspasia, or a series of Letters upon the most important and interesting Subjects*. Though lacking in theological or literary merit, Hervey's *Meditations* found great favor, especially among the humbler Scottish and English families, and was generally to be found on the family book-shelf beside the Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress*. Southeby says the book was equally laudable in purpose and vicious in style, and therefore one of the most popular ever written.

A MEDITATION AT NIGHT.

Who that looks upward to the midnight sky, and with an eye of reason beholds its rolling wonders, who can forbear inquiring, Of what were those mighty orbs formed? Amazing to relate! They were produced without materials. They spring from emptiness itself. The stately fabric of universal Nature emerged out of *nothing*. What instruments were used by the Supreme Architect to fashion the parts with such exquisite niceness and give so beautiful a polish to the whole? How was all connected into one finely proportioned and nobly finished structure? A bare fiat accomplished all. "Let them be," said God. He added no more; and immediately the marvellous edifice arose; adorned with every beauty; displaying innumerable perfections; and declaring amidst enraptured seraphs, its great Creator's praise. By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth. What forceful machinery fixed some of those ponderous globes on an immovable basis? What irresistible impulse bowled others through the circuit of the heavens? What coercive energy confined their impetuous courses within limits astonishingly large, yet most minutely true? Nothing but his Sovereign Will. For all things were at first constituted, and all to this day abide, "according to his ordinance."

Without any toilsome assiduity or laborious process, to raise, to touch, to speak such a multitude of immense bodies into being; to launch them through the spaces of the sky, as an arrow from the hand of a giant; to impress on such unwieldy masses a motion far outstripping the swiftness of the winged creation; and to continue them in the same rapid whirl for thousands and thousands of years; what an amazing instance of infinite might is this! Rather is not all that we count difficult, perfect ease to that glorious Being, who only spake, and the world was made? who only gave command, and the stupendous axle was lodged fast, the lofty wheels moved complete?—*Meditations and Contemplations.*



HERVEY, THOMAS KIBBLE, an English journalist and poet, born at Manchester in 1799; died near London in February, 1859. He studied at Cambridge and Oxford, but did not take a degree. He began the study of law, but abandoned it for literature. He contributed to various periodicals, especially to the *Athenæum*, of which he was editor from 1846 to 1854. His principal publications are *The Poetical Sketch-Book* (1829); *The Devil's Progress* (1830); *Illustrations of Modern Sculpture* (1832); *The Book of Christmas* (1836), and *England's Helicon in the Nineteenth Century* (1841).

Moir, in his *Poetical Literature of the Past Half-Century*, has the following guarded words concerning Hervey's writings: "His genius is not unallied to that of Pringle and Watts, but with a dash of Thomas Moore. He writes uniformly with taste and elaboration, and, had he addressed himself more earnestly and unreservedly to the task of composition, I have little doubt, from several specimens he has exhibited, that he might have occupied a higher place in our poetical literature than he can be said to have attained. His *Australia*, and several of his lyrics, were juvenile pledges of future excellence which maturity can scarcely be said to have fully redeemed."

His wife, ELEONORA LOUISA (MONTAGUE), born in 1811, wrote several dramatic poems, tales, and juvenile books.

THE CONVICT SHIP.

Morn on the water ! and, purple and bright,
 Bursts on the billows the flushing of light ;
 O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
 See the tall vessel goes gallantly on ;
 Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
 And her pennon streams onward, like Hope, in the
 gale ;

The winds come around her, in murmur and song.
 And the surges rejoice as they bear her along ;
 See ! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
 And the sailor sings gayly aloft in the shrouds.
 Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
 Over the waters—away, and away !
 Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
 Passing away, like a dream of the heart !
 Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
 Music around her, and sunshine on high—
 Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
 Oh ! there be hearts that are breaking below !

Night on the waves !—and the moon is on high,
 Hung like a gem, on the brow of the sky,
 Treading its depths in the power of her might,
 And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light !
 Look to the waters !—asleep on their breast,
 Seems not the ship like an island of rest ?
 Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
 Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain !

Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
 Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
 Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
 A phantom of beauty—could deem with a sigh,
 That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
 And that souls that are smitten lie bursting within ?
 Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
 Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
 Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
 Hearts which are parted and broken forever ?
 Or deems that he watches afloat on the wave,
 The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave ?
 "Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
 Like a vessel at sea, amidst sunshine and song !

Gayly we glide, in the gaze of the world,
 With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurled,
 All gladness and glory, to wondering eyes,
 Yet chartered by sorrow and freighted with sighs :
 Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
 As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears ;
 And the withering thoughts which the world cannot
 know,
 Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below ;
 Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
 Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and
 o'er.

HOPE.

Again, again, she comes ! Methinks I hear
 Her wild, sweet singing, and her rushing wings ;
 My heart goes forth to meet her with a tear,
 And welcome sends from all its broken strings.
 It was not thus—not thus—we met of yore,
 When my plumed soul went half-way to the sky
 To greet her ; and the joyous song she bore
 Was scarce more tuneful than the glad reply :
 The wings are fettered by the weight of years,
 And grief has spoiled the music with her tears.

She comes ! I know her by her starry eyes,
 I know her by the rainbow in her hair ;
 Her vesture of the light and summer skies ;
 But gone the girdle which she used to wear
 Of summer roses, and the sandal flowers
 That hung enamored round her fairy feet,
 When, in her youth, she haunted earthy bowers,
 And culled from all the beautiful and sweet.
 No more she mocks me with her voice of mirth,
 Nor offers now the garlands of the earth.

Come back, come back ! thou hast been absent long
 Oh ! welcome back the Sibyl of the soul,
 Who came, and comes again, with pleading strong,
 To offer to the heart her mystic scroll ;
 Though every year she wears a sadder look,
 And sings a sadder song ; and every year

Some further leaves are torn from out her book,
 And fewer what she brings, and far more dear.
 As once she came, Oh, might she come again,
 With all the perished volumes offered then !

She comes ! She comes ! Her voice is in mine ear—
 Her mild, sweet voice, that sings, and sings forever,
 Whose strains of song sweet thoughts awake to hear,
 Like flowers that haunt the margin of a river ;
 (Flowers that, like lovers, only speak in sighs,
 Whose thoughts are hues, whose voices are their
 hearts,)

Oh—thus the spirit yearns to pierce the skies,
 Exulting throbs, though all save hope departs :
 Thus the glad freshness of our sinless years
 Is watered over by the heart's rich tears.

She comes ! I know her by her radiant eyes,
 Before whose smile the long dim cloud departs.
 And if a darker shade be on her brow,
 And if her tones be sadder than of yore,
 And if she sings more solemn music now,
 And bears another harp than erst she bore,
 And if around her form no longer glow
 The earthly flowers that in her youth she wore—
 That look is loftier and that song more sweet,
 And heaven's flowers—the stars—are at her feet.





HERVIEU, PAUL, a popular French novelist and dramatist, was born at Neuilly, near Paris, in 1857. He was educated for the law and also for a diplomatic career. In 1881 he was appointed secretary to the French legation in the city of the Montezumas. Thereupon preferring, like all Frenchmen, Paris to any other place, and particularly Mexico, he gave up diplomacy together with the Napoleonic Code, and went into fiction.

His principal works are *Flirt* and *L'Armature* (1895), and a comedy called *Les Paroles Restent*, which was brought out at the Vaudevilles in 1893. He has also written a play for the Théâtre Français. He has been called the new Zola, for he has all of Zola's intensity and dramatic instinct, without any of the latter's grossness. "He is one," says Stuart Henry in *Vanity*, 1895, "of the five or six great figures among the French writers of between thirty and forty years of age whose works have found favor in Germany, Russia, England, and America." His *L'Armature*, a powerful picture of the tyranny of the almighty dollar, has made the most profound impression of any recent novel in Paris. Hervieu has read his Schopenhauer and travelled across Germany, and has the attitude and action of a brainy student. The talent of M. Hervieu consists primarily of his powers of observation, and his forcible style. He always conceives the general plan of a book be-

fore he concedes anything to paper. Then he makes a full outline of the work and afterward carefully goes over the whole, converting the language into forcible French and supplying the details, data, and impressions with which his mind is well stored. He is not a symbolist. He maintains that classifications of literature into schools are merely convenient things with which to cudgel our literary adversaries, and cherish the comfortable notion that "only my friends and I have genius, and even my friends—."

RIRI LOST ; RIRI FOUND.

In the open space before the church I came upon a tumultuous crowd. In the midst of it were three persons crying and gesticulating. It was Riri's two grandfathers and his mother, all three of them red and perspiring. As soon as the young woman spied me, "Monsieur ! monsieur !" she entreated. "Have you seen him ? My little Riri—you know him, do you not ?"

She burst into sobs. Two hours ago her little boy had disappeared. She explained this to me in hurried and broken phrases. The nurse had brought Riri back to their villa for his luncheon. For one moment he was left alone in the garden. One moment ! And there was no more Riri !

Disturbed by contradictory emotions, I regarded her attentively. With confident eagerness she implored my help. Among the faces of the passers-by she had caught sight of mine, which, of course, was not quite strange to her. In such a calamity that seemed enough to constitute me her friend.

I look at her with more and more attention. The splendor of maternal love shines through the apple-bloom of her cheeks, vibrates in her quivering nostrils, and wide, light eyes. She is transfigured. She is—well, yes—she is beautiful.

I find myself instantly absorbed into the anxious

group of these unknown persons from whom a moment before I had been fleeing, with a heart full of hatred and malice.

Is there anything for me to do but to help? I am dragged along in the disorderly procession of the family. The two grandmothers are added to it. Their alarmed inquiries go from one to the other. I am carried on between them. One of them has no bonnet, the other limps lamentably.

To right and left the astonished people on the streets part to let our procession, of which I am the centre, through. Each one looks back constantly, looks forward and around, reasons and argues, hesitates, and takes at a venture any accidental direction. Complaints, prayers, advice, suppositions resound on all sides.

A little farther on an old peasant woman in a cart was interrogated, and mumbled, in reply :

"No, no, I ain't seen nothing like that, nothing at all. Only thing I've met was a lot of gypsies, and two pretty ugly-looking bears they had, too."

Riri stolen! By mountebanks! How was it they had not thought of this horrible possibility, which was received with as much consternation as if it had been the news of his death.

Nevertheless, the old woman's news was precious. They hasten back to the village. I offer the tilbury which was harnessed up for me. The two grandfathers hoist themselves into it. Riri's father follows them, his stiff, pale face paler than ever. The coachman cracks his whip. They are lost in a cloud of dust. Those that are left seem to scatter unconsciously. When I turn, they are all off on the search.

This drama, so simple in itself, but as yet dignified by the mystery as to its dénouement, had produced in me unaccountable sensations. My whole nervous system, all my muscles, relaxed for so many weeks, recovered their free play and natural expression. It seemed to me that my blood flowed more freely, and filled my veins with waves more pure and abundant, since a powerful pity had dislodged from my heart all my misanthropical emotions and selfish anxieties. With slow footsteps I passed along the shady path that leads to the flowery cemetery

of Veules. Situated at the top of the cliffs no monument saddens it with funeral architecture or intercepts the splendid panorama of the open sea. Only small crosses spread over the earth their humble wooden arms. At the entrance, however, an abandoned chapel, without roof or front, raises still its three walls of consecrated stone. In its niches wild flowers have replaced the statues of the saints. I sought there a shelter from the sharp wind blowing in from the sea.

The night was falling, the cool twilight was full of aromas and of mystery. As the sand crushed beneath my feet, a little cherub's head, all yellow and rose-tinted, glanced through the ruins and vanished among the tombs.

A superstitious shiver ran over me: What an unexpected vision!—at this hour!—in this place!

A second time a fleeting glimpse of a moving silhouette caught my eye. Suddenly, with a revealing instinct, I called imperatively, “Riri!”

I leaned forward, the better to see and hear. Immediately a child ran toward me, threw a great bunch of poppies to me, then turned about and scampered away.

But I soon seized this little body, as slippery as a lizard, and set off at a great pace for the village. Filled with proud exultation at my lucky zeal, I looked here and there for the only arms that had the right to receive from mine their supple and struggling burden.

As I went, holding the soft, warm little body close to mine, as Riri, the terror, tired at last, nestled in my arms, the little yellow head went down on my shoulders, and the mischievous eyes looked up at me with a tender caress—must I confess it?—my sick body and mind felt the healing of the childish touch, and Riri did not miss the tender kisses nor even the silly baby-talk to which he was accustomed.—*From Riri; translated by ELIZABETH ELLIOT.*





HERWEGH, GEORG, a German poet, born at Stuttgart, Würtemberg, May 31, 1817; died at Baden-Baden, April 7, 1875. He studied theology at Tübingen, but gave it up for literature. Several of his articles in the *Review Europa* attracted the attention of the King of Würtemberg, who exempted him from military duty, in order that he might cultivate his talents. A quarrel with an officer deprived him of the royal favor, and he fled to Switzerland. In 1841 he published at Zurich a volume of political poems, *Gedichte eines Lebendigen* ("Poems of a Living Man"), which produced a great sensation. Herwegh's dream was of a united Fatherland. In 1842 he travelled in Germany, and had an interview with King William IV., whose last words to him were, "Let us be honest enemies." On the same day the King's ministers, who had previously suppressed the *Gedichte*, forbade the sale of a journal of which Herwegh had been appointed editor, but to which he had not yet contributed an article. His letter of remonstrance to the King procured his banishment. He returned to Switzerland, and in 1844 published a second volume of *Gedichte*, decidedly revolutionary. In the same year he went to Paris, and associated with the Radical leaders there. In the revolutionary movement of 1848 he organized a legion of French and German workmen, with whom he entered the Grand

Duchy of Baden. The legion was routed by the Würtemberg soldiery at Dossenbach, and he owed his escape to the courage and energy of his wife, who had followed him. He afterward took up his residence in Berlin. Besides his *Gedichte*, he published *Ein-und-zwanzig Bogen aus der Schweiz* ("Twenty-one Leaves from Switzerland"), *Zwei Preussenlieder*, a translation of Lamartine's works, and translations of several of Shakespeare's plays.

THE MIDNIGHT WALK.

With Midnight's spirit to and fro I walk
 The lengthy streets, where silence reigns supreme—
 How wept they here, how did they laugh and talk
 One hour ago!—And now again they dream.
 Here pleasure, like a flower, lies pale and wan,
 The wildest goblet pours no more its stream,
 And sorrow with the sun's bright beam is gone,
 The world is weary—let it, let it dream!

To fragments dashed, my hate and rancor cease,
 When storm no more its vengeful arm outspreads,
 The moon its reconciling beams of peace
 O'er e'en the faded leaves of roses sheds.
 As noiseless as a star, light like a tone,
 My soul within these places hovers round;
 It fain would penetrate, e'en as its own,
 Of human dreams the secret depths profound.

Behind me, like a spy, my shadow creeps,
 Now stand I still before a dungeon's grate.
 O'er her too faithful son his country weeps,
 He bitterly his love did expiate.
 He sleeps—feels he the loss that bowed him down?
 Dreams he perhaps of his oaks? Dreams he anon,
 His brow is decked by victory's bright crown?
 O God of freedom, let him still dream on!

How narrow is yon cot beside the stream!
 There innocence and hunger share our bed

The lord leaves to the countryman his dream,
That it may save him from his waking dread ;
With every grain that falls from Morpheus's hands,
He sees around him golden cornfield beam,
The narrow cottage to a world expands.
O God of want, O let the poor man dream !

At yon last house, upon the bench of stone,
I'll beg a blessing, and repose awhile ;
I love thee well, my child, but not alone,
With freedom must thou ever share my smile.
Thou'rt rocked by turtledoves in golden sky,
I see alone the war-steed's eyeballs gleam ;
Thou dream'st of butterflies, of eagles I :
O God of love, O let my maiden dream !

Thou star, who break'st like Fortune through the
clouds !
Thou night, with thy deep, silent, azure space,
Let not the world, when bursting from Night's shrouds,
Too soon gaze on my grief-distorted face !
The sun's first ray will but a tear reveal,
And Freedom must give way to day's first beam,
Fell tyranny again will whet the steel,
O God of dreams, O let us all still dream !

—*Translation of ALFRED BASKERVILLE.*





HESIOD, a Greek poet, a native and resident of Ascra, in Bœotia, at the foot of Mt. Helicon, one of the abodes of the Muses. Herodotus supposed that both Hesiod and Homer lived some four centuries before his time, or about 850 B.C. Hesiod, then, must have lived two centuries later than David, and about a century and a half earlier than Isaiah ; and about a century before the foundation of Rome. Assuming that Hesiod and Homer were contemporaries, there is nothing to indicate that either of them knew anything of the other or of his works. Of Hesiod personally we know nothing except what may be gathered from almost incidental passages in his works. From these it would appear that his father, who had led a seafaring life, emigrated from Æola to Bœotia. Hesiod thus says to his brother Perses :

HESIOD TO PERSES.

O witless Perses, thus for honest gain,
Thus did our mutual father plough the main.
Erst from Æolian Kyme's distant shore
Hither in sable ships his course he bore ;
Through the wide seas his venturous way he took ;
No revenues, nor prosperous ease forsook.
His wandering course from poverty began—
The visitation sent from Heaven to man.
In Ascra's wretched hamlet, at the feet
Of Helicon, he fixed his humble seat :
Ungenial clime—in wintry cold severe,
And summer heat—and joyless through the year.

But the emigrant seems to have prospered in his new home; for he left a competent estate to be shared between his two sons. Perses, the younger, seems to have been a wild scapegrace, who at the outset got more than his proper share of the patrimony, and when he had run through it tried, not unsuccessfully, to get hold of a part of that which had fallen to his elder brother Hesiod, who, notwithstanding, cherished a fondness for his ne'er-do-well brother, and tried to dissuade him from his evil ways, insinuating that these were to be attributed to his having married an extravagant wife. Hesiod himself seems to have led a quiet life on his paternal acres, of the management of which he took good care; but nevertheless devoting himself to what we should now call "literary work." Upon only one occasion did he ever leave his native district and venture across the sea; and that was in order to be present at a musical contest which was to be held at Chalcis, on the island of Eubœa, now Egripo; and he mentions this mainly for the purpose of dissuading Perses from doing anything of this kind.

HESIOD'S ONE SEA-VOYAGE.

If thy rash thoughts on merchandise be placed,
Lest debts ensnare or woful hunger waste,
Learn now the courses of the roaring sea,
Though ships and voyages are strange to me.
Ne'er o'er the sea's broad way my course I bore,
Save once from Aulis to the Eubœan shore :
From Aulis, where the mighty Argive host
The winds awaiting, lingered on the coast,
From sacred Greece assembled to destroy
The guilty walls of beauty-blooming Troy.

This voyage from Aulis to Eubœa could hardly have been an adventurous one; it was certainly a short one, for the distance from the mainland to the island, at their nearest approach, is only about forty yards. Here ends all that we are credibly told of the life of Hesiod; though writers who lived a thousand years or more after him have invented sundry other incidents, among which is a contest between him and Homer for the supreme place in the divine art of song.

The extant poems ascribed to Hesiod are the *Works and Days*, the authenticity of which has never been questioned; the *Theogony*, the authenticity of which has been disputed, but is almost universally admitted; the *Shield of Hercules*, which is probably spurious, although it is not at all unlike Hesiod. Besides these, mention is made by later writers of several other poems attributed to Hesiod, which are no longer extant, or at most only detached quotations from them.

The *Works and Days* is in form an admonitory epistle from Hesiod to his brother Perses. It naturally divides itself into three parts, each containing some three or four hundred lines. The first part sets forth, by the aid of myth, fable, allegory, and proverbial sayings, the superiority of worthy emulation over envying and unworthy strife; of honest labor and economy over idleness and prodigality. The second part consists of practical rules and hints as to husbandry. The third part is a kind of religious calendar of the months of the year, noticing the days of the month which are lucky or unlucky for the occupations of rural life. The extracts which follow are from the translation by

GOOD COUNSEL TO PERSES.

Small care be his of wrangling and debate,
 For whose ungathered food the garners wait ;
 Who wants within the summer's plenty stored
 Earth's kindly fruits and Ceres's yearly hoard :
 With these replenished, at the brawling bar,
 For other's wealth go instigate the war.
 But this thou may'st no more : let justice guide—
 Best boon of heaven—and further strife decide.

Not so we shared the patrimonial land,
 When greedy pillage filled thy grasping hand ;
 The bribe-devouring judges, smoothed by thee,
 The sentence willed, and stamped the false decree
 O fools and blind ! to whose misguided soul
 Unknown how far the half exceeds the whole ;
 Unknown the good that healthful mallows yield
 And asphodel—the daintiest of the field.

—*Works and Days.*

PANDORA, THE BEAUTEOUS EVIL.

The Sire who rules the earth and sways the pole
 Had said—and laughter filled his secret soul.
 He bade the crippled god his hest obey,
 And mould with tempering water plastic clay ;
 With human nerve and human voice invest
 The limbs elastic, and the breathing breast ;
 Fair as the blooming goddesses above—
 A virgin's likeness with the looks of love.
 He bade Minerva teach the skill that sheds
 A thousand colors in the gliding threads ;
 He called the magic of love's golden Queen
 To breathe around a witchery of mien,
 And eager passion's never-sated flame,
 And cares of dress that prey upon the frame ;
 Bade Hermes last endue with craft refined
 Of treacherous manners, and a shameless mind ;
 Adored Persuasion and the Graces young,
 Her tapered limbs with golden jewels hung ;
 Round her fair brow the lovely tressèd Hours
 A golden garland twined of Spring's purpureal flowers
 The name of Pandora to the maid was given,

For all the gods conferred a gifted grace
 Torown this mischief of the mortal race.
 The Sire commands the wingèd herald bear
 The finished nymph—the inextricable snare.
 To Epimetheus was the present brought :
 Prometheus's warning vanished from his thought,
 That he disclaim each offering from the skies,
 And straight restore, lest ill to man should rise.
 But he received, and conscious knew too late
 The invidious gift, and felt the curse of Fate.

The woman's hands an ample casket bear ;
 She lifts the lid—she scatters ills in air ;
 Hope sole remained within, nor took her flight
 Beneath the casket's verge concealed from sight.
 The unbroken cell with closing lid the maid
 Sealed, and the Cloud-Assembler's voice obeyed.
 Issued the rest, in quick dispersion hurled,
 And woes innumerable roamed the breathing world :
 With ills the land is rife, with ills the sea ;
 Diseases haunt our frail humanity ;
 Self-wandering through the noon, the night, they glide
 Voiceless—a voice the Power all-wise denied.
 Know, then, this awful truth : It is not given
 To elude the wisdom of omniscient Heaven.

—*Works and Days.*

MAN IN THE GOLDEN AGE.

Strangers to ill, they Nature's banquets proved ;
 Rich in earth's fruits, and of the blest beloved,
 They sank in death, as opiate slumber stole
 Soft o'er the sense, and whelmed the willing soul.
 Theirs was each good : the grain-exuberant soul
 Poured its full harvest uncomelled by toil ;
 The virtuous many dwelt in common blest,
 And all unenvying shared what all in peace possessed.

—*Works and Days.*

THE EVER-PRESENT INVISIBLE GODS.

Invisible, the gods are ever nigh,
 Pass through the midst, and bend the all-seeing eye.
 Who on each other prey, who wrest the right—
 Aweless of heaven's revenge—are open to their sight ;

For thrice ten thousand holy dæmons rove
 The nurturing earth—the delegates of Jove ;
 Hovering, they glide to earth's extremest bound ;
 A cloud aërial veils their forms around :
 Guardians of man, their glance alike surveys
 The upright judgments and the unrighteous ways.

—*Works and Days.*

CHOOSING A WIFE.

Let no fair woman, robed in loose array,
 That speaks the wanton, tempt thy feet astray ;
 Who soft demands if thine abode be near,
 And blandly lisps and murmurs in thine ear.
 Thy slippery trust the charmer shall beguile,
 For lo ! the thief is ambushed in her smile.
 But choose thy wife from those that round thee dwell,
 Weighing—lest neighbors jeer—thy choice full well.
 Than wife that's good man finds no greater gain,
 But feast-frequenting mates are simply bane :
 Such, without fire, a stout man's frame consume,
 And to crude old age bring his manhood's bloom.

—*Works and Days.*

THE TIME FOR SOWING AND FOR REAPING.

When, Atlas-born, the Pleiad stars arise,
 Before the sun above the dawning skies,
 'Tis time to reap ; and when they sink below
 The morn-illumined west, 'tis time to sow.
 Know, too, they set, immersed into the sun,
 While forty days entire their circle run ;
 And with the lapse of the revolving year,
 When sharpened is the sickle, reappear :
 Law of the fields, and known to every swain
 Who turns the labored soil beside the main,
 Or who, remote from billowy ocean's gales,
 Tills the rich glebe of inland-winding vales.

—*Works and Days.*

WINTRY WEATHER.

Beware the January month ; beware,
 Those hurtful days, the keenly piercing air
 Which flays the steers, while frosts their horrors cast,
 Congeal the ground, and sharpen every blast.

From Thracia's courser-teeming region sweeps
 The northern wind ; and, breathing on the deeps,
 Heaves wide the troubled surge : earth echoing roars
 From the deep forests and the sea-beat shores.
 He from the mountain-top, with shattering stroke,
 Rends the broad pine, and many a branching oak
 Hurls 'thwart the glen, when sudden, from on high,
 With headlong fury rushing down the sky,
 The whirlwind stoops to earth ; then deepening round
 Swells the loud storm, and all the boundless woods re-
 sound.

The beasts their cowering tails with trembling fold,
 And shrink and shudder at the gusty cold.
 Though thick the hairy coat, the shaggy skin,
 Yet that all-chilling breath shall pierce within.
 Not his rough hide the ox can then avail,
 The long-haired goat defenceless feels the gale ;
 Yet vain the north wind's rushing strength to wound
 The flock, with sheltering fleeces fenced around.
 And now the horned and unhorned kind,
 Whose lair is in the wood, sore famished grind
 Their sounding jaws, and frozen and quaking fly,
 Where the oaks the mountain dells embranch on high ;
 They seek to crouch in thickets of the glen,
 Or lurk deep-sheltered in the den,
 Like aged men who, propped on crutches, tread
 Tottering, with broken strength and stooping head—
 So move the beasts of earth, and, creeping low,
 Shun the white flakes, and dread the drifting snow.

—*Works and Days.*

Each of the thirty days which composed the original Greek month was lucky or unlucky—some for people in general, some for particular classes. Thus, the fourth was lucky for marriages, because it was sacred to Aphrodite and Hermes; the fifth was very unlucky, because on it was born Horcus, the deity who punishes false swearing; the sixth was unlucky for marriages, because it was the birthday of the virgin goddess Artemis; the seventh was especially lucky, be-

cause it was the birthday of Hermes; and so on. Here are a few of the days which were of special good omen to husbandmen, for whom Hesiod was more particularly writing :

SOME LUCKY DAYS OF THE MONTH.

The eighth, nor less the ninth, with favoring skies
 Speeds of the increasing month each rustic enterprise ;
 And on the eleventh let thy flocks be shorn,
 And on the twelfth be reaped thy golden corn :
 Both days are good—yet is the twelfth confest
 More fortunate, with fairer omen blest :
 On this the air-suspending spider treads,
 In the full noon, his fine and self-spun threads,
 And the wise emmet, tracking dark the plain,
 Heaps provident the store of golden grain :
 On this let careful woman's nimble hand
 Throw first the shuttle, and the web expand.

—*Works and Days.*

Interspersed throughout the *Works and Days* are wise maxims, terse aphorisms, and proverbial sayings, which doubtless were household words in Bœotia. Thus :

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

Hand work will best uncertain fortune mend.

Famine evermore
 Is natural consort to the idle boor.

Little to little added, if oft done,
 In small time makes a good possession.

The summer day
 Endures not ever : toil ye while ye may.

Ever with loss the putter-off contends.

The morn the third part of thy work doth gain ;
 The morn makes short thy way, makes short thy pain.

When broached, or at the lees, no care be thine
To save thy cask ; but spare the middle wine.

When on your home falls unforeseen distress,
Half-clothed come neighbors ; kinsmen stay to dress.

Lo ! the best treasure is a frugal tongue ;
The lips of moderate speech with grace are hung.

No rumor wholly dies, once bruited wide ;
But deathless like a goddess doth abide.

The fool first suffers, and is after wise.

Often the crimes of one destructive fall.
The crimes of one are visited on all.

The *Theogony* ("Origin of the Gods," though perhaps a better title would be *Cosmogony*, "Origin of the Universe") is a poem of loftier aim than the *Works and Days*. It was for ages the text-book of the Greek cult. Much of it indeed seems trivial or absurd when viewed from the stand-point of our own times ; but there are portions of it which rise to the loftiest heights of poetry. Such is the story of Prometheus, who, according to the Hesiodic legend, had twice deceived Zeus—the last time by stealing from Olympus the sacred fire which Zeus had denied to man after the first fraud.

ZEUS AND PROMETHEUS.

Zeus, the first fraud remembering, from that hour
The strength of unexhausted fire denied
To all the dwellers upon earth. But him
Did Prometheus, the friend of man, beguile :
The far-seen splendor in a hollow reed
He stole of inexhaustible flame. And then
Resentment stung the Thunderer's inmost soul,
And his heart chafed with anger when he saw

The fire far-gleaming in the midst of men
 Straight for the flame purloined devised he ill. . . .
 Prometheus, versed
 In various whiles, he bound with fettering chains
 Indissoluble, chains of galling weight,
 Midway a column. Down he sent from high
 The broad-winged eagle : She his liver gorged
 Immortal : for it sprang with life, and grew
 In the night season, and the waste repaired
 Of what by day the bird of spreading wing de-
 voured. . . .

Know that it is not given thee to deceive
 The god, nor yet elude the omniscient mind ;
 For not Prometheus, void of blame to man,
 Could 'scape the burden of oppressive wrath ;
 And vain his various wisdom—vain to free
 From pangs, or burst the inextricable chain.

—*Theogony*.

Another fine passage is that which describes Asteria—the Star-Goddess—who gives valor to the soldier, wisdom to the ruler, dexterity to the contestants in the sacred games, and skill to charioteers and mariners.

ASTERIA—THE STAR-GODDESS.

When mailed men arise
 To deadly battle, comes the goddess prompt
 To whom she wills, bids rapid victory
 Await them, and extends the wreath of fame.
 She sits upon the sacred judgment-seat
 Of venerable rulers. She is found
 Propitious when in solemn games the youth
 Contending strive : there is the goddess nigh
 With succor. He whose hardiment and strength
 Victorious prove, with ease the graceful palm
 Achieving, joyous o'er his father's age
 Sheds a bright gleam of glory. She is known
 To them propitious who the fiery steed
 Rein in the course ; and them who laboring cleave
 Through the blue waste the untrackable way.

—*Theogony*.

But the grandest passage in the *Theogony* is that which describes the victory of Zeus over the rebel Titans, and the hundred-headed monster Typhoeus—half-human, half-serpent. This must have chanted itself in the soul of Milton as he meditated the warfare in heaven, in *Paradise Lost*:

ZEUS AND THE TITANS.

All on that day roused infinite the war,
 Female and male : the Titan deities,
 The gods from Kronos sprung, and those whom Zeus
 From subterranean gloom released to light—
 Terrible, strong, of force enormous. Burst
 A hundred arms from all their shoulders huge ;
 From all their shoulders fifty heads upsprang
 O'er limbs of sinewy mould. They then arrayed
 Against the Titans in fell combat stood,
 And in their nervous arms wielded aloft
 Precipitous rocks. On the other side alert
 The Titans, phalanx closed. Then hands of strength
 Joined prowess, and displayed the works of war.
 Tremendous then the immeasurable sea
 Roared ; earth resounded, the wide heavens throughout
 Groaned shuddering ; from its base Olympus vast
 Reeled to the violence of the gods ; the shock
 Of deep concussion rocked the dark abyss
 Remote of Tartarus : the shrilling din
 Of hollow tramplings and strong battle-strokes.
 And measureless uproar of wild pursuit.
 So they reciprocal their weapons hurled
 Groan-scattering ; and the shout of either host,
 Burst in resounding ardor to the stars
 Of heaven ; with mighty war-cries either host
 Encountering closed. Nor longer then did Zeus
 Curb his full power ; but instant in his soul
 There grew dilated strength, and it was filled
 With his omnipotence. At once he loosed
 His whole of might, and put forth all the god.
 The vaulted sky, the mount Olympian flashed
 With his continual presence ; for he passed

incessant forth, and scattered fires on fires.
Hurled from his mighty grasp the lightnings flew
Reiterated swift ; the whirling flash
Cast sacred splendor, and the thunderbolt
Fell. Roared around the nurture-yielding earth
In conflagration ; for on either side
The immensity of forests crackling blazed ;
Yea, the broad earth burned red, the streams that mix
With ocean, and the deserts of the sea.
Round and round the Titan brood of earth
Rolled the hot vapor of its fiery surge,
The liquid heat air's pure expanse divine
Suffused ; the radiance keen of quivering flame
That shot from writhen lightnings, each dim orb—
Strong though they were—intolerable smote,
And scorched their blasted vision. Through the void
Of Erebus the preternatural glare
Spread mingling fire with darkness. But to see
With human eye, and hear with ear of man,
Had been as if midway the spacious heaven
Shocked hurling with earth, e'en as nether earth
Crashed from the centre, and the wreck of heaven
Fell ruinous from high. So vast the din
When, gods encountering gods, the clang of arms
Commingled, and the tumult roared from heaven.

—*Theogony.*

The Titans, overwhelmed, were driven to Tartarus, “as far beneath, under the earth, as heaven is from earth,” where they were imprisoned with the hundred-handed giants set over them as keepers, and Day and Night acting as janitors in front of the brazen threshold. But the hundred-headed, fire-breathing, man-serpent, monster Typhœus had yet to be subdued.

ZEUS AND TYPHŒUS.

Intuitive and vigilant and strong,
Zeus thundered. Instantaneous all around
Earth reeled with horrible crash ; the firmament

Roared of high heaven, the ocean streams, and seas,
 And uttermost caverns. While the king in wrath
 Uprose ; beneath his everlasting feet
 Trembled Olympus ; groaned the steadfast earth.
 From either side a burning radiance caught
 The darkly rolling ocean, from the flash
 Of light, and the monster's darted flame,
 Hot thunder-bolts, and blasts of fiery winds.
 Glowed earth, air, sea ; the billows heaved on high,
 Foamed round the shores, and dashed on every side
 Beneath the rush of gods. Concussion wild
 And unappeasable arose ; aghast
 The gloomy monarch of the infernal dead
 Trembled ; the sub-Tartarean Titans heard,
 E'en where they stood, and Kronos in the midst—
 They heard appalled the unextinguished rage
 Of tumult and the din of dreadful war.

Now when the god—the fulness of his might
 Gathering at once—had grasped his radiant arms—
 The glowing thunder-bolt and bickering flame—
 He from the summit of the Olympian mount
 Leapt at a bound, and smote him. Hissed at once
 The horrible monster's heads enormous, scorched
 In one conflagrant blaze. When thus the god
 Had quelled him, thunder-smitten, mangled, prone
 He fell ; beneath his weight earth groaning shook.
 Flame from the lightning-stricken prodigy
 Flashed 'mid the mountain hollows, rugged, dark,
 Where he fell smitten. Broad earth glowed intense,
 From that unbounded vapor, and dissolved.
 As fusile tin, by art of youths, above
 The wide-brimmed vase up-bubbling, foams with heat,
 Or iron, hardest of the mine, subdued
 By burning flame, amid the mountain dells
 Melts in the sacred caves beneath the hands
 Of Vulcan—so earth melted in the glare
 Of blazing fire. Zeus down wide Hell's abyss
 His victims hurled, in bitterness of soul.

—*Theogony.*

If Milton has caught inspiration from these strains of Hesiod, so the translator of the *Theogony* caught the majestic sweep of *Paradise Lost*. It

would be hard to say which is the nobler song. Hesiod's celestial combat is in general better managed than Milton's. We have in him no mailed gods and demi-gods fighting with sword, spear, and cannon; no tearing up mountains by the roots and hurling them at each other; they only fling "precipitous rocks." On the other hand, Hesiod makes omnipotent Zeus "loosen his whole of might;" while in Milton the conquering Son puts forth only half his strength. Above all, in Hesiod there is nothing at all comparable to the two supreme lines of Milton:

" Attended by ten thousand thousand saints
He onward came—far off his coming shone."





HEYLIN, PETER, an English clergyman and writer of polemics and ecclesiastical history, born at Burford, Oxfordshire, November 29, 1600; died in London, May 8, 1662. Being of good family and of a studious disposition he was entered at Hart Hall, Oxford, in 1613, and at Magdalen College in 1615, and earned many degrees for scholarship. He was made Chaplain to Charles I.; assigned to the rectorship of Hemmingford, Hunts, and to that of Islip; and also made prebendary of Westminster, treasurer to its chapter, and subsequently sub-dean. He took a vigorous part in the religious controversies preceding the civil war, showing himself a bitter and uncompromising foe to Puritanism. He wrote nearly forty separate works, the most important of which are *Microcosmus, or a Description of the Great World* (1662), and *A History of the Reformation*. In 1625 he made a tour in France, in which he gives a lively narrative in his *Voyage of France*. He was an honest disputant, but full of theological rancor. He was a diligent writer and investigator, a good ecclesiastical lawyer, and had his learning always at command. Southey says of his account of his journeyings in France: "This is one of our liveliest books of travel in its lighter parts, and one of the wisest and most replete with information that was ever written by a young man."

THE FRENCH PEOPLE AND THEIR LANGUAGE.

The present French is nothing but an old Gaul moulded into a new name ; as rash he is, as headstrong, and as hare-brained. A nation whom you shall win with a feather, and lose with a straw ; upon the first sight of him, you shall have him as familiar as your sleep, or the necessity of breathing. In one hour's conference you may endear him to you, in the second unbutton him, the third pump him dry of all his secrets, and he gives them you as faithfully as if you were his ghostly father, and bound to conceal them *sub sigillo confessionis* "under the seal of confession"—when you have learned this, you may lay him aside, for he is no longer serviceable. If you have any humor in holding him in a further acquaintance—a favor which he confesseth, and I believe him, he is unworthy of—himself will make the first separation : he hath said over his lesson now unto you, and now must find out somebody else to whom to repeat it. Fare him well ; he is a garment whom I would be loath to wear above two days together, for in that time he will be threadbare. In his private self-conceitedness he hateth the Spaniard, loveth not the English, and contemneth the German ; himself is the only courtier and complete gentleman, but it is his own glass which he seeth in.

The French language is, indeed, very sweet and delectable : it is cleared of all harshness, by the cutting and leaving out of the consonants, which maketh it fall off the tongue very volubly ; yet, in my opinion, it is rather elegant than copious ; and, therefore, is much troubled for want of words to find out parphrases. It expresseth very much of itself in the action ; the head, body, and shoulders concur all in the pronouncing of it ; and he that hopeth to speak it with a good grace, must have something in him of the mimic. It is enriched with a full number of significant proverbs, which is a great help to the French humor in scoffing ; and very full of courtship, which maketh all the people complimentary. The poorest cobbler in the village hath his court cringes and his *eau bénite de cour*, his court holy-water, as perfectly as the Prince of Condé.



HEYSE, JOHANN LUDWIG PAUL, a German poet and novelist, born at Berlin, March 15, 1830. His father was Karl Wilhelm Ludwig Heyse, a philologist of distinction. He was educated at Berlin and at Bonn. In 1852 he took his degree. He then travelled in Switzerland and Italy, for the purpose of studying the Romance tongues from manuscripts in the public libraries. In 1854 he was called to Munich by King Maximilian of Bavaria. Here he married the daughter of the historian Kugler, and devoted himself entirely to literary work. Among his dramatic works are *Francisca von Rimini* (1850); *Meleager* (1854); *The Sabine Women* (1859); *Ehrenschulden* (*Debts of Honor*), *Lady Lucretia*, and *Die Hochzeit auf dem Aventine* (*The Marriage on the Aventine*) (1886). Among his poems, *The Brothers* (1852); *Thekla* (1858), and *Novellen in Versen* (*Tales in Verse*) (1863). The *Buch der Freundschaft* (*Book of Friendship*) (1854); *Sammlungen Novellen* (1855-59), and *Moralische Novellen* (1870) are collections of prose sketches. Among his novels are *The Children of the World* (1873); *The Romance of the Canoness, In Paradise*, and *The Witch of the Coast*. Collections of his shorter tales have been translated into English under the titles *Barbarossa and other Tales* and *The Dead Lake and other Tales*. Heyse has also written on Spanish, French, and Italian literature, and has published the *Italienisches Liederbuch*

(1860); and *Spanisches Liederbuch* (1852); *Antologia dei Moderni Poeti Italiani* (1868); *Das Skizzenbuch* (1877); *Der Salamander, Ein Tagebuch in Terzinen* (1879); *Verse aus Italien* (1880).

“He is one of the few modern German writers,” says Gostwick-Harrison, “who artistically keep the novel within its own proper limits; and Schönbach ascribes to him “the greatest form-talent, perfect in the employment of all artistic means in his verse and in his prose.”

A recent German writer says that Heyse’s “shorter stories—‘novellen’—are his own field, in which he is most always elegant and correct, spirited and of never-failing taste; while his large and more ambitious novels testify of his intimate knowledge of Goethe’s method and style.”

Lloyd Sanders, in his *Celebrities of the Century*, speaks of Heyse as “one of the greatest of modern German novelists;” and says that some of his books which were at first condemned for supposed anti-religious and even immoral tendencies, are now generally recognized as the most powerful and artistic works of modern German fiction.

CHRISTMAS IN ROME.

I.

No tree with tapers lit, no Christmas joy,
We sit alone in silence, side by side.
And wherefore? Each one knows, yet each will hide;
Three little graves afar our thoughts employ.
This feast for us is silent; childish toy,
Nor Christmas bells, nor mirth with us abide,
For ever round our hearth there seems to glide
The pale sad semblance of each darling boy.
Ah well! Although we oft must quail and shrink,
And quaff in haste the bitter cup of pain,

One bitterer still might yet be ours to drink,
 And this our very life-blood's fount would drain,
 And life itself would ebb if 'tween us twain,
 True hearts fast-bound, once broken were the link.

II.

I'd many talents in the olden days,
 Could cut out tinsel stars and tapers light,
 And when the Christmas-tree was sparkling bright
 Would ring the eager watchers in to gaze.
 The well-built fortress I could boldly raze,
 With leaden soldiers marching, after fight
 Store of sweet ammunition bring to sight
 From bomb-proof bastions, spreading glad amaze.
 I had a comrade then, I loved him well,
 As were he part of me, how great a part !
 In many wars we fought, my gallant boy ;
 He'll never hear again the Christmas bell,
 Nor rush to me with full and merry heart
 Clapping his little hands with childish joy.

III.

Yet we to Christmas feast, we, too, were bid,
 Not the green Northern fir decked out with light,
 An avenue of cypress, black as night,
 Below the silent Cestius pyramid.
 Slowly we wandered there the tombs amid,
 And read the long-forgotten names ; in fight
 They, too, were wounded, and have passed from sight,
 And the kind mother-earth their wounds has hid.
 Far, far above the misty blue appears
 The Capitol's calm giant head, grown gray
 Watching the generations rise and fall.
 You plucked two violets from a grave, and tears
 Burst from your eyes, list'ning, while loud
 The birds were singing on the garden wall.

—*Translation of B. L. TOLLEMACHE.*

RETURNING FROM WAR.

At the head of his regiment, which has left nearly half its number on the cold ground at Bazeilles and Orleans, and for that reason has to accept a double tribute of flowers from the windows on the right and left,

rides Captain von Schuetz, his lank figure seated bolt upright in the saddle, his breast blazing with orders, and his whole person covered from head to foot with the bouquets which, aimed at the rider, have fallen off and been handed up to him by the boys that run along at his side. He has decorated his sword with them, and his helmet, and his pistols, and his horse's trappings, although usually he is no great admirer of flowers. Nor does he do this now for his own glorification or pleasure. But he knows that, at a window in the first story of that stately house over yonder, there sits a woman prematurely old, but whose cheeks, usually so pale, wear a joyous flush to-day, and whose eyes, grown faded through long suffering, beam once more with something of the brightness and hopefulness of youth. It is to this woman that he wants to show himself in his covering of flowers. Heretofore, she has worn a crown of thorns; now he wants to show her the promising future he has won for himself and her. But she sees him from a distance only. When the good, honest, yellow-leather-colored face, with its black imperial, rides by, close to the house, her eyes are so bedimmed by tears that she only sees, as if through a veil, how he lowers his sword to her in salute, and bows slightly with his garlanded helmet. The wreath which she had held ready for him falls from her trembling hand over the railing upon the heads of the densely packed crowd below. But they seem to know for whom it is intended. In a second twenty hands have helped to pass it along to him, and now it is handed up to the rider, who lets all the others slide off his sword so that this one alone shall be wound about it.

Not far behind this brave soldier rides another, upon whom, likewise, the eyes of the women and girls in the windows gaze with pleasure, though he is a stranger to them all, and, for his part, very rarely lets his dark eyes rest on any of these blooming faces. For who is there here whom he cares to seek? And whose face would he be glad to see unexpectedly? It was only with great reluctance and in order not to offend Schuetz, who asked it of him as a particular proof of friendship, that he finally consented to take part in the entrance of the troops, and to visit once more the city which had so

many bitter associations for him. These last two years —what a different man they had made of him! And yet—although he was firmly convinced that the source of every joy was dried up in his innermost heart, and that henceforth nothing was left to him but a barren satisfaction at duties conscientiously fulfilled—even he could not altogether escape the festal mood of this marvellous hour. His handsome face, made bolder and keener by the hardships of war, lost the sad, hard expression which had never been absent from it during the whole year; a bright determination, a quiet earnestness, beamed from his eyes. As he rode through the triumphal avenue strewn with flowers, amid the chime of bells and the wildest shouts of joy, he lost the consciousness of his own hopeless lot, and became merged, as it were, in the great, pervading spirit of a unique and sublime festival, which would never come again; and to take part in which, with the Iron Cross on his breast, and honorable, scarcely healed wounds underneath, was a privilege which might well be thought to compensate for all the lost bliss of a young life.—*In Paradise.*





HEYWOOD, THOMAS, an English actor, dramatist, and poet, born in Lincolnshire about 1580; died about 1650. Of his personal history little is known beyond what may be gathered from casual notices in his own works. He says that he had "an entire hand, or at least a main finger," in 220 plays, of which only 23 have been preserved. He also wrote several prose works. He gives an account of the multifarious sources from which he has gathered the material for his dramas:

HIS WIDE READING.

To give content to this most curious age
The gods themselves we've brought down to the stage.
And figured them in planets ; made even Hell
Deliver up the Furies, by no spell
Saving the Muse's rapture ; further we
Have trafficked by their help ; no history
We have left unrifled ; our pens have been dipped
As well in opening each hid manuscript
As tracks more vulgar, whether read or sung
In our domestic or more foreign tongue.
Of fairies, elves, nymphs of the sea and land,
The lawns, the groves, no number can be scanned
Which we have not given feet to.

The first complete collection of Heywood's extant dramatic works, in six volumes, was made in 1874. The best of his plays are *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, *The Four London 'Prentices*, and *Love's Mistress*. From the last of these we take the description of Psyche. The interlocutors are

Admetus, and Astioche and Petrea, sisters of Psyche.

PSYCHE IN ELYSIUM.

Adm.—Welcome to both in one ! Oh, can you tell
What fate your sister hath ?

Ast. and Pet.— Psyche is well.

Adm.—So among mortals it is often said
Children and friends are well when they are dead.

Ast.—But Psyche lives, and on her breath attend
Delights that far surmount all earthly joy :
Music, sweet voices, and ambrosial fare ;
Winds, and the light-winged creatures of the air.
Clear-channelled rivers, springs, and flowery meads,
Are proud when Psyche wantons on their streams,
When Psyche on their rich embroidery treads,
When Psyche gilds them crystal with her beams.
We have but seen our sister, and behold !
She sends us with our laps full-brimmed with gold.

Among Heywood's later poems is *The Hierarchy of Angels*, in which the famous dramatists of the age are thus mentioned :

NICK-NAMES OF THE POETS.

Mellifluous Shakespeare, whose melodious quill
Commanded mirth or passion, was but *Will* ;
And famous Jonson, though his learned pen
Be dipped in Castaly, is still but *Ben*.
Fletcher and Webster, of that learned pack
None of the meanest, were but *Jack* ;
Dekker but *Tom*, nor May nor Middleton ;
And he's but now *Jack Ford* that once was *John*.

SONG : PACK, CLOUDS, AWAY.

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow.
Sweet air, blow soft, mount lark aloft.
To give my love good-morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow

Bird, prune thy wing ! nightingale, sing,
 To give my love good-morrow !
 To give my love good-morrow,
 Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin-redbreast !
 Sing, birds, in every furrow !
 And from each bill let music thrill
 Give my fair love good-morrow !
 Blackbird and thrush, in every bush,
 Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow ;
 You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
 Sing my fair love good-morrow !
 To give my love good-morrow,
 Sing, birds, in every furrow.

Scattered through Heywood's dramas are many exquisite songs, and sometimes, as in the poem *Search after God*, he rises to a lofty pitch :

SEARCH AFTER GOD.

I sought Thee round about. O Thou, my God !
 In Thine abode :
 I said unto the earth, " Speak, art thou He ? "
 She answered me,
 " I am not." I inquired of creatures all,
 In general
 Contained therein. They with one voice proclaim
 That none amongst them challenged such a name.

I asked the seas and all the deeps below,
 My God to know ;
 I asked the reptiles and whatever is
 In the abyss ;
 Even from the shrimp to the leviathan
 Inquiry ran :
 But in those deserts which no line can sound
 The God I sought for was not to be found.

I asked the air if that were He ; but lo !
 It told me " No ! "
 I, from the towering eagle to the wren
 Demanded then.

If any feathered fowl 'mongst them were such,
 But they all—much
 Offended, with my question—in full choir,
 "To find thy God thou must look higher."
 Answered, "To find thy God thou must look higher."

I asked the heavens, sun, moon and stars : but they
 Said, "We obey
 The God thou seekest." I asked what eye or ear
 Could see or hear ;
 What in the world I might descry or know,
 Above, below ;
 With a unanimous voice all these things said,
 "We are not God, but we by Him were made."

I asked the world's great universal mass
 If that God was ;
 Which with a mighty and strong voice replied,
 As stupefied,
 "I am not He, O man ! for know that I
 By Him on high
 Was fashioned first of nothing ; thus instated
 And swayed by Him by whom I was created."

I sought the Court ; but smooth-tongued flattery there
 Deceived each ear ;
 In the thronged city there was selling, buying,
 Swearing and lying ;
 In the country, craft in simpleness arrayed :
 And then I said,
 "Vain is my search, although my pains be great ;
 Where my God is there can be no deceit."

A scrutiny within myself I then
 Even thus began :
 "O man, what art thou ?" What more could I say
 Than, "Dust and clay,
 Frail mortal, fading, a mere puff, a blast
 That cannot last ;
 Enthroned to-day, to-morrow in an urn,
 Formed from that earth to which I must return."

I asked myself what this great God might be that
 fashioned me ;

I answered—"The All-potent, Sole, Immense,
 Surpassing sense,
 Unspeakable, Inscrutable, Eternal
 Lord over all ;
 The only Terrible, Just, Strong, and True,
 Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

"He is the well of life ; for He doth give
 To all that live
 Both breath and being ; He is the creator
 Both of the water,
 Earth, air, and fire. Of all things that subsist
 He hath the list ;
 Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claims,
 He keeps the scroll, and calls them by their names."

And now, my God, by Thine illumining grace,
 Thy glorious face,
 (So far forth as it may discovered be),
 Methinks I see ;
 And though invisible and infinite,
 To human sight,
 Thou in Thy mercy, justice, truth, appearest
 In which, to our weak sense, Thou comest nearest.

Oh, make us apt to seek, and quick to find,
 Thou God most kind !
 Give us love, hope, and faith in Thee to trust,
 Thou God most just !
 Remit all our offences, we entreat,
 Most good ! most great !
 Grant that our willing though unworthy quest
 May, through Thy grace, admit us 'mongst the blest





HICKOK, LAURENS PERSEUS, an American clergyman, educator, and metaphysician, born at Bethel, Conn., December 29, 1798; died at Amherst, Mass., May 7, 1888. He was educated at Union College. In 1822 he became pastor of a church in Newtown, Conn., and afterward succeeded Dr. Lyman Beecher in Litchfield. In 1836 he became Professor of Theology in the Western Reserve College, Ohio; in 1844 in the Auburn Theological Seminary; and in 1852 Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Union College, Schenectady, of which he was appointed president in 1866. Before his election he had charge of the college for several years. In 1868 he resigned the presidency of the college, and went to reside at Amherst, Mass. He is the author of *Rational Psychology, or the Subjective Idea and Objective Laws of all Intelligence* (1848); *System of Moral Science* (1853); *Empirical Psychology, or the Human Mind as given in Consciousness* (1854); *Rational Cosmology, or the Eternal Principles and the Necessary Laws of the Universe* (1858); *Creator and Creation, or the Knowledge in the Reason of God and His Works* (1872); *Humanity Immortal, or Man Tried, Fallen, and Redeemed* (1872), and *Rational Logic, or True Logic must strike Root in Reason* (1875). His *Collected Works* appeared in 1875.

His literary style is involved and at times his meaning is obscured by awkward syntax.

THOUGHTS AND THINGS.

Both science of Thought and science of Thing, are alike complete comprehension in reason, and thus both are true knowledge. But a prime difference between them is in this, that the science of Thought is of that which is wholly within and essentially subjective, while the science of Thing is of that which is overt, and essentially objective. One may have in thought a mathematical triangle or circle, and while the figure may condition other figures in subjective place and period, it cannot resist and react upon other figures themselves. It can put two equal triangles or circles to coincide in thought with each other, and the one will then be wholly lost in the other. All the energy is in the thinking, and no energy goes over into the thought to give to it any rigidity or stable consistency. And, in the same way, one may have in mental conception any color or sound, which may have its conditioning relationships of place and period with other conceptions, but the mere conceptions may be modified in any way among themselves with no mutual resistance and interferences. The conception has in itself no hard consistency, and all the energy is in the subjective thinking process, with none put over and persisting in the stated thought.

But when one has the plan of a house, or other complicated structure, in subjective thought, and he essays to put the plan in execution as a fixed thing, there is an energy other than the thinking demanded, even an energizing which moves muscle, and applies hard instrumentalities in shaping and placing materials together ; and only in overcoming the resistance in the material elements can the thought-out plan become an existing thing. The subjective thinking energy which made the plan has been supplemented by an executive will, whose energy has gone over into a controlling arrangement of resisting elements, and made them overtly to express the plan as now an existing thing. Subjective thinking-energy, supplemented by subjective willing-energy, has been put into essentially objective materials, and the product is an objective existence in common for all intelligences. But still further one may trace the growth

of a grain of wheat from its first germinating to its perfect maturing, and while the insight of reason will detect a thought diffused through the organism of the plant, yet has not the subjective thinking put the idea into the plant, nor has the subjective will supplemented the thinking, and forced the component elements to their outward expression of the hidden idea which the seed originally contained.

Here, then, are three different processes of thought, and all have the complete comprehension of their manifold parts in one, and are each thus a true knowing. The first has no other energy than the subjective thinking, and is *pure thought* only. The second has the energy of the subjective thinking ; but another subjective energy than thinking, even an executive willing, must overcome the resisting energy already in the elements, and arrange them according to the thought, and the product is an *artificial thing*. The third has the ideal thought as seen already in the object, and which has been put there by a power in nature itself that has built up the outer object by the inner working of its own forces, and is thus a *natural thing*. But while all these have true science, whether of thought or thing, inasmuch as all have the many comprehended in a single, yet can these objects be known as *created* only in a qualified sense, except in the last case, which is a true creation. The pure thought is a creation only as we say a creation of the imagination, or the creation of genius ; the artificial thing is a creation only as a construction from created materials ; but the natural thing, though in its generations a propagated thing, is truly a created thing, and all its energies of elemental material, and organizing instinct according to original type, are product of absolute thought and will first springing into being from the one All-creating source.—*Creator and Creation.*



HICKS, ELIAS, minister of the Society of Friends, was born in Hempstead, N. Y., March 19, 1748; died in Jericho, N. Y., February 27, 1830. It was not until he was twenty years of age that he gave any serious attention to the principles of this Society, of which his parents were members. He then became interested in and began studying them, and at twenty-seven years of age he entered upon the ministry, and was soon recognized as an able leader of the Society. He continued to preach for over fifty years, travelling throughout nearly every part of the United States and in Canada, and preaching "without money and without price." He was one of the first to recognize the injustice of slavery, and combated it with voice and with pen, and it was through his efforts and that of a few other reformers, that the act abolishing slavery in the State of New York was passed July 4, 1827. During the latter part of his ministry his denial of the divinity of Christ and a vicarious atonement created great dissatisfaction in the Society, and finally led to a separation of it into what is known as the orthodox and Hicksite Quakers or Friends. Mr. Hicks published *Observations on Slavery* (1811); *Sermons* (1828); *Elias Hicks's Journal of his Life and Labors* (1828); *The Letters of Elias Hicks* (1834).

A PROFITABLE MEETING.

A solemn, and, I trust, a profitable meeting to-day, in which the Gospel was preached freely in the demonstration of truth, and a precious covering was felt to be spread over the assembly; and sweet peace clothed my mind at the conclusion. Surely the Lord is a bountiful and rich rewarder of all His faithful servants, who serve Him, not for reward, but for the sake of that love wherewith He loveth them, and which He so abundantly sheddeth abroad in their hearts, that they are thereby drawn to love Him above all; and in and under the influence of this precious love, they are led and constrained to serve and worship Him freely for His own sake, because he is worthy, and not for any reward to themselves, because they are altogether unworthy; and because that precious love wherewith He hath loved them, and with which He hath filled their hearts, hath banished and dispelled therefrom every germ of self-love, and all kinds of selfishness. Nevertheless, of His own rich bounty and free will, without any real merit on our part, He abundantly and plenteously bestoweth His blessings upon all His faithful servants and children, whereby their love to Him is continually increased, until He becomes their all in all, their *alpha* and *omega*, and they are brought into the possession of that perfect love that casteth out fear; and in which they are enabled continually to worship and adore Him who liveth forever.

Soon after I took my seat in our meeting to-day, my mind was opened into a view of the great need man stands in of a Saviour, and that nothing can give him so full and lively a sense thereof as a true sight and sense of his own real condition; by which he is not only brought to see the real want of a Saviour, but is also shown thereby, what kind of a Saviour he needs. For it must not only be one, who is continually present, but who is possessed of a prescience sufficient to see, at all times, all man's enemies, and every temptation that may or can await him; and have power sufficient to defend him from all, and at all times.—*Journal of Elias Hicks.*



THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.



HIGGINSON, THOMAS WENTWORTH, an American biographer and historian, born in Cambridge, Mass., December 22, 1823. He was educated at Harvard University and Divinity School, and in 1847 became pastor of a Congregational church at Newburyport. He retained this pastorate for three years. From 1852 to 1858 he had charge of a free church in Worcester. He then devoted himself to literature. He was from the first an active participant in the Anti-Slavery agitation, aided in organizing parties of Free-State settlers in Kansas, and served as brigadier-general in the Free-State forces. During the Civil War he served in a Massachusetts regiment, and as colonel of the 33d United States colored troops, the first regiment of slaves mustered into the United States service. He was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1880-81, and from 1881 to 1883 a member of the State Board of Education. Among his works, some of which are collections from his papers in periodicals, are *Out-Door Papers* (1863); *Malbone: an Oldport Romance* (1869); *Army Life in a Black Regiment* (1870); *Atlantic Essays* (1871); *Oldport Days* (1873); *Young Folks' History of the United States* (1875); *History of Education in Rhode Island* (1876); *Young Folks' Book of American Explorers* (1877); *Short Studies of American Authors* (1879); *Common Sense About Women* (1881); *Life of Margaret Fuller Ossoli* (1884);

Larger History of the United States (1885); *The Monarch of Dreams* (1886); *Hints on Writing and Speech-making* and *Women and Men* (1887). He has translated the *Complete Works of Epictetus* (1865), and has edited *The Harvard Memorial Biographies* (1866), and *Brief Biographies of European Statesmen* (1875-77).

A PURITAN SUNDAY MORNING.

It is nine o'clock upon a summer Sunday morning, in the year sixteen hundred and something. The sun looks down brightly on a little forest settlement, around whose expanding fields the great American wilderness recedes each day, withdrawing its bears and wolves and Indians into an ever remoter distance—not yet so far removed but that a stout wooden gate at each end of the village street indicates that there is danger outside. It would look very busy and thriving in this little place, to-day, but for the Sabbath stillness which broods over everything with almost an excess of calm. Even the smoke ascends more faintly than usual from the chimneys of these numerous log-huts and these few framed houses, and since three o'clock yesterday afternoon not a stroke of this world's work has been done. Last night a Preparatory Lecture was held, and now comes the consummation of the whole week's life, in the solemn act of worship. In which settlement of the Massachusetts Colony is the great ceremonial to pass before our eyes? If it be Cambridge village, the warning drum is beating its peaceful summons to the congregation. If it be Salem village, a bell is sounding its more ecclesiastic peal, and a red flag is simultaneously hung forth from the meeting-house, like the auction-flag of later periods. If it be Haverhill village, then Abraham Tyler has been blowing his horn assiduously for half an hour—a service for which Abraham, each year, receives a half-pound of pork from every family in town.

Be it drum, bell, or horn that gives the summons, we will draw near to this important building, the centre of the village, the one public edifice—meeting-house, town-house, school-house, watch-house, all in one. So

important is it, that no one can legally dwell more than half a mile from it. And yet the people ride to "meeting," short though the distance be, for at yonder oaken block a wife dismounts from behind her husband ;—and has it not, moreover, been found needful to impose a fine of forty shillings on fast trotting to and fro? All sins are not modern ones, young gentlemen.

We approach nearer still, and come among the civic institutions. This is the pillory, yonder are the stocks, and there is a large wooden cage, a terror to evil-doers, but let us hope empty now. Round the meeting-house is a high wooden paling, to which the law permits citizens to tie their horses, provided it be not done too near the passage-way. For at that opening stands a sentry, clothed in a suit of armor which is painted black, and cost the town twenty-four shillings by the bill. He bears also a heavy matchlock musket ; his rest, or iron fork, is stuck in the ground, ready to support the weapon ; and he is girded with his bandolier, or broad leather belt, which sustains a sword and a dozen tin cartridge-boxes.

The meeting-house is the second to which the town has treated itself, the first having been "a timber fort, both strong and comely, with flat roof and battlements," —a cannon on top, and the cannonade of the gospel down below. But this one cost the town sixty-three pounds—hard-earned pounds, and carefully expended. It is built of brick, smeared outside with clay, and finished with clapboards, larger than our clapboards, outside of all. It is about twenty-five feet square, with a chimney half the width of the building, and projecting four feet above the thatched roof. The steeple is in the centre, and the bell-rope, if there be one, hangs in the middle of the broad aisle. There are six windows, two on each side and one at each end, some being covered with oiled paper only, others glazed in numerous small panes. And between the windows, on the outside, hang the heads of all the wolves that have been killed in the township within the year. . . .

The people are assembling. The Governor has passed by with his four vergers bearing halberds before him. The French Popish ambassadors, who have just arrived from Canada, are told the customs of the place, and left

to stay quietly in the Governor's house, with sweet-meats, wines, and the liberty of a private walk in the garden. The sexton has just called for the minister, as is his duty twice every Sunday, and, removing his cocked hat, he walks before his superior officer. The minister enters, and passes up the aisle, dressed in Geneva cloak, black skull-cap, and black gloves, open at thumb and finger for the better handling of his manuscript. He looks round upon his congregation, a few hundred, recently "seated" anew for the year, according to rank and age. There are the old men in the pews beneath the pulpit. There are the young men in the gallery, or near the door, wearing ruffs, showy belts, gold and silver buttons, "points" at the knees, and great boots. There are the young women, with "silk or tiffany hoods or scarfs," "embroidered or needle-worked caps," "immoderate great sleeves," "cut-works"—a mystery; "slash apparel"—another mystery; "immoderate great vayles, long wings," etc.—mystery on mystery, but all recorded in the statutes, which forbid these splendors to persons of mean estate. There are the wives of the magistrates in prominent seats, and the grammar-school master's wife next them: and in each pew, close to the mother's elbow, is the little wooden cage for the youngest child, still too young to sit alone. All boys are deemed too young to sit alone also; for though the emigrants left in Holland the aged deaconesses who then presided, birch in hand, to control the rising generation in Sunday meetings, yet the urchins are still herded on the pulpit and gallery-stairs, with four constables to guard them from the allurements of sin. And there sits Sin itself embodied in the shrinking form of some humiliated man or woman; placed on a high stool in the principal aisle, bearing the name of some dark crime written on paper and pinned to the garments, or perhaps a Scarlet Letter on the breast.

Oh, the silence of this place of worship, after the solemn service sets in! "People do not sneeze or cough here in public assemblies," says one writer triumphantly, "so much as in England." The warning caution, "Be Short," which the minister has inscribed above his study-door, claims no authority over his pulpit. He may pray

his hour, unpausing, and no one thinks it long ; for indeed, at prayer-meetings four persons will sometimes pray an hour each—one with confession, one with private petitions, a third with petitions for Church and Kingdom, and a fourth with thanksgiving—each theme being conscientiously treated by itself. Then he may preach his hour, and, turning his hour-glass, may say—but that he cannot foresee the levity to be born in a later century with Mather Byles—“Now my hearers, we will take another glass.” . . .

The sermon is over. The more demoralized among the little boys, whose sleepy eyes have been more than once admonished by the hare’s-foot wand of the constables—the sharp paw is used for the boys, the soft fur is kept for the smooth foreheads of drowsy maidens—look up thoroughly awakened now. Bright eyes glance from beneath silk or tiffany hoods, for a little interlude is coming. Many things may happen in this pause after the sermon. Questions may be asked of the elders now, which the elders may answer, if they can. Some lay brother may “exercise” on a text of Scripture—rather severe exercise it sometimes turns out. Candidates for the church may be proposed. A baptism may take place. If it be the proper month the laws against profaning the Sabbath may be read. The last town regulations may be read ; or—far more exciting—a new marriage may be published. Or a darker scene may follow, and some offending magistrate may be required to stand upon a bench, in his worst garments, with a foul linen cap drawn close to his eyes, and acknowledge his sins before the pious people, who reverenced him so lately.

These things done, a deacon says impressively, “Brethren, now there is time for contribution ; wherefore, as God hath prospered you, so freely offer.” Then the people in the galleries come down and march two abreast, “up one ile and down the other,” passing before the desk where in a long “pue” sit the elders and deacons. One of these holds a money-box, into which the worshippers put their offerings, usually varying from one to five shillings, according to their ability and goodwill. Some give paper pledges instead, and others give other valuables, such as “a fair gift cup, with a cover,” for the communion-service. Then comes a psalm, read,

line after line, out of the " Bay Psalm-Book," and sung by the people. Then come the words, "Blessed are they who hear the word of the Lord and keep it," and then the benediction.

And then the reverend divine descends from his desk, and walks down the aisle, bowing gravely right and left to his people, then the assembly disperses, unless it be some who come from a distance, and stay to eat their cold pork and pease in the meeting-house.—*Atlantic Essays*.

Mr. Higginson was appointed State Military and Naval Historian in 1889. His later works include *Travellers and Outlaws* (1889); *The Afternoon Landscape* (1890); *The New World and the New Book* (1891); *Concerning all of Us* (1892); *English History for American Readers* (1893); *Such as They Are: Poems* (1893).

HIGGINSON, MARY THATCHER (POTTER), wife of Thomas W. Higginson, has written several occasional poems of decided merit.

GIFTS.

A flawless pearl, snatched from an ocean cave
 Remote from light or air,
And by the mad caress of stormy wave
 Made but more pure and fair ;

A diamond wrested from earth's hidden zone,
 To whose recesses deep
It clung, and bravely flashed a light that shone
 Where dusky shadows creep ;

A sapphire in whose heart the tender rays
 Of summer skies have met :
A ruby, glowing with the ardent blaze
 Of suns that never set :—

These priceless jewels shone one happy day,
 On my bewildered sight ;
"We bring from earth, sea, sky," they seemed to say,
 "Love's richness and delight."



HILDRETH, RICHARD, an American journalist and historian, born at Deerfield, Mass., June 22, 1807; died at Florence, Italy, July 11, 1865. He graduated at Harvard in 1826; studied law, and practised at the bar in Newburyport and Boston from 1830 to 1832, when he became one of the editors of the *Boston Atlas*. In 1840 he went to Demerara, British Guiana, where he edited the *Guiana Chronicle*, and put forth a compilation of the *Colonial Laws of British Guiana*, with an *Historical Introduction*. Subsequently, for several years, he was editorially connected with the *New York Tribune*. In 1861 he was appointed United States Consul at Trieste, which post he retained until ill health compelled him to relinquish it. Besides contributions to journals he wrote *Archy Moore, or the White Slave*, an anti-slavery novel (1836); *Theory of Legislation*, a translation of Bentham's work (1840); *History of Banks* (1841); *Theory of Morals* (1844); *Theory of Politics* (1853); *Despotism in America* (1854); *Japan, as it Was and Is* (1855), and a compilation from Lord Campbell's *Lives of Atrocious Judges* (1857.) His most important work is *The History of the United States* (6 vols., 1849-56), treating of the history of the country from its first settlement down to the close of President Monroe's first administration in 1821. At the close of the last volume he thus gives his reason for concluding the *History* at this point:

THE UNITED STATES AT THE CLOSE OF MONROE'S
FIRST ADMINISTRATION.

With the re-annexation of Florida to the Anglo-American dominion, the recognized extension of our western limit to the shores of the Pacific, and the partition of those new acquisitions between slavery and freedom, closed Monroe's first term of office; and with it a marked era in our history. All the old landmarks of party, uprooted as they had been—first by the embargo and the war with England, and then by peace in Europe—had since, by the bank question, the internal improvement question, and the tariff question, been completely superseded and almost wholly swept away. At the Ithuriel touch of the Missouri discussion, the slave interest, hitherto hardly recognized as a distinct element in our system, had started up, portentous and dilated, disavowing the very fundamental principles of modern democracy, and again threatening, as in the Federal Convention, the dissolution of the Union. It is from this point—already beginning indeed to fade away in the distance—that our politics of to-day [1856] take their departure.—*History of the United States, Vol. VI.*

THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

The dying embers of the Continental Congress—barely kept alive for some months by the occasional attendance of one or two delegates—as the day [March 4, 1789] approached for the new system to be organized, quietly went out, without note or observation. History knows few bodies so remarkable. The Long Parliament of Charles I. and the French National Assembly are alone to be compared with it. Coming together, in the first instance, a mere collection of consulting delegates, the Continental Congress had boldly seized the reins of power, assumed the leadership of the insurgent States, issued bills of credit, raised armies, declared independence, negotiated foreign treaties, carried the nation through an eight years' war; finally had extorted from the powerful mother-country an acknowledgment of the sovereign authority so daringly assumed and so indomitably maintained.

But this brilliant career had been as short as it was glorious, the decline had commenced even in the midst of the war. Exhausted by such extraordinary efforts, smitten with the curse of poverty, their paper money first depreciating and then repudiated—overwhelmed with debts which they could not pay—pensioners on the bounty of France—insulted by mutineers—scouted at by the public creditors—unable to fulfil the treaties they had made—bearded and encroached upon by the State authorities—issuing fruitless requisitions which they had no power to enforce—vainly begging for additional authority which the States refused to grant—thrown more and more into the shade by the very contrast of former power—the Continental Congress sank fast into decrepitude and contempt. Feeble is the sentiment of political gratitude! Debts of that sort are commonly left for posterity to pay. While all eyes were turned—some with doubt and some with apprehension, but the greater part with hope and confidence—toward the ample authority vested in the new government now about to be organized, not one respectful word seems to have been uttered, not a single reverential regret to have been dropped over the fallen greatness of the exhausted and expiring Continental Congress.—*History, Vol. III.*

THE DUEL BETWEEN HAMILTON AND BURR.

It was not at all in the spirit of a professed duellist, it was not upon any paltry point of honor, that Hamilton had accepted the extraordinary challenge of Burr, by which it was attempted to hold him answerable for the numerous imputations on Burr's character, bandied about in conversation and the newspapers for two or three years past. The practice of duelling he utterly condemned; indeed, he had himself already been a victim to it in the loss of his eldest son, a boy of twenty, in a political duel some two years previously. As a private citizen—as a man under the influence of moral and religious sentiments—as a husband, loving and loved, and the father of a numerous and dependent family—as a debtor honorably disposed, whose creditors might suffer by his death—he had every motive for

avoiding the meeting. So he stated in a paper which, under a premonition of his fate, he took care to leave behind him. It was in the character of a public man; it was in that lofty spirit of patriotism, of which examples are so rare, rising high above all personal and private considerations—a spirit magnanimous and self-sacrificing to the last, however in this instance uncalled for and mistaken—that he accepted the fatal challenge. “The ability to be in future useful”—such was his own statement of his motives—“whether in resisting mischief or effecting good in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with prejudice in this particular.”

With a candor toward his opponents by which Hamilton was ever so nobly distinguished—but of which so very seldom indeed did he ever experience any return—he disavowed in this paper—the last which he ever wrote—any disposition to affix odium to Burr’s conduct in this particular case. He denied feeling toward Burr any personal ill-will, while he admitted that Burr might naturally be influenced against him by hearing of strong animadversions in which he had indulged, and, which, as usually happens, might probably have been aggravated in the report. These animadversions, in some cases, might have been occasioned by misconstruction or misinformation; yet his censures had not proceeded on light ground, nor from unworthy motives. From the possibility, however, that he might have injured Burr, as well as from his general principles and temper in relation to such affairs, he had come to the resolution which he left on record and communicated also to his second, to withhold and throw away his first fire, and perhaps even his second; thus giving to Burr a double opportunity to pause and reflect. . . .

The grounds of Weehawken, on the Jersey shore, opposite New York, were at that time the usual field of these single combats, then, chiefly by reason of the inflamed state of public feeling, of frequent occurrence, and very seldom ending without bloodshed. The day having been fixed, and the hour appointed at seven o’clock in the morning, the parties met, accompanied only by their seconds. The bargemen, as well as Dr

Hosack, the surgeon mutually agreed upon, remained, as usual, at a distance, in order, if any fatal result should occur, not to be witnesses.

The parties having exchanged salutations, the seconds measured the distance of ten paces ; loaded the pistols ; made the other preliminary arrangements, and placed the combatants. At the appointed signal Burr took deliberate aim and fired. The ball entered Hamilton's side ; his pistol too was unconsciously discharged. Burr approached him, apparently somewhat moved ; but, on the suggestion of his second—the surgeon and the bargemen already approaching—he turned and hastened away, Van Ness coolly covering him from their sight by opening an umbrella.

The surgeon found Hamilton half-lying, half-sitting on the ground, supported in the arms of his second. The pallor of death was on his face. "Doctor," he said, "this is a mortal wound ;" and, as if overcome by the effort of speaking, he immediately fainted. As he was carried across the river, the fresh breeze revived him. His own house being in the country, he was conveyed to the house of a friend, where he lingered for twenty-four hours in great agony, but preserving his composure and self-possession to the last.—*History, Vol. V.*

CHARACTER OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

In Hamilton's death the Federalists and the country experienced a loss second only to that of Washington. Hamilton possessed the same rare and lofty qualities, the same just balance of soul, with less, indeed, of Washington's severe simplicity and awe-inspiring presence, but with more of warmth, variety, and grace. If the Doric in architecture be taken as the symbol of Washington's character, Hamilton's belonged to the same grand style as developed in the Corinthian—if less impressive, more winning. If we add Jay for the Ionic, we have a trio not to be matched—in fact, not to be approached in our history, if, indeed, in any other. Of earth-born Titans, as terrible as great—now angels, and now toads and serpents—there are everywhere enough. Of the serene and benign sons of the celestial gods, how few at any time have walked the earth !—*History, Vol. V.*

CHARACTER OF JAMES MADISON.

The political character of Madison sprang, naturally enough, from his intellectual temperament and personal and party relations. Phlegmatic in his constitution, moderate in all his feelings and passions, he possessed remarkable acuteness, and ingenuity sufficient to invest with the most persuasive plausibility whatever side of a question he espoused. But he wanted the decision, the energy, the commanding firmness, necessary in a leader. More a rhetorician than a ruler, he was made only for second places, and therefore never was but second, even when he seemed to be first. A Federalist from natural largeness of views, he became a Jeffersonian Republican because that became the predominating policy of Virginia. A peace man in his heart and judgment, he became a war man to secure his re-election to the Presidency, and because that seemed to be the prevailing bias of the Republican party. Having been, in the course of a long political career, on both sides of almost every political question, he made friends among all parties, anxious to avail themselves, whenever they could, of his able support; escaping thereby much of that searching criticism so freely applied, with the unmitigated severity of party hatred, to his more decided and consistent compatriots and rivals. Let us, however, do Madison the justice to add, that, as he was among the first, so he was, all things considered, by far the ablest and most amiable of that large class of our national statesmen, who, instead of devotion to the carrying out of any favorite idea or measures of their own, put up their talents like mercenary lawyers, to be sold to the highest bidder; espousing on every question that side which, for the moment, seems to offer the surest road to applause and promotion.—*History, Vol. VI.*



HILL, THOMAS, an American clergyman, scientist, and poet, born at New Brunswick, N. J., January 7, 1818; died at Waltham, Mass., November 2, 1892. Left an orphan at an early age, he was apprenticed to a printer, and subsequently to an apothecary. He afterward entered Harvard College, where he graduated in 1843, and at the Divinity School in 1845, when he became minister of a Unitarian congregation at Waltham, Mass., where he remained until 1849, when he succeeded Horace Mann as President of Antioch College, Ohio. In 1862 he was made President of Harvard College, retaining this position until 1868, when he resigned on account of impaired health. In 1871 he accompanied Agassiz on his scientific expedition to Brazil. Among his numerous works are a series of *Addresses on Liberal Education* (1858); on *Opportunities of Life at Antioch* (1860); *Christmas, and Poems on Slavery* (1843); *Geometry and Faith* (1849); *First Lessons in Geometry* (1854); *Second Book in Geometry* (1852); *Jesus, the Interpreter of Nature* (1859); *Practical Arithmetic* (1881), and *In the Woods and Elsewhere*, a collection of poetry (1888).

His son, HENRY BARKER HILL, born in 1849, graduated at Harvard in 1869, afterward studied chemistry at Berlin, and in 1874 became Assistant Professor of Chemistry at Harvard, and full Professor in 1884.

THE BOBOLINK.

Bobolink ! that in the meadow
 Or beneath the orchard's shadow,
 Keepest up a constant rattle
 Joyous as my children's prattle—
 Welcome to the North again !
 Welcome to mine ear thy strain,
 Welcome to mine eye the sight
 Of thy buff, thy black and white.
 Brighter plumes may greet the sun
 By the banks of Amazon ;
 Sweeter tones may weave the spell
 Of enchanting Philomel :
 But the tropic bird would fail,
 And the English nightingale,
 If we should compare their worth
 With thine endless, gushing mirth.

When the Ides of May are past—
 June and Summer nearing fast—
 While from depths of blue above
 Comes the mighty breath of love,
 Calling out each bud and flower
 With irresistible, secret power—
 Waking hope and fond desire,
 Kindling the erotic fire—
 Filling youths' and maidens' dreams
 With mysterious, pleasing themes :—
 Then, amid the sunlight clear,
 Floating in the fragrant air,
 Thou dost fill each heart with pleasure
 By thy glad ecstatic measure.

A single note so sweet and low,
 Like a full heart's overflow,
 Forms the prelude ; but the strain
 Gives us no such tone again ;
 For the wild and saucy song
 Leaps and skips the notes among,
 With such quick and sportive play,
 Ne'er was madder, merrier lay.

Gayest songster of the Spring !
 Thy melodies before me bring

Visions of some dream-built land,
Where, by constant zephyrs fanned,
I might walk the livelong day
Embosomed in perpetual May.
Nor care nor fear thy bosom knows ;
For thee a tempest never blows ;
But when our Northern Summer's o'er,
By Delaware's or Schuylkill's shore,
The wild-rice lifts its airy head,
And royal feasts for thee are spread ;
And when the Winter threatens there,
Thy tireless wings yet own no fear,
But bear thee to more southern coasts,
Far beyond the reach of frosts.

Bobolink ! still may thy gladness
Take from me all taint of sadness ;
Fill my soul with trust unshaken
In that Being who has taken
Care for every living thing,
In Summer, Winter, Fall, and Spring.

There are certain classic metres to which our language does not readily adapt itself. Among these is the "Choriambic," in which the "foot" consists of four syllables, the first and last *long* (which in English prosody is equivalent to accentuated), the two others *short*. The subjoined poem, "The Winter is Past," is a good reproduction of the classic Choriambic measure. The succeeding poem, "Antiopa," was written in the Straits of Magellan, in the spring of 1872, while the author was a member of the Agassiz expedition. The butterfly there spoken of is that known as the *Vanessa Antiopa*, which in our latitude makes its appearance in the month of April.

THE WINTER IS PAST.

Soft on this April morning
Breathe from the South delicate odors.

Vaguely defined, giving the **breezes**
Spring-like, delicious zest;—

Breezes from Southern forests,
Bringing us glad tidings of Summer's
Promised return; waking from slumber
Each of the earliest plants.

Lo! in the night the elm-tree
Opened its buds; catkins of hazel
Tasselled the hedge, maple and alder
Welcomed with bloom the Spring.

Faintly the warbling bluebird
Utters his note; song-sparrows boldly
Fling to the wind joyous assurance,
"Summer is coming North!"

None can express the longing,
Mingled with joy, mingled with sadness,
Swelling my heart ever, when April,
Brings us the bird and flower.

Tender and sweet remembrance
Filling my soul, gives me assurance,
"Death is but frost; lo! the eternal
Spring-time of heaven shall come."

ANTIOPA.

At dead of night a southwest breeze
Came silently stealing along;
The bluebird followed at break of day,
Singing his low sweet song.

The breeze crept through the old stone wall,
And wakened the butterfly there,
And she came out, as morning broke,
To float through the sunlit air.

Within this stony rifted heart
The softening influence stole,
Filling with melodies divine,
The chambers of my soul.



LUX MUNDI.

" . . . within a lowly cave
Used as a stable for a village inn,
Birth to her first-born humble Mary gave."

With gentle words of hope and faith,
 By lips now sainted spoken ;
 With vows of tenderest love toward me,
 Which never once were broken.

At morn my soul awoke to life,
 And glowed with faith anew ;
 The buds that perish swelled without,
 Within the immortal grew.

LUX MUNDI.

(Christmas, 1887.)

The moonless sky was studded thick with stars,
 And shepherd swains were watching by the fold,
 When suddenly a glorious light appears
 For heavenly glories are to them unrolled.
 A shining seraph from the courts above
 Glad tidings brings, a joy-inspiring word ;
 God bears toward guilty man such wondrous love.
 That he hath sent a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

A heavenly choir joins in the swelling songs ;
 Glory to God, they sing ; and peace on earth ;
 The echoing rocks and hills the notes prolong,
 And earth rejoices at the Saviour's birth.
 No sooner did this choir their song begin,
 Than near those fields, within a lowly cave,
 Used as a stable for a village inn,
 Birth to her first-born humble Mary gave.

Faint were the scattered stars which gemmed the sky
 Of human hope, when thus that child was born.
 All nations seemed in deepest night to lie ;
 No herald promised them a coming morn.
 The ancient valor now was brutal force ;
 No hospitality a stranger found ;
 Honor and faith were dead ; the vital source
 Of every virtue in pollution drowned.

Yet darker grows the night, so dark before,
 The scattered stars withdraw their feeble light,

While beasts of prey amidst the horrors roat,
 And every heart is trembling with affright.
 But soon that child displays his power divine ;
 Brighter his glories than seraphic fire,
 Around his holy head they clearer shine,
 Worthy the praises of the heavenly choir.

First, like the morning star, a silver thread
 Of piercing light he sends amid the gloom ;
 Then pours a wider dawn among the dead—
 Men, dead in sins, shut in a living tomb.
 Death is but sleep, and sleepers ever dream :
 What awful dreams disturbed that living death !
 But as the silver thread became a stream,
 The sleepers waked, and drew in living breath.

Down through the ages still that stream has flowed ;
 Brighter and clearer ever grows its ray,
 Chasing the lingering shadows from the road,
 And making plain the strait and narrow way.
 Against that holy light we would not close
 Our slumbering eyes ; but walking by its light,
 Rise toward the heavenly realms, as Jesus rose,
 To tread the paths with endless glories bright.





HILLARD, GEORGE STILLMAN, an American lawyer and biographical and historical writer, born at Machias, Me., September 22, 1808; died in Boston, January 21, 1879. He graduated at Harvard, and was admitted to the bar at Boston in 1833. He visited Europe in 1846, and upon his return delivered a course of twelve lectures upon Italy before the Lowell Institute in Boston. From 1867 to 1870 he was United States District-Attorney for Massachusetts. He wrote the *Life of Captain John Smith* in "Sparks's American Biography;" *Six Months in Italy* (1853); *Life and Campaigns of George B. McClellan* (1864); *Political Duties of the Educated Classes* and *Dangers and Duties of the Mercantile Profession*. He translated Guyot's *Character and Influence of Washington* (1840); edited an edition of *Spenser's Poems* and a *Selection from the Writings of Walter Savage Landor*; prepared a series of *School Readers*, and delivered many addresses before literary societies.

ON BOOKS.

For the knowledge that comes from books I would claim no more than it is fairly entitled to. I am well aware that there is no inevitable connection between intellectual cultivation, on the one hand, and individual virtue or social well-being, on the other. "The Tree of Knowledge is not the Tree of Life." I admit that genius and learning are sometimes found in combination with great vices, and not unfrequently with contemptible wickedness; and that a community at once

cultivated and corrupt is no impossible monster. But it is no over-statement to say that—other things being equal—the man who has the greatest amount of intellectual resources is in the least danger from inferior temptations; if for no other reason, because he has fewer idle moments. The ruin of most men dates from some vacant hour. Occupation is the armor of the soul, and the train of idleness is borne up by all the vices. I remember a satirical poem in which the devil is represented as fishing for men, and adapting his baits to the taste and temperament of his prey; but the idler, he said, pleased him most, because he bit the naked hook.

To a young man away from home, friendless and forlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bedtime—for the moon and stars see more of evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit. The poet's visions of evening are all compact of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to his mother's arms, the ox to his stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the gentle-hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and stands "homeless amid a thousand homes," the approach of evening brings with it an aching scene of loneliness and desolation which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth. In this mood his best impulses become a snare to him, and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic, and warm-hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced within the sound of my voice, let me say to him that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is the home of the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you into the best possible company, and enable you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom and charm you by their wit; who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times. Evil spirits, in the Middle Ages, were exorcised and driven away by bell, book, and candle; you will want but two of these agents—the book and the candle.—*Address before the Mercantile Library Association, 1850.*



HILLHOUSE, JAMES ABRAHAM, an American poet, born at New Haven, Conn., September 26, 1789; died there, January 4, 1841. He graduated at Yale in 1808, and in 1812 delivered a poem, *The Judgment, a Vision*, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of the college. He engaged successfully in mercantile business in New York. In 1819 he visited England, where he published *Percy's Masque*, a drama. In 1822 he took up his residence at his country-seat near New Haven. His drama *Hadad* was published in 1825, and in 1839 appeared a collection of his writings under the title *Dramas, Discourses, and other Poems*.

The most important of his works is *Hadad*, the scene of which is laid in Jerusalem in the time of King David. Hadad is a Syrian Prince who has fallen in love with Tamar, daughter of David and sister of Absalom, who insists upon his renouncing idolatry and becoming a worshipper of Jehovah.

TAMAR AND HADAD.

Tam. (solus).—How aromatic evening grows ! The flowers
And spicy shrubs exale like onycha ;
Spikenard and henna emulate its sweets.
Blessed hour ! which he who fashioned it so fair,
So softly glowing, so contemplative,
Hath set, and sanctified to look on man.
And lo ! the smoke of evening sacrifice
Ascends from out the tabernacle.—Heaven

Accept the expiation, and forgive
 This day's offences. Ha ! the wonted strain,
 Precursor of his coming ! Whence came this ?
 It seems to flow from some unearthly land.

[Enter Hadad.]

Had.—Does beauteous Tamar view in this clear
 fount
 Herself or heaven ?

Tam.—Now, Hadad, tell me whence
 These sad, mysterious sounds ?

Had.—What sounds, dear princess ?
Tam.—Surely, thou knowest ; and now I almost think
 Some spiritual creature waits on thee.

Had.—I heard no sounds but such as evening sends
 Up from the city to these quiet shades—
 A blended murmur, sweetly harmonizing
 With flowing fountains, feathered minstrelsy,
 And voices from the hills.

Tam.—The sounds I mean
 Fleeted like mournful music round my head
 From unseen fingers.

Had.—When ?
Tam.—Now, as thou camest.
Had.—'Tis but thy fancy, wrought
 To ecstacy ; or else thy grandsire's harp
 Resounding from his tower at eventide.
 I've lingered to enjoy its solemn tones
 Till the broad moon that rose o'er Olivet
 Stood listening in the zenith ; yea, have deemed
 Viols and heavenly voices answer him.

Tam.—But these—
Had.—Were we in Syria, I might say
 The Naiad of the fount, or some sweet Nymph,
 The goddess of these shades rejoiced in thee,
 And gave thee salutations ; but I fear
 Judah would call me infidel to Moses.

Tam.—How like my fancy ! When these strains
 precede
 Thy steps, as oft they do, I love to think
 Some gentle being who delights in us
 Is hovering near, and warns me of thy coming ;
 But they are dirge-like.

Had.—Youthful fantasy

Attuned by sadness, makes them seem so, lady ;
So evening's charming voices, welcomed ever
As signs of rest and peace ;—the watchman's call,
The closing gates, the Levite's mellow trump,
Announcing the returning moon, the pipe
Of swains, the bleat, the bark, the housing bell,
Send melancholy to a drooping soul.

Tam.—But how delicious are the pensive dreams
That steal upon the fancy at their call !

Had.—Delicious to behold the world at rest !
Meek labor wipes his brow, and intermits
The curse, to clasp the younglings of his cot ;
Herdsmen and shepherds fold their flocks—and, hark !
What merry strains they send from Olivet !
The jar of life is still ; the city speaks
In gentle murmurs ; voices chime with lutes,
Waked in the streets and gardens : loving pairs
Eye the red west, in one another's arms ;
And nature, breathing dew and fragrance, yields
A glimpse of happiness, which He, who formed
Earth and the stars had power to make eternal.

Tam.—Ah, Hadad, meanest thou to reproach the
Friend

Who gave so much, because he gave not all ?

Had.—Perfect benevolence, methinks, had willed
Unceasing happiness, and peace, and joy ;
Filled the whole universe of human hearts
With pleasure, like a flowing spring of life.

Tam.—Our Prophet teaches so till man rebelled.

Had.—Mighty rebellion ! Had he leaguered heaven
With beings powerful, numberless, and dreadful,
Strong as the enginery that rocks the world
When all its pillars tremble ; mixed the fires
Of onset with annihilating bolts
Defensive volleyed from the throne ; this, this
Had been rebellion worthy of the name,
Worthy of punishment. But what did man ?
Tasted an apple ! and the fragile scene,
Eden, and innocence, and human bliss,
The nectar-flowing streams, life-giving fruits,
Celestial shades, and amaranthine flowers,
Vanish ; and sorrow, toil, and pain, and death,
Cleave to him by an everlasting curse

Tam.—Ah ! talk not thus.

Had.—Is this benevolence ?

Nay, loveliest, these things sometimes trouble me ,
For I was tutored in a brighter faith.
Our Syrians deem each lucid fount, and stream,
Forest, and mountain, glade and bosky dell,
Peopled with kind divinities, the friends
Of man—a spiritual race, allied
To him by many sympathies, who seek
His happiness, inspire him with gay thoughts,
Cool with their waves, and fan him with their *airs*.
O'er them the Spirit of the Universe,
Or soul of Nature, circumfuses all
With mild, benevolent, and sunlike radiance ;
Pervading, warming, vivifying earth,
As spirit does the body, till green herbs,
And beauteous flowers, and branchy cedars rise ;
And shooting stellar influence through her caves,
Whence minerals and gems imbibe their lustre.

Tam.—Dreams, Hadad, empty dreams.

Had.—These deities

They invocate with cheerful, gentle rites,
Hang garlands on their altars, heap their shrines
With Nature's bounties—fruits and fragrant flowers.
Not like yon gory mount that ever reeks.

Tam.—Cast not reproach upon the holy altar.

Had.—Nay, sweet.—Having enjoyed all *pleasures*
here,

That Nature prompts—but chiefly blissful love--
At death the happy Syrian maiden deems
Her immaterial flies into the fields,
Or circumambient clouds, or crystal brooks,
And dwells, a Deity, with those she worshipped,
Till Time or Fate return her in its course
To quaff once more the cup of human joy.

Tam.—But thou believest not this ?

Had.—I almost wish

Thou didst ; for I have feared, my gentle Tamar.
Thy spirit is too tender for a law
Announced in terror, coupled with the threats
Of an inflexible and dreadful Being.

Tam.—Witness, ye heavens ! Eternal Father, witness !
Blest God of Jacob ! Maker ! Preserver !

That with my heart, my undivided soul,
I love, adore, and praise Thy glorious Name,
Confess Thee Lord of all, believe Thy laws
Wise, just, and merciful, as they are true.
O Hadad ! Hadad ! you misconstrue much
The sadness that usurps me. 'Tis for thee
I grieve—for hopes that fade—for your lost soul,
And my lost happiness.

Had.—Oh, say not so,
Beloved princess. Why distrust my faith ?

Tam.—Thou knowest, alas ! my weakness ; but re
member,
I never, never will be thine, although
The feast, the blessing, and the song were past,
Though Absalom and David called me bride,
Till sure thou ownest, with truth and love sincere,
The Lord Jehovah.

HADAD'S DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF ZION.

'Tis so ;—the hoary harper sings aright ;
How beautiful is Zion ! Like a queen
Armed with a helm, in virgin loveliness,
Her heaving bosom in a bossy cuirass,
She sits aloft, begirt with battlements,
And bulwarks swelling from the rock, to guard
The sacred courts, pavilions, palaces,
Soft gleaming through the verdure of the woods
Which tuft her summit, and, like raven tresses,
Wave their dark beauty round the tower of David.
Resplendent with a thousand golden bucklers,
The embrasures of alabaster shine ;
Hailed by the pilgrims of the desert, bound
To Judah's mart with orient merchandise.
But not for thou art fair and turret-crowned,
Wet with the choicest dew of heaven, and blest
With golden fruits, and gales of frankincense,
Dwell I beneath thine ample curtains. Here,
Where saints and prophets teach, where the stern law
Still speaks in thunder, where chief angels watch,
And where the Glory hovers, here I war.



HINSDALE, BURKE AARON, an American educator, was born at Wadsworth, Ohio, March 31, 1837. He was a pupil of James A. Garfield at Hiram College; and was Professor of History and English Literature at his *Alma Mater* until 1870, when he became its president. In 1882 he became Superintendent of Public Schools in Cleveland. He had previously published *Genuineness and Authenticity of the Gospels*, *The Jewish Christian Church, Ecclesiastical Traditions*, *Republican Text-Book*, and *Garfield and Education*; and while here he wrote *Schools and Studies* (1884) and *Life of Garfield* (1885). In 1886 he became Professor of the Science and Art of Teaching in the University of Michigan. His later works include *The Old Northwest* (1888); *Pedagogical Hairs in Colleges and Universities* (1889); *American Government* (1893); *How to Study and Teach History* (1894).

OLD CONNECTICUT CONSERVATISM.

The position of Connecticut in history is a most honorable one, quite disproportionate to her territorial area, or to the numbers of her population. But the Connecticut of 1796 was dominated by class influences and ideas; a heavy mask of political and religious dogma rested upon society; an inveterate conservatism fettered both the actions and the thoughts of men. The church and the town were but different sides of the same thing. The town was a close corporation; and the man who did not belong to it, either by birth or formal naturalization, could be a resident

of it only on sufferance. The yearly inauguration of the governor is said to have been "an occasion of solemn import and unusual magnificence." Connecticut Federalism was the most iron-clad variety anywhere to be found, unless in Delaware. In 1804 the General Court impeached several justices of the peace who had the temerity to attend a Jefferson convention in New Haven. Mechanics were accounted "vulgar;" farming was the "respectable" calling; "leading men" had an extraordinary influence; and "old families" were the pride and the weakness of their respective localities. The militia captain and the deacon were local magnates and Congregationalism was an established religion. For years the General Assembly refused to charter Episcopalian and Methodist colleges. President Quincy paints this picture of a Sabbath morning in Andover, Mass.:

"The whole space before the meeting-house was filled with a waiting, respectful, and expecting multitude. At the moment of service, the pastor issued from his mansion, with Bible and manuscript sermon under his arm, with his wife leaning on one arm, flanked by his negro man on his side, as his wife was by her negro woman, the little negroes being distributed, according to their sex, by the side of their respective parents. Then followed every other member of the family according to age and rank, making often, with family visitants, somewhat of a formidable procession. As soon as it appeared, the congregation, as if led by one spirit, began to move toward the door of the church, and before the procession reached it all were in their places. As soon as the pastor entered, the whole congregation rose and stood until he was in the pulpit and his family were seated. At the close of the service, the congregation stood until he and his family had left the church. Forenoon and afternoon the same course of proceeding was had."

Of course such magnificence as this was unusual; but the passage well marks the awful consequence with which the New England mind, in that period, invested the parson.—*The Old Northwest.*



HIPPOCRATES, an ancient Greek physician, known as the "Father of Medicine," was born in Kos, an island of the *Æ*gean Sea, about 460 B.C.; died at Larissa, Thessaly, about 337 B.C. He travelled much in the countries around the northern *Æ*gean and elsewhere; and "trained himself for a large knowledge of his special pursuit by a familiarity with the metaphysics of the day." The so-called *Hippocratic Collection* consists of eighty-seven treatises, of which the principal are *Ancient Medicine, Prognosis, Epidemics, Treatment of Acute Diseases*, and several tracts on surgery.

The life of Hippocrates is shrouded in strange mystery, considering the celebrity of the man and the importance of his work. This is doubtless due to the fact that many of his descendants as well as the practitioners of his school were called after him. There are two undoubted references to the great physician of Kos in Plato, and one in Aristophanes, which establish the period of his life as given above.

Like many other characters in Greek history, Hippocrates is credited with direct descent from a deity. Soranus, of Kos, is said to have made special researches in the archives of the Asclepiad Guild, and to have discovered that Hippocrates was the seventeenth in descent from the god Asclepios, and was born on the 26th of the month *Aegrianus* in the year 460 B.C.

THE OATH.

I swear by Apollo the physician, and Æsculapius, and Health, and All-heal, and all the gods and goddesses, that, according to my ability and judgment, I will keep this Oath and this stipulation—to reckon him who taught me this Art equally dear to me as my parents, to share my substance with him, and relieve his necessities if required ; to look upon his offspring in the same footing as my own brothers, and to teach them this art, if they shall wish to learn it, without fee or stipulation ; and that by precept, lecture, and every other mode of instruction, I will impart a knowledge of the Art to my own sons, and those of my teachers, and to disciples bound by a stipulation and oath according to the law of medicine, but to none others. I will follow that system of regimen which, according to my ability and judgment, I consider for the benefit of my patients, and abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous. I will give no deadly medicine to anyone if asked, nor suggest any such counsel ; and in like manner I will not give to a woman a pessary to produce abortion. With purity and with holiness I will pass my life and practise my Art. I will not cut persons laboring under the stone, but will leave this to be done by men who are practitioners of this work. Into whatever houses I enter, I will go into them for the benefit of the sick, and will abstain from every voluntary act of mischief and corruption ; and further, from the seduction of females or males, of freemen and slaves. Whatever, in connection with my professional practice or not in connection with it, I see or hear, in the life of men, which ought not to be spoken of abroad, I will not divulge, as reckoning that all such should be kept secret. While I continue to keep this Oath unviolated, may it be granted to me to enjoy life and the practice of the Art, respected by all men, in all times ! But should I trespass and violate this Oath, may the reverse be my lot.—*From The Genuine Works of Hippocrates. Translated by FRANCIS ADAMS, LL.D.*



HIRST, HENRY BECK, an American poet, born in Philadelphia, August 23, 1813; died there, March 30, 1874. He began the study of law, but mercantile pursuits interfered with the prosecution of his plans, and it was not until 1843, when he was thirty years of age, that he was admitted to practice. About this time, also, his first poems appeared in *Graham's Magazine*; and in 1845 he published *The Coming of the Mammoth, The Funeral of Time, and Other Poems*. He issued two other volumes of poetry: *Endymion, a Tale of Greece* (1848); and *The Penance of Roland, a Romance of the Peine Forte et Dure, and Other Poems* (1849); and was also the author of a work entitled *A Poetical Dictionary, or, Popular Terms Illustrated in Rhyme*, which was published at Lenox, Mass.

Hirst's longer narratives are wrought into poems of much spirit and beauty; while his shorter poems, descriptive and reflective, "are eloquent in tone, though with occasional traces of imitation." Duyckinck said of the poems in his first volume, that they "display vigor and feeling," and that his sonnets were "well written."

THE COMING OF DIAN.

Through a deep dell with mossy hemlocks girded—
A dell by many a sylvan Dryad prest—
Which Latmos' lofty crest
Flung half in shadow—where the red deer herded—
While mellow murmurs shook the forests gray—
Endymion took his way.

Like clustering sunlight fell his yellow tresses,
With purple fillet, scarce confining, bound,
Winding their flow around
A snowy throat that thrilled to their caresses,
And trembling on a breast as lucid white
As sea-foam in the night.

His girdle held his pipes—those pipes that clearly
Through Carian meadows mocked the nightingale
When Hesper lit the vale :
And now the youth was faint, though stepping cheerly,
Supported by his shepherd's crook, he strode
Toward his remote abode.

Mount Latmos lay before him. Gently gleaming,
A roseate halo from the twilight dim
Hung round its crowd. To him
The rough ascent was light ; for, far off, beaming,
Orion rose—and Sirius, like a shield,
Shone on the azure field. . . .

And from the south—the yellow south, all glowing
With blandest beauty—came a gentle breeze,
Murmuring o'er sleeping seas,
Which, bearing dewy lamps, and lightly flowing
Athwart his brow, cooled his hot brain, and stole
Like nectar to his soul.

Endymion blessed the wind ; his bosom swelling
As his parched lips drank in the luscious draught,
His eyes, even while he quaffed,
Brightening ; his stagnant blood again upwelling
From his warm heart ; and freshened, as with sleep,
He trod the rocky steep.

At last he gained the top, and, crowned with splendor,
The moon, arising from the Latmian sea,
Stepped o'er the heavenly lea,
Flinging her misty glances, meek and tender
As a young virgin's o'er his marbled brow
That glistened with their glow. . . .

Endymion watched her rise, his bosom burning
With princely thoughts, for though a shepherd's son
He felt that **Fame is won**

By high aspirings ; and a lofty yearning,
From the bright blossoming of his boyish days,
Made his deeds those of praise.

Like hers, his *task* was tranquil ; he had gathered
By slow degrees the glorious, golden lore,
Hallowing his native shore ;
And when at silent eve his flock was tethered,
He read the stars, and drank, as from a stream,
Great knowledge from their gleam.

And so he grew a dreamer—one who, panting
For shadowy objects, languished like a bird
That, striving to be heard
Above its fellows, fails, the struggle haunting
Its memory ever, forever the strife pursuing
To its own dark undoing.

And still the moon arose, and now the water
Gleamed like a golden galaxy, star on star ;
And down, deep down, afar
In the lazulian lake, Latonia's daughter
Imaged, reclined, breathing forth light, that rose
Like mist at evening close.

—*Endymion.*

THE ROBIN.

The woods are almost bare ; the mossy trees
Moan as their mottled leaves are hurried by,
Like sand before the simoom, over the leas,
Yellowing in Autumn's eye.

And very cold the bleak November wind
Shrills from the black Nor'-West, as fitfully blow
The gusts, like fancies through a maniac mind
Eddying to and fro.

Borne, like those leaves, with piercing cries on high
The Robins come, their wild autumnal wail
From where they pass, dotting the angry sky,
Sounding above the gale.

Down, scattered by the blast, along the glen,
Over the browning plains, the flocks alight,

Crowding the gum in highland or in fen,
Tired with their southern flight.

Away, away, flocking they pass, with snow
And hail and sleet behind them, where the South
Shakes its green locks, and delicate odors flow
As from some fairy mouth.

Silently pass the wintry hours ; no song,
No note, save a shrill querulous cry
When the boy sportsman, cat-like, creeps along
The fence, and then—they fly,

Companions by the cautious lark, from field
To field they journey, till the winter wanes,
When to some wondrous instinct each one yields,
And seeks our northern plains.

March and its storms : no matter how the gale
May whistle round them, on, through snow, and sleet,
And driving hail, they pass, nor ever quail
With tireless wings and feet.

Perched here and there on some tall tree, as breaks
The misty dawn, loud, clarionet-like, rings
Their matin hymn, while Nature also wakes
From her long sleep, and sings.

Gradually the flocks grow less, for, two by two,
The Robins pass away,—each with his mate ;
And from the orchard, moist with April dew,
We hear their pretty prate.

And from the apple's snowy blossoms come
Gushes of song, while round and round them crowd
The busy, buzzing bees, and, over them, hum
The humming-birds aloud.

The sparrow from the fence ; the oriole
From the now budding sycamore ; the wren
From the old hat ; the bluebird from his hole
Hard by the haunts of men ;

The red-start from the woodside ; from the meadow,
 The black-cheek, and the martin in the air ;
 The mournful wood-thrush from the forest shadow
 With all of fair and rare.

Among those blossoms of the atmosphere—
 The birds—our only sylphids—with one voice,
 From mountain side and meadow, far and near,
 Like them, at spring rejoice.

May, and in happy pairs the Robins sit
 Hatching their young—the female glancing down
 From her brown nest. No one will trouble it,
 Lest heaven itself should frown

On the rude act ; far from the smouldering embers
 On memory's hearth flashes the fire of thought,
 And each one by its flickering light remembers
 How flocks of Robins brought

In the old time, leaves ; and sang the while they covered
 The innocent babes forsaken. So they rear
 Their fledglings undisturbed. Often has hovered
 While I have stood anear

A Robin's nest, o'er me that simple story,
 Gently and dove-like, and I passed away
 Proudly, and feeling it as much a glory
 As 'twas in Cæsar's day

To win a triumph, to have left that nest
 Untouched ; and many and many a school-boy time,
 When my sure gun was to my shoulder prest,
 The thought of that old rhyme

Came o'er me, and I let the Robin go.—
 At last the young are out, and to the woods
 All have departed : Summer's sultry glow
 Finds them beside the floods.

Then Autumn comes, and fearful of its rage
 They fit again. So runs the Robin's life ;
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter sees its page
 Unstained with care or strife.



HITCHCOCK, EDWARD, an American geologist and chemist, born at Deerfield, Mass., May 24, 1793; died at Amherst, Mass., February 27, 1864. He intended to enter Harvard College, but illness and impaired vision prevented. In 1815 he became Principal of the Academy at Deerfield. Three years later he entered the Yale Theological Seminary, and in 1821 became pastor of a Congregational church at Conway, Mass. In 1825 he was appointed Professor of Chemistry and Natural History at Amherst College, of which, twenty years later, he became President and Professor of Natural Theology and Geology. In 1854 he resigned the presidency, but he retained the professorship during life. While at Conway he made a survey of the western counties of Massachusetts, and in 1830 was appointed State Geologist. Between this year and 1844 he completed the survey of the entire State. In 1836 he was appointed Geologist of New York, and in 1857 of Vermont. He soon resigned the former position, but he retained his position in Vermont until 1861, publishing several annual reports, and a *Report on the Geology of Vermont, Descriptive, Theoretical, Economical, and Scenographical* (1861). He was a member of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, and a commissioner in 1850 to examine the agricultural schools of Europe. Among his works are a *Report on the Geology, Mineralogy,*

Botany, and Zoology of Massachusetts (1833); *Re-Examination of the Economical Geology of Massachusetts* (1838); *Elementary Geology* (1840); *Religious Lectures on Peculiar Phenomena of the Four Seasons* (1850); *Religion of Geology and its connected Sciences* (1851); *The Power of Christian Benevolence illustrated in the Life and Labors of Mary Lyon* (1852); *Religious Truth Illustrated from Science* (1857); *Ich-nology of New England* (1858), and *Reminiscences of Amherst College* (1863).

THE PERMANENCE OF SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES.

The mind delights in the prospect of again turning its attention to those branches of knowledge which have engrossed and interested it on earth, and of doing this under circumstances far more favorable to their investigation. And such an anticipation he may reasonably indulge who devotes himself on earth to any branch of knowledge not dependent on arrangements and organizations peculiar to this world. He may be confident that he is investigating those principles which will form a part of the science of heaven. Should he ever reach that pure world, he knows that the clogs which now weigh down his mind will drop off, and the clouds that obscure his vision will clear away, and that a brighter sun will pour its radiance upon his path. He is filling his mind with principles that are immortal. He is engaged in pursuits to which glorified and angelic minds are devoting their lofty powers. Other branches of knowledge, highly esteemed among men, shall pass away with the destruction of this world. The baseless hypotheses of science, falsely so called, whether moral, intellectual, or physical, and the airy phantoms of a light and fictitious literature shall all pass into the limbo of forgetfulness. But the principles of true science, constituting as they do the pillars of the universe, shall bear up that universe forever.

How many questions of deep interest, respecting his favorite science, must the philosopher in this world leave unanswered, how many points unsettled! But

when he stands upon the vantage-ground of another world, all these points shall be seen in the bright transparencies of heaven. In this world, the votaries of science may be compared with the aborigines who dwell around some of the principal sources of the River Amazon. They have been able, perhaps, to trace one or two, or it may be a dozen of its tributaries, from their commencement in some mountain spring, and to follow them onward as they enlarge by uniting, so as to bear along the frail canoes, in which, perhaps, they pass a few hundred miles toward the ocean. On the right and on the left, a multitude of other tributaries swell the stream which carries them onward, until it seems to them a mighty river. But they are ignorant of the hundred other tributaries which drain the vast eastern slope of the Andes, and sweep over the wide plains, till their united waters have formed the majestic Amazon. Of that river in its full glory, and especially of the immense ocean that lies beyond, the natives have no conception; unless, perhaps, some individual more daring than the rest, has floated onward till his astonished eye could scarcely discern the shore on either hand, and before him he saw the illimitable Atlantic, whitened by the mariner's sail and the crested waves; and he may have gone back to tell his unbelieving countrymen the marvellous story. Just so is it with men of science. They are able to trace with clearness a few rills of truth from the fountain head, and to follow them onward till they unite in a great principle, which at first men fancy is the chief law of the universe. But as they venture still farther onward, they find new tributary truths coming in on either side, to form a principle or law still more broad and comprehensive. Yet it is only a few gifted and adventurous minds that are able, from some advanced mountain-top, to catch a glimpse of the entire stream of truth, formed by the harmonious union of all principles, and flowing on majestically into the boundless ocean of all knowledge, the Infinite Mind. To trace out the shores of that shoreless sea, to measure its measureless extent, and to fathom its unfathomable depths, will be the noble and joyous work of eternal ages. And yet eternal ages may pass by, and see the work only begun.—*The Religion of Geology.*



HITCHCOCK, ROSWELL DWIGHT, an American clergyman and educator, born at East Machias, Me., August 15, 1817; died at Somerset, Mass., June 16, 1887. He was educated at Amherst and at Andover Theological Seminary, and in 1845 became pastor of a Congregational church in Exeter, N. H. While connected with this church he studied for a year in the German Universities of Halle and Berlin. In 1852 he was made Professor of Natural and Revealed Religion at Bowdoin College, and in 1855 of Church History in the Union Theological Seminary of New York City. Of this seminary he became President in 1880. He was made President of the American Palestine Association in 1871, and in 1880 Vice-President of the American Geographical Society. He is the author of a *Life of Edward Robinson* (1863); *Complete Analysis of the Bible* (1869), and *Socialism* (1879). In conjunction with Drs. Schaff and Eddy he compiled *Hymns and Songs for Social and Sabbath Worship* (1875), and with Drs. Eddy and Mudge, *Carmine Sacra* (1885). With Dr. Francis Brown he translated and edited *The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles* (1884). He was also one of the editors of *Johnson's Cyclopædia*.

COMMUNISM.

I have said that Communism is in the air. What is Communism? There is no mystery about it. It is

simply the absorption of the individual in the community, the citizen in the State. The individual as such has no rights ; the community has absorbed them all. What the community ordains, must be done, or endured. Not relations only, but employments, everything must be determined by the State. Not only must everybody work, but everybody must do just the kind and just the amount of work the community shall set him to do. In short, the State undertakes to do everything, or almost everything, which individuals and corporations now do. The State owns all the lands and all the houses. All the railways, factories, and banks, and all the vessels. There is no more any private property or private business. No one shall even braid for himself a palm-leaf hat, or cobble his own shoes. If it be answered, that no one will wish to do any such thing for himself, having no occasion to do it, it follows that the present motives to industry and economy will have ceased to operate. The inability to better one's condition will have extinguished the desire to do it. The right to do it will be no longer debatable. All freedom has perished. The citizen is nothing, the State is all ; and, in a Republic, that all may be barely a majority of one, and that one carried drunk to the polls. One drunken voter may thus be master of us all. It is a monstrous doctrine. But we have got something more to do than howl it down. It is a philosophy, and has got to be argued down.

First of all, we should make it clear to ourselves, and so be prepared to make it plain to others, that the State is for the citizen, not the citizen for the State ; society for the individual, not the individual for society. The greatest of teachers has said, that even God's Sabbath was made for man ; not merely to serve him as he is, but to make him still more of a man. Institutions are mortal ; men immortal. The historical, temporal judgment is of institutions and organisms. The final judgment is of individuals, each one of us all giving account of *himself* to God. Personality is august. Consciously responsible to moral law, we must have perfect freedom, in order to be up to the responsibility. And so the humblest of us has rights, which all the rest of us, banded together, may not dare to touch. **I have a right**

to my life ; and society, without my consent, shall not take it away, till it has been forfeited by crime. I have a right to my liberty ; and society shall not enslave me. I have a right to my property, whether earned or inherited ; and society shall not use it against my wishes, without appraisal, and indemnity. The final end of society is not itself but the individual. What will Germany be good for, when a plain, godly peasant like Hans Luther of Eisleben is no longer possible ? Society, of course, has its sphere, its prerogatives, its authority. Society is under bonds to defend us all, in defending itself ; and I am a party to ^{the} contract. Society may build its roads and bridges ; but when it crosses my meadow, or hurts my business, it must settle with me for the damage. These rights that I have named, rights of person and of property, are not inalienable only, but awfully sacred ; and somehow or other, sometime or other, the infringement of them is avenged. . . .

But rights imply duties ; and duties rights. Society, in absorbing the individual, becomes responsible for his support ; while the individual, in being absorbed, becomes entitled to support. This was the doctrine of Proudhon's famous Essay. Nature, he said, is bountiful. She has made ample provision for us all, if each could only get his part. Birth into the world entitles one to a living in it. This sounds both humane and logical. And it is logical. The right of society to absorb implies the duty to support ; while the duty of the individual to be absorbed implies the right to be supported. But premise and conclusion are equally false. Society has no right to absorb the individual, and consequently is under no obligation to support him, so long as he is able to support himself ; while the individual has no business to be absorbed, and no right to be supported. Providence certainly is a party to no such contract ; or there was a flagrant breach of contract in the Chinese famine lately. I read in an old book, which some Communists have called Agrarian, that the God of the Hebrews used to hear the young ravens when they cried ; but I do not read that no young raven ever starved.—*Socialism.*



HOBART, JOHN HENRY, an American clergyman and religious writer, born in Philadelphia, September 14, 1775; died at Auburn, N. Y., September 10, 1830. He was educated at Princeton. In 1798 he was admitted to Holy Orders, in 1800 became an assistant clergyman of Trinity Church, New York, and was soon afterward elected rector of that church. In 1811 he was chosen Assistant Bishop of New York. His diocesan labors were arduous and constant, his health was soon broken, and he was obliged to seek rest. After two years in Europe he returned to his work, which he continued until his death. Among his publications are *An Apology for Apostolic Order* (1807); *The Christian's Manual* and *An Essay on the State of the Departed* (1814), and two volumes of *Sermons on Redemption*. He also republished *D'Oyley and Man's Family Bible* (1818-20). A Memoir and a volume of his Sermons entitled *Posthumous Works of the late Right Reverend John Henry Hobart* were published by his son in 1832.

THE CONSOLING POWER OF THE SCRIPTURES.

There is not a page of the sacred writings which is not rich in the expressions of God's goodness and mercy; the most tender and interesting comparisons, the most splendid and lively imagery, are used to set forth his infinite compassion and love. Consider his gracious and comforting declarations to the patriarchs; hear his affecting expostulations with his people Israel; listen to the flowing and sublime strains in which the Psalmist

celebrates the mercy and loving-kindness of the Lord; attend to the exhibitions of his infinite grace and compassion which the apostles make the animating theme of their exhortations; and you will not hesitate to acknowledge that the sacred writings are calculated to inspire a strong and unfailing hope in that Almighty Being who is "a strength and refuge, a very present help in time of trouble," and who "makes all things work together for good to those who love him." Even of his judgments it is the gracious purpose to bring us to repentance, and the rod of his anger is guided by the arm of mercy.

The example of holy men recorded in Scripture, who have experienced his merciful blessing and protection, powerfully tends to strengthen our hope and to administer to our consolation. Was Noah saved from the destruction which overwhelmed an ungodly world? Was Abraham guided and protected while he sojourned in a strange country? Were the machinations by which the envious brethren of Joseph sought his destruction defeated, and made the means of his advancement and prosperity? Was the whole life of the King of Israel a series of deliverances and mercies? Was the suffering Job, when the hand of God was upon him, inspired with a faith and hope that no sophistry nor taunts could shake? God is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; their example, therefore, and the example of all the holy saints recorded in Scripture, serve to support us under the ills of life, to strengthen our faith and patience, to animate our hope in God; he is still the strength of his people. These "things were written for our learning, that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope." In the Scriptures of truth, then, we thus find God revealed as our Almighty Guardian and Father; and our hope is strengthened by the most affecting promises and animating examples. If the sacred writings advanced no further, the pious reader of them might still find consolation and hope. But it is their principal aim to delineate and unfold the spiritual and everlasting salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ; and in this respect they raise the exercise of hope to its highest fervor and enjoyment.—*Posthumous Works.*



HOBBES, THOMAS, an English philosopher, born at Westport (now in Malmesbury), Wiltshire, April 5, 1588; died at Hardwicke Hall, December 4, 1679. His father was a clergyman, by whom he was sent at the age of fifteen to Magdalen College, Oxford, where for five years he devoted himself to the study of logic and the Aristotelian philosophy. He became private tutor to several young noblemen, with whom, at various times, he travelled on the Continent. In 1640, on the approach of the civil war, he went to Paris, where he resided for ten years. In 1642 he was appointed mathematical tutor to the Prince of Wales, afterward King Charles II., who then resided at Paris. The later years of his life were passed at the seat of the Earl of Devonshire, who had formerly been his pupil. Hobbes wrote largely in both English and Latin. His principal works are *Elementa Philosophica de Cive* (1642); *Human Nature* and *De Corpore Politico* (1650); *Leviathan, or the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Political* (1651); *A Letter on Liberty and Necessity* (1654); *Decameron Physiologicum* (1678); *Autobiography*, in Latin verse, translated by himself into English verse (1679); *Behemoth, or the History of the Civil Wars in England*, published soon after his death. A complete edition of the *Works of Hobbes*, in 16 vols., edited by Sir William Molesworth, appeared in 1839-45.

THE NECESSITY OF THE WILL.

The question is not, whether a man be a free agent, that is to say, whether he can write or forbear; speak or be silent, according to his will; but whether the will to write, and the will to forbear, come upon him according to his will, or according to anything else in his own power. I acknowledge this liberty, that I can *do* if I *will*; but to say, I can *will* if I *will*, I take to be an absurd speech.

It is true, very few have learned from tutors, that a man is not free to will; nor do they find it much in books. That they find in books, that which the poets chant in the theatres, and the shepherds on the mountains, that which the pastors teach in the churches, and the doctors in the universities, and that which the common people in the markets and all mankind in the whole world do assent unto, is the same that I assent unto—namely, that a man hath freedom to do if he will; but whether he hath freedom to will, is a question which it seems neither the bishop nor they ever thought on. A wooden top that is lashed by the boys, and runs about, sometimes to one wall, sometimes to another, sometimes spinning, sometimes hitting men on the shins, if it were sensible of its own motion, would think it proceeded from its own will, unless it felt what lashed it. And is a man any wiser when he runs to one place for a benefice, to another for a bargain, and troubles the world with writing errors and requiring answers, because he thinks he does it without other cause than his own will, and seeth not what are the lashings that cause that will?

ON PRECISION IN LANGUAGE.

Seeing that truth consisteth in the right ordering of names in our affirmations, a man that seeketh precise truth hath need to remember what every name he useth stands for, and to place it accordingly, or else he will find himself entangled in words as a bird in lime-twigs—the more he struggles, the more belimed. And therefore in geometry, which is the only science that it hath pleased God hitherto to bestow on mankind, men begin

at settling the significations of their words, which settling of significations they call definitions, and place them in the beginning of their reckoning.

By this it appears how necessary it is for any man that aspires to true knowledge to examine the definitions of former authors; and either to correct them where they are negligently set down, or to make them himself. For the errors of definitions multiply themselves according as the reckoning proceeds, and lead men into absurdities, which at last they see, but cannot avoid without reckoning anew from the beginning, in which lies the foundation of their errors. From whence it happens that they which trust to books do as they that cast up many little sums into a greater, without considering whether those little sums were rightly cast up or not; and at last, finding the error visible, and not mistrusting their first grounds, know not which way to clear themselves, but spend time in fluttering over their books, as birds that, entering by the chimney, flutter at the false light of a glass window, for want of wit to consider which way they came in. So that in the right definition of names lies the first use of speech, which is the acquisition of science, and in wrong or no definitions lies the first abuse; from which proceed all false and senseless tenets, which make those men that take their instruction from the authority of books, and not from their own meditation, to be as much below the condition of ignorant men as men endued with true science are above it. For between true science and erroneous doctrines, ignorance is in the middle. Natural sense and imagination are not subject to absurdity. Nature itself cannot err; and as men abound in copiousness of language, so they become more wise or more mad than ordinary. Nor is it possible without letters for any man to become either excellently wise, or, unless his memory be hurt by disease or ill constitution of organs, excellently foolish. For words are wise men's counters—they do but reckon by them—but they are the money of fools, that value them by the authority of an Aristotle, a Cicero, or a Thomas, or any other doctor whatsoever, if but a man.

—*Miscellaneous Essays.*



HODGE, CHARLES, an American theologian, born in Philadelphia, Pa., December 28, 1797; died at Princeton, N. J., June 19, 1878. He was educated at Princeton, in both the College and Theological Seminary, and in 1822 became Professor of Oriental and Biblical Literature in the Seminary. Four years later he went to Europe and studied in Paris, Halle, and Berlin until 1828. He then returned to his professional duties at Princeton, where, in 1840, he became Professor of Didactic and Exegetical Theology, and in 1852 of Polemical Theology.

His son, **ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER**, was born at Princeton, N. J., July 18, 1823; died there, November 11, 1886. He was educated in the College and the Theological Seminary at Princeton, and followed the course of life and study laid out by his father. He spent three years in India as a missionary. From 1851 to 1864 he had charge of churches in Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. He then became Professor of Didactic Theology in the Western Theological Seminary of Allegheny, Pa. At the same time he was pastor of a Presbyterian church. In 1877 he became Associate Professor of Theology at Princeton, and on his father's death succeeded him in his professorship.

The elder Hodge founded, in 1825, the *Biblical Repertory*, afterward the *Biblical Repertory and*

Princeton Review, and remained its editor until 1871, when it was reissued as the *Presbyterian Quarterly and Princeton Review*. He published a *Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans* (1835); an enlarged edition of the same in 1866; *Constitutional History of the Presbyterian Church in the United States* (1840-41); *The Way of Life* (1842); *Commentary on Ephesians* (1856); *Commentary on I. Corinthians* (1857); *Essays and Reviews* (1857); *Commentary on II. Corinthians* (1860); *What is Darwinism?* (1874), and *Systematic Theology* (1871-72). Some of his contributions to the *Princeton Review* were reprinted in the *Princeton Theological Essays* (1846-47).

The works of the younger Hodge include *Outlines of Theology* (1860); *The Atonement* (1868); *A Commentary on the Confession of Faith* (1869); *The Life of Charles Hodge* (1880); *Manual of Forms* (1883), and *Popular Lectures on Theological Theories* (1887).

From *The Life of Charles Hodge* we extract the following eulogy, which serves to show not only the noble Christian character of the elder, but in the younger doctor a pious and manly observance of the divine command to "honor thy father and thy mother." "His heart was filled with hope and joy, as his face was made to shine by Him who was 'the health of his countenance and his God.' He had no disappointments, no vain regrets; the past with all its contents he offered through Christ to God. He had no fears for the future, for there is no fear in love; perfect love had cast out all fear. He had no jealousies; he retained the uneasy sense of no old wounds nor injuries. He loved all in the sense of benevolence, and in the higher sense he loved all the brethren, ad-

miring and sympathizing in their graces, and sympathizing in their conflicts and their joys. And all parties, as far as he was known, came to love him. The *odium theologicum*, with which he had been credited, both as subject and occasion, met with a strange transfiguration. The storms of the day made the peace and beauty of the setting sun more rich and wonderful. Supreme devotion to truth was once again proven to be a genuine form of supreme love to God and man.

“There is always something essentially pathetic even in the brightest and balmiest late autumnal day... To the eye of faith it is the season which prepares after the interval of a short sleep in winter for a new and more glorious spring. But to the eye of sense it is, nevertheless, the end of the year. So it was with the autumn of this life. Though he was generally well, he was weak, and often very weary. Though he was beautiful, it was the wasting beauty of the fading leaf. And this was in perfect accord with the spirit of his own mind. Though he reclined with unwavering confidence upon a supernatural hope, his spirit and life were eminently natural. Though he had no fear, yet he had no desire to die. He looked beyond the world rather than rose entirely above it. His interest in all human things was genuine and strong, and his cheerfulness was never failing, yet often tinged with a pathetic wistfulness, arising from an habitual sense of the imminence of his own departure. He delighted more and more in reminiscences of past events and persons. The friends of his early years were all gone, but their

memory was very precious. The improvements which, during these last years, were so extensively made in the buildings of the College and Seminary, interested him exceedingly, and he was glad that he was privileged to see them before the final closing of his eyes on all earthly scenes."

HOW THE LAW IS REVEALED.

The law is revealed in the constitution of our nature, and more fully and clearly in the written Word of God. That there is a binding revelation of the law, independently of any supernatural external revelation, is expressly taught in the Bible. Paul says of the heathen that they are a law unto themselves. They have the law written on their hearts. This is proved, he tells us, because they do, by nature, *i.e.*, in virtue of the constitution of their nature, the things of the law. The same moral acts which the written law prescribes, the conduct of the heathen shows that they know to be obligatory. Hence their conscience approves or disapproves as they obey or disobey this inwardly revealed law.

What is thus taught in the Scripture is confirmed by conscience and experience. Every man is conscious of a knowledge of right and wrong, and of a sense of obligation, which are independent of all external revelation. He may be unable to determine whence that knowledge comes. He knows, however, that it has been in him coeval with the dawn of reason, and has enlarged and strengthened just as his reason unfolded. His consciousness tells him that the rule is within, and would be there though no positive or external revelation of duty existed. In other words, we do not refer the sense of moral obligation to an externally revealed law as its source, but to the constitution of our nature. This is not the experience of any class of men exclusively, but the common experience of the race. Wherever there are men there is the sense of moral obligation, and a knowledge of right and wrong.

It is frequently objected to this doctrine that men differ widely in their moral judgments. What men of **one** age or century regard as virtue, men of **other ages**

or centuries denounce as crimes. But this very diversity proves the existence of the moral sense. Men could not differ in judgments about beauty, if the æsthetic element did not belong to their nature. Neither could they differ in questions of morality unless the sense of right and wrong were innate and universal. The diversity in question is not greater than in regard to rational truths. That men differ in their judgments as to what is true, is no proof that reason is not a natural and essential element of their constitution. As there are certain truths of the reason which are intuitive and perceived by all men, so there are moral truths so simple that they are universally recognized. As beyond these narrow limits there is diversity of knowledge, so there must be diversity of judgment. But this is not inconsistent with the Scriptural doctrine that even the most degraded heathen are a law unto themselves, and show the work of the law written on their hearts. As the revelation which God has made of his eternal power and Godhead in his works is true and trustworthy; and sufficient to render ignorance or denial of his existence inexcusable, while it does not supersede the necessity of a clearer revelation in his word; so there is an imperfect revelation of the law made in the very constitution of our nature, by which those who have no other revelation are to be judged, but which does not render unnecessary the clever teachings of the Scriptures.—*Systematic Theology.*

SPECULATION AND KNOWLEDGE.

One of the most difficult points of knowledge is to know how much may be known; to decide where the limits are to be placed to the speculations of the inquisitive mind of man. Neither philosophers nor theologians have, in any age, observed these limits, and the consequence has been, that philosophy and theology instead of being a systematic arrangement of the phenomena of the material and spiritual world, so far as they come within the range of our observation, or of the facts revealed in the word of God, are to so great an extent the useless and contradictory speculations of men on things beyond the reach of our feeble powers.

These speculations, as it regards divine things, are so mixed and inwoven with the facts and principles contained in the sacred Scriptures, that it is no easy task to determine, in every instance, what is revelation and what is human philosophy. Yet, with respect to almost every doctrine of the Christian faith, this is a task which every sincere inquirer after truth is called upon to perform. The modes of conceiving these doctrines, in different minds and in different ages, are so various, that it is evident at first view, that much is to be referred to the spirit of each particular age, and to the state of mind of every individual. The history of theology affords so much evidence of the truth of this remark, that it probably will not be called in question. It must not be supposed, however, that everything, either in philosophy or theology is uncertain ; that the one and the other is an ever-changing mass of unstable speculations. There are in each fixed principles and facts, which, although frequently derived by men whose minds have so little *sense of truth*, that evidence does not produce conviction, have maintained and will maintain their hold on the minds and hearts of men. With regard to theology, the uniformity with which the great cardinal doctrines of our faith have been embraced, is not less remarkable than the diversity which has prevailed in the mode of conceiving and explaining them.—*Princeton Theological Essays.*





HOFFMAN, CHARLES FENNO, an American poet and descriptive writer, born in New York City in 1806; died at Harrisburg, Pa., June 7, 1884. He entered Columbia College, but left without graduating; was admitted to the bar in 1827, but soon devoted himself to literature and journalism. He was the first editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and subsequently of other periodicals. In 1846 he became editor of the *Literary World*; but three years later a mental disorder incapacitated him for intellectual labor, and the last thirty years of his life were passed in seclusion. At the age of eleven an accident rendered necessary the amputation of a leg; but notwithstanding the artificial limb, he was proficient in field sports. In 1833 he made a horseback tour in the Northwest, an account of which was published under the title of *A Winter in the West*. In 1837 he published *Wild Scenes in Forest and Prairie*, and in 1846 *Greyslaer, a Romance of the Hudson*. He put forth at various times volumes of *Poems*, a complete collection of which, edited by his nephew, was brought out in 1874.

A MORNING HYMN.

“Let there be light!” The Eternal spoke;
And from the abyss where darkness rode,
The earliest dawn of nature broke,
And light around creation flowed.

The glad earth smiled to see the day,
 The first-born day came blushing in ;
 The young day smiled to shed its ray
 Upon a world untouched by sin.

“Let there be Light !” O'er heavens and earth,
 The God who first the day-beam poured,
 Uttered again His fiat forth,
 And shed the Gospel's light abroad.
 And, like the dawn, its cheering rays
 On rich and poor were meant to fall ;
 Inspiring their Redeemer's praise,
 In lowly cot and lordly hall.

Then come, when in the orient first
 Flushes the signal light for prayer ;
 Come with the earliest beams that burst
 From God's bright throne of glory there.
 Come kneel to Him who through the night
 Hath watched above thy sleeping soul,
 To Him whose mercies, like His light,
 Are shed abroad from pole to pole.

MONTEREY.

We were not many—we who stood
 Before the iron sleet that day ;
 Yet many a gallant spirit would
 Give half his years if then he could
 Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot, it hailed
 In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
 Yet not a single soldier quailed
 When wounded comrades round them wailed
 Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on—still on—our column kept
 Through walls of flames its withering way ;
 Where fell the dead, the living stepped,
 Still charging on the guns that swept
 The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries past,
And, braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play ;
Where orange-boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who pressed
Beside the brave who fell that day ;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest,
Than not have been at Monterey ?

MARY AND THE MOON.

The moon is well enough, in her way, however you may look at her ; but her appearance is, to say the least of it, peculiar to a man floating on his back in the centre of a stone tank with a dead wall of some fifteen or twenty feet rising squarely on every side of him (the young man smiled bitterly as he said this and shuddered once or twice before he went on musingly) ! The last time I had noted the planet with any emotion she was on the wane. Mary was with me, I had brought her out here one morning to look at the view from the top of the Reservoir. She said little of the scene, but as we talked of our old childish loves, I saw that its fresh features were incorporating themselves with tender memories of the past, and I was content.

There was a rich golden haze upon the landscape, and as my own spirits arose amid the voluptuous atmosphere she pointed to the waning planet, discernible like a faint gash in the welkin, and wondered how long it would be before the leaves would fall ! Strange girl, did she mean to rebuke my joyous mood, as if we had no right to be happy while Nature, withering in her pomp, and the sickly moon wasting in the blaze of noon tide, were there to remind us of "the-gone-for-ever ?" "They

will all renew themselves, dear Mary," said I, encouragingly, "and there is one that will ever keep tryst alike with thee and Nature through all seasons, if thou wilt be true to one of us, and remain as now a child of Nature."

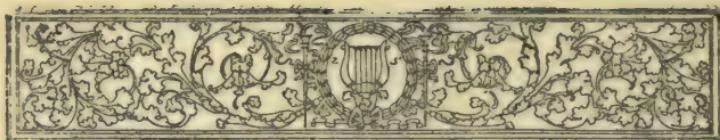
A tear sprang to her eye, and then searching her pocket for her card-case, she remembered an engagement to be present at Miss Lawson's opening of fall bonnets, at two o'clock!

And yet, dear, wild, wayward Mary, I thought of her now. You have probably outlived this sort of thing, sir; but I, looking at the moon, as I floated there upturned to her yellow light, thought of the loved being whose tears I knew would flow when she heard of my singular fate, at once so grotesque, yet melancholy to awfulness.

And how often we have talked, too, of that Carian shepherd who spent his damp nights upon the hills, gazing as I do on the lustrous planet! Who will revel with her amid these old superstitions? Who, from our own unlegended woods, will evoke their yet undetected, haunting spirits? Who peer with her in prying scrutiny into Nature's laws, and challenge the whisperings of poetry from the voiceless throat of matter? Who laugh merrily of the stupid guesswork of pedants, that never mingled with the infinitude of Nature, through love exhaustless and all embracing, as we have? Poor girl, she will be companionless.

Also! companionless forever—save in the exciting stages of some brisk flirtation. She will live hereafter by feeding other hearts with love's lore she has learned from me, and then, Pygmalion-like, grow fond of the images she has herself endowed with semblance of divinity, until they seem to breathe back the mystery the soul can truly catch from only one.

How anxious she will be lest the coroner shall have discovered any of her notes in my pocket!—*From The Man in the Reservoir—A Fantasie Piece.*



HOFFMANN, AUGUST HEINRICH (called von FALLERSLEBEN, from his birthplace), a German poet and philologist, born in Hanover, Prussia, April 2, 1798; died at the Castle of Kowei, near Höxter, Prussia, January 19, 1874. He was educated at Göttingen and at Bonn, and was destined for theology; but, under the influence of Grimm, became an enthusiastic student of Old German literature. On completing his university course he travelled in Germany and Holland, collecting from the peasantry the remains of old ballads preserved among them. In 1830 he was appointed Professor of the German Language and Literature in the University of Breslau. Besides performing his professional duties he published several philological works, a volume of ballad poetry of the Middle Ages, and some poems of his own. The appearance in 1840-41 of his *Unpolitical Songs*, a collection having more to do with politics than their title indicated, led to his dismissal from the university. For several years he wandered in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, everywhere studying the language and literature of the country he was in. In 1845 he established himself in Mecklenburg, and three years later was recalled to Berlin by the King, and was granted a pension from the Crown. In 1854 he went to Weimar, and was one of the editors of the *Year-Book*. The last thirteen years of his life he was

librarian to the Duke of Ratibor. His principal philological and historical works are *Horace Belgæ* (1830-52); *Fundgruben für Geschichte deutscher Sprache und Literatur* (1830-37); *Geschichte des deutschen Kirchenliedes bis auf Luther* (1832); *Reincke Fuchs* (1834); *Die deutsche Philologie in Grundriss* (1836); *Monumenta Elnonensis*, containing the *Ludwigslied*, discovered by Hoffmann in the library of Valenciennes (1837); *Gesellschaftslieder des 16ten und 17ten Jahrhunderts* (1844); *Spenden zur deutschen Literaturgeschichte* (1845), and *Beiträge zur Geschichte der deutschen Poesie* (1854). Among his poetical works are *Allemanische Lieder* (1826); *Gedichte* (1834); *Unpolitische Lieder* (1840-41); *Fünfzig Kinderlieder* and *Deutsche Lieder aus der Schweiz* (1843); *Vierzig Kinderlieder* (1847); *Liebesliede* (1850); *Heimathklänge* (1850); *Rheinleben* (1851) and *Lieder aus Weimar* (1856).

SONG OF AN EXILE.

Again my longing footsteps turned
To that lov'd spot whence I did roam,
To those who lov'd me I returned,
And hailed with joy my father's home

Familiar songs, sweet music's strain,
Thrilled through my breast with holy joy
My native home I saw again,
The realm of the once sportive boy

'Neath blooming trees I hoped to find
The peaceful days that once I knew,
Recall my childhood's dreams to mind,
And like a child rejoice anew.

Bent o'er my staff, I longed to cease
My weary pilgrimage so sad.

Till in the garden-ground of peace
My mother's grave in green was clad.

But no ! the spring I may not see
Again in my paternal home ;
I am an exile, and must flee,
Alone in the wide world to roam.

—*Translation of BASKERVILLE.*

THE LANSQUENET'S SONG AT THE FAIR.

Each with most rapture, his own doth behold ;
This one his maiden, and that one his gold.

Others may strive for possessions of gold,
Hearts that are honest walk upright and bold

Were I beggar, thou rich and of birth,
Doth not love make us both equal on earth ?

Want also maketh me equal to you,
Death will take one day the emperor too.

Wherefore so mournful ? Dost deem it amiss,
That thou didst lately present me a kiss ?

Keep it I will not, 'twould bring me no gain ;
Back will I give it, there, take it again !

—*Translation of BASKERVILLE.*

GERMAN NATIONAL WEALTH.

Hurra ! hurra ! hurra ! hurra !
We're off unto America !
What shall we take to our new land ?
All sorts of things from every hand !
Confederation protocols ;
Heaps of tax and budget rolls ;
A whole ship-load of skins, to fill
With proclamations just at will.
Or when we to the New World come,
The German will not feel at home.

Hurra ! hurra ! hurra ! hurra !
We're off unto America !

What shall we take to our new land ?
 All sorts of things from every hand !
 A brave supply of corporals' canes ;
 Of living suits a hundred wains ;
 Cockades, gay caps to fill a house, and
 Armorial buttons a hundred thousand.

Or when we to the New World come,
 The German will not feel at home.

Hurra ! hurra ! hurra ! hurra !
 We're off unto America !
 What shall we take to our new land ?
 All sorts of things from every hand !
 Chamberlains' keys ; a pile of sacks ;
 Books of full-blood—descents in packs ;
 Dog-chains and sword-chains by the ton ;
 Of order-ribbons bales twenty-one.

Or when to the New World we come,
 The German will not feel at home.

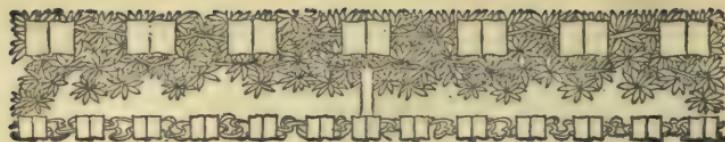
Hurra ! hurra ! hurra ! hurra !
 We're off unto America !
 What shall we take to our new land ?
 All sorts of things from every hand !
 Skull-caps, periwigs, old-world airs ;
 Crutches, privileges, easy-chairs ;
 Councillors' titles, private lists,
 Nine hundred and ninety thousand chests.

Or when to the New World we come,
 The German will not feel at home.

Hurra ! hurra ! hurra ! hurra !
 We're off unto America !
 What shall we take to our new land ?
 All sorts of things from every hand !
 Receipts for tax, toll, christening, wedding, and funeral ;
 Passports and wonder-books great and small ;
 Plenty of rules for censors' inspections,
 And just three million police-directions.

Or when to the New World we come,
 The German will not feel at home.

—*Translation of BASKERVILLE.*



HOFFMANN, ERNST THEODOR WILHELM, a German romanticist, born at Königsberg, Prussia, January 24, 1776; died in Berlin, June 25, 1822. His father was a man of talent, but irregular in his habits; his mother was an invalid. The marriage was unhappy, and in 1782 the parents separated, the elder Hoffmann going to Isterberg as a judge, and his wife returning to her mother's house with their son. The aged grandmother was virtually an invalid, and seldom left her room. A bachelor uncle endeavored to train the boy in his own habits of accuracy and precision. Young Hoffmann was first sent to the German Reformed School of Königsberg, where he neglected his lessons, but applied himself to music and drawing. From school he entered the University of Königsberg, studied law, graduated in 1795, and while waiting for practice, gave lessons in music and painting. He also wrote two novels, *Cornaro* and *Der Geheimnissvolle*, for which he was unable to find a publisher. In 1796 he went to Glogau as assistant to an uncle, a lawyer. He now studied law assiduously, passed his second examination in 1798, and became Referendary in the Supreme Court at Berlin. Having passed his final examination qualifying him for the office of judge in the highest courts of Prussia, he was recommended as Councillor in the Supreme Court of Posen. Here he led a dissipated life. At length he exe

cuted a number of caricatures, satirizing the society of Posen. These were distributed at a masquerade ball, by a friend disguised as an Italiar hawker of pictures. As Hoffmann's cleverness at caricature was well known, his authorship of the drawings was immediately guessed, and the indignation against him was so strong that his appointment as Councillor to the Court of Posen was exchanged for one at Flock, on the *Vistula*. Thither he went with his young Polish wife, and there he remained for two years, devoting his leisure to the study of music and Italian poetry. In 1804 he was transferred to Warsaw, where he became conductor of the orchestra. After the fall of Warsaw he sent his wife and children to Posen. After his recovery from a severe illness he went to Berlin to obtain some employment. He obtained the post of musical director at the theatre of Bamberg; the theatre became bankrupt, and he was reduced to occasional employment as a musical composer. He now turned to authorship, and published in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* a series afterward collected in 1814 under the title of *Fantasiestücke in Callot Manier*.

With an assured position and a good income, he was henceforth released from anxiety. *Die Elixire des Teufels* (1816) was followed by *Nachtstücke* (1817), a collection of tales. In 1819 appeared *Die Seltsamen Leiden eines Theaterdirektor's*, illustrating the history of the German stage, and *Klein Zaches genannt Zinnober*, a fantastic tale. Among his later works are *Der Arturshof*, *Der Fermata*, *Doge und Dogeresse*, *Meister Martin der Keifner und seine Gesellen*, *Das Fräulein von Scuderi*.

and *Signor Formica*. The best of his longer works, *Lebensansichten des Katers Murr*, appeared in 1821-22. It was not completed. In addition to his literary work he composed the music to Fouqué's opera of *Undine*.

THE PYRAMID DOCTOR.

Celebrated people commonly have many ill things said of them, whether well-founded or not. And no exception was made in the case of that admirable painter, Salvator Rosa, whose living pictures cannot fail to impart a keen and characteristic delight to those who look upon them. At the time that Salvator's fame was ringing through Naples, Rome, and Tuscany—nay, through all Italy—and painters who were desirous of gaining applause were striving to imitate his peculiar and unique style, his envious and malicious rivals were laboring to spread abroad all sorts of evil reports intended to sully with ugly black stains the glorious splendor of his artistic fame. They affirmed that he had at a former period of his life belonged to a company of banditti, and that it was to his experiences during this lawless time that he owed all the wild, fierce, fantastically attired figures which he introduced into his pictures, just as the gloomy fearful wilderness of his landscape—the *selve selvagge* (savage woods)—to use Dante's expression, were faithful representations of the haunts where they lay hidden.

What was worse still, they openly charged him with having been concerned in the atrocious and bloody revolt which had been set on foot by the notorious Masaniello in Naples. They even described the share he had taken in it, down to the minutest details. I do not believe that Salvator had any share in Masaniello's bloody deeds; on the contrary, I think it was the horrors of that fearful time which drove him from Naples to Rome, where he arrived a poor, poverty-stricken fugitive, just at the time that Masaniello fell.

Not over well-dressed, and with a scanty purse containing not more than a few bright sequins in his pocket, he crept through the gate just after nightfall. Somehow or other—he didn't exactly know how—he wandered

as far as the Piazza Navona. In better times he had once lived there in a large house near the Pamfili Palace. With an ill-tempered growl, he gazed up at the large plate-glass windows glistening and glimmering in the moonlight. "Hm!" he exclaimed, "it'll cost me dozens of yards of colored canvas before I can open my studio up there again." But all at once he felt as if paralyzed in every limb, and at the same moment more weak and feeble than he had ever felt in his life before. "But shall I," he murmured between his teeth as he sank down upon the stone steps leading up to the house-door, "shall I really be able to finish canvas enough in the way the fools want it done? Hm! I have a notion that that will be the end of it!"

A cold, cutting night wind blew down the street. Salvator recognized the necessity of seeking a shelter. Rising with difficulty, he staggered on into the Corso, and then turned into the Via Bergogna. At length he stopped before a little house with only a couple of windows, inhabited by a poor widow and her two daughters. This woman had taken him in for little pay the first time he came to Rome, an unknown stranger noticed of nobody: and so he hoped again to find a lodging with her, such as would be best suited to the sad condition in which he then was.

He knocked confidently at the door, and several times called out his name aloud. At last he heard the old woman slowly and reluctantly wakening up out of her sleep. She shuffled to the window in her slippers, and began to rain down a shower of abuse upon the knave who was come to worry her in this way in the middle of the night; her house was not a wine-shop, etc. Then there ensued a good deal of cross-questioning before she recognized her former lodger's voice; but on Salvator's complaining that he had fled from Naples and was unable to find a shelter in Rome, the old dame cried, "By all the blessed saints of heaven! Is that you, Signor Salvator? Well now, your little room up above, that looks on to the court, is still standing empty, and the old fig-tree has pushed its branches right through the window and into the room, so that you can sit and work like as if you was in a beautiful cool arbor. Ay, and how pleased my girls will be that

you have come back again, Signor Salvator. But d'ye know, my Margarita's grown a big girl and fine-looking? You won't give her any more rides on your knee now. And—your little pussy, just fancy, three months ago she choked herself with a fish-bone. Ah well, we all shall come to the grave at last. But, d'ye know, my fat neighbor, whom you so often laughed at and so often painted in such funny ways—d'ye know, she *did* marry that young fellow, Signor Luigi, after all. Ah, well! marriages and magistrates are made in heaven, they say."

"But," cried Salvator, interrupting the old woman, "but, Signora Caterina, I entreat you by the blessed saints, do, pray, let me in, and then tell me all about your fig-tree and your daughters, your cat and your fat neighbor—I am perishing of weariness and cold."

"Bless me, how impatient we are," rejoined the old woman; "*Chi va piano va sano, chi va presto more lesto*, I tell you. But you are tired, you are cold; where are the keys? quick with the keys!"

But the old woman still had to wake up her daughters and kindle a fire, but oh! she was such a long time about it—such a long, long time. At last she opened the door and let poor Salvator in; but scarcely had he crossed the threshold than, overcome by fatigue and illness, he dropped on the floor as if dead. Happily the widow's son, who generally lived at Tivoli, chanced to be at his mother's that night. He was at once turned out of his bed to make room for the sick guest, which he willingly submitted to.

The old woman was very fond of Salvator, putting him, as far as his artistic powers went, above all the painters in the world; and in everything that he did she also took the greatest pleasure. She was therefore quite beside herself to see him in this lamentable condition, and wanted to run off to the neighboring monastery to fetch her father confessor, that he might come and fight against the adverse power of the disease with consecrated candles or some powerful amulet or other. On the other hand, her son thought it would be almost better to see about getting an experienced physician at once, and off he ran to the Spanish Square, where he knew the distinguished Doctor Splendiano Accoram-

boni dwelt. No sooner did the Doctor learn that the painter Salvator Rosa lay ill in the Via Bergogna than he at once declared himself ready to call early and see the patient.

Salvator lay unconscious, struck down by a most severe attack of fever. The old dame had hung up two or three pictures of saints above his bed, and was praying fervently. The girls, though bathed in tears, exerted themselves from time to time to get the sick man to swallow a few drops of the cooling lemonade which they had made, whilst their brother, who had taken his place at the head of the bed, wiped the cold sweat from his brow. And so morning found them, when, with a loud creak, the door opened, and the distinguished Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni entered the room.

If Salvator had not been so seriously ill that the two girls' hearts were melted in grief, they would, I think—for they were in general frolicsome and saucy—have enjoyed a hearty laugh at the Doctor's extraordinary appearance instead of retiring shyly, as they did, into the corner, greatly alarmed.

It will indeed be worth while to describe the outward appearance of the little man who presented himself at Dame Caterina's in the Via Bergogna in the gray of the morning. In spite of all his excellent capabilities for growth, Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni had not been able to advance beyond the respectable stature of four feet. Moreover, in the days of his youth, he had been distinguished for his elegant figure, so that, before his head, always indeed somewhat ill-shaped, and his big cheeks, and his stately double chin had put on too much fat, before his nose had grown bulky and spread, owing to overmuch indulgence in Spanish snuff, and before his little belly had assumed the shape of a wine-tub from too much fattening on macaroni, the priestly cut of garment which he at that time had affected had suited him down to the ground. He was then in truth a pretty little man, and accordingly the Roman ladies had styled him their *caro pupazzetto* (sweet little pet). That, however, was now a thing of the past. A German painter, seeing Doctor Splendiano walking across the Spanish Square, said—and he was perhaps not far from wrong—

that it looked as if some strapping fellow of six feet or so had walked away from his own head which had fallen on the shoulders of a little marionette clown, who now had to carry it about as his own. This curious little figure walked about in patchwork—an immense quantity of pieces of Venetian damask of a large flower-pattern that had been cut up in making a dressing-gown ; high up round his waist he had buckled a broad leather belt, from which an excessively long rapier hung ; whilst his snow-white wig was surmounted by a high conical cap, not unlike the obelisk in St. Peter's Square. Since the said wig, like a piece of texture all tumbled and tangled spread out thick and wide all over his back, it might very well be taken for the cocoon out of which the fine silkworm had crept.

The worthy Splendiano Accoramboni stared through his big, bright spectacles, with his eyes wide open, first at his patient, then at Dame Caterina. Calling her aside, he croaked with bated breath : "There lies our talented painter Salvator Rosa, and he's lost if my skill doesn't save him, Dame Caterina. Pray tell me when he came to lodge with you ? Did he bring many beautiful large pictures with him ?"

"Ah ! my dear Doctor," replied Dame Caterina, "the poor fellow only came last night. And as for pictures —why, I don't know nothing about them ; but there's a big box below, and Salvator begged me to take very good care of it, before he became senseless like what he now is. I dare say there's a fine picture packed in it, as he painted in Naples."

What Dame Caterina said was, however, a falsehood ; but we shall soon see that she had good reasons for imposing upon the Doctor in this way.

"Good ! Very good !" said the Doctor, simpering and stroking his beard ; then, with as much solemnity as his long rapier, which kept catching in all the chairs and tables he came near, would allow, he approached the sick man and felt his pulse, snorting and wheezing, so that it had a most curious effect in the midst of the reverential silence which had fallen upon all the rest. Then he ran over in Greek and Latin the names of a hundred and twenty diseases that Salvator had not, then almost as many which he might have had, and concluded

by saying that on the spur of the moment he didn't recollect the name of his disease, but that he would within a short time find a suitable one for it, and along therewith the proper remedies as well. Then he took his departure with the same solemnity with which he had entered, leaving them all full of trouble and anxiety.

At the bottom of the steps the Doctor requested to see Salvator's box. Dame Caterina showed him one—in which were two or three of her deceased husband's cloaks now laid aside, and some old worn-out shoes. The Doctor smilingly tapped the box on this side and on that, and remarked in a tone of satisfaction, "We shall see! We shall see!"

Some hours later he returned with a very beautiful name for his patient's disease, and brought with him some big bottles of an evil-smelling potion, which he directed to be given to the patient constantly. This was a work of no little trouble, for Salvator showed the greatest aversion for—utter loathing of—the stuff, which looked, and smelt, and tasted, as if it had been concocted from Acheron itself.

Whether it was that the disease, since it had now received a name, and in consequence really signified something, had only just begun to put forth its virulence, or whether it was that Splendiano's potion made too much of a disturbance inside the patient—it is at any rate certain that the poor painter grew weaker and weaker from day to day, from hour to hour. And notwithstanding Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni's assurance that, after the vital process had reached a state of perfect equilibrium, he would give it a new start, like the pendulum of a clock, they were all very doubtful as to Salvator's recovery, and thought that the Doctor had perhaps already given the pendulum such a violent start that the mechanism was quite impaired.

Now it happened one day that when Salvator seemed scarcely able to move a finger he was suddenly seized with the paroxysm of fever; in a momentary accession of fictitious strength he leapt out of bed, seized the full medicine-bottles, and hurled them fiercely out of the window. Just at this moment Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni was entering the house, when two or three bottles came bang upon his head, smashing all to

pieces, whilst the brown liquid ran in streams all down his wig and face and ruff. Hastily rushing into the house, he screamed like a madman.

"Signor Salvator has gone out of his mind, he's become insane; no skill can save him now, he'll be dead in ten minutes. Give me the picture. Dame Caterina, give me the picture—it's mine, the scanty reward of all my trouble. Give me the picture, I say."

But when Dame Caterina opened the box, and Doctor Splendiano saw nothing but the old cloaks and torn shoes, his eyes spun round in his head like a pair of fire-wheels; he gnashed his teeth; he stamped; he consigned poor Salvator, the widow, and all the family to the devil; then he rushed out of the house like an arrow from a bow, or as if he had been shot from a cannon.

After the violence of the paroxysm had spent itself, Salvator again relapsed into a death-like condition. Dame Caterina was fully persuaded that his end was really come, and away she sped as fast as she could to the monastery, to fetch Father Boniface, that he might come and administer the sacrament to the dying man. Father Boniface came and looked at the sick man; he said he was well acquainted with the peculiar signs which approaching death is wont to stamp upon the human countenance, but that for the present there were no indications of them on the face of the insensible Salvator. Something might still be done, and he would procure help at once, only Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni, with his Greek names and infernal medicines, was not to be allowed to cross the threshold again. The good Father set out at once, and we shall see later that he kept his word about sending the promised help.

Salvator recovered consciousness again; he fancied he was lying in a beautiful flower-scented arbor, for green boughs and leaves were interlacing above his head. He felt a salutary warmth glowing in his veins, but it seemed to him as if, somehow, his left arm was bound fast.

"Where am I?" he asked in a faint voice. Then a handsome young man, who had stood at his bedside, but whom he had not noticed until just now, threw himself upon his knees, and grasping Salvator's

right hand, kissed it and bathed it with tears, as he cried again and again: "Oh! my dear sir! my noble master! now it's all right; you are saved, you'll get better."

"But do tell me"—began Salvator, when the young man begged him not to exert himself, for he was too weak to talk; he would tell him all that happened.

"You see, my esteemed and excellent sir," began the young man, "you see you were very ill when you came from Naples, but your condition was not, I warrant, by any means so dangerous but that a few simple remedies would soon have set you, with your strong constitution, on your legs again, had you not through Carlo's well-intentioned blunder in running off for the nearest physician fallen into the hands of the redoubtable Pyramid Doctor, who was making all preparations for bringing you to your grave."

"What do you say?" exclaimed Salvator, laughing heartily, notwithstanding the feeble state he was in. "What do you say?—the Pyramid Doctor? Ay, ay, although I was very ill, I saw that the little knave in damask patchwork, who condemned me to drink his horrid, loathsome devil's brew, wore on his head the obelisk from St. Peter's Square—and so that's why you call him the Pyramid Doctor?"

"Why, good heavens!" said the young man, likewise laughing, "Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni must have come to see you in his ominous conical nightcap; and, do you know, you may see it flashing every morning from his window in the Spanish Square like a portentous meteor. But it's not by any means owing to this cap that he's called the Pyramid Doctor; for that there's quite another reason. Doctor Splendiano is a great lover of pictures, and possesses in truth quite a choice collection, which he has gained by a practice of a peculiar nature. With eager cunning he lies in wait for painters and their illnesses. More especially he loves to get foreign artists into his toils; let them but eat an ounce or two of macaroni too much, or drink a glass more Syracuse than is altogether good for them, he will afflict them with first one and then another disease, designating it by a formidable name, and proceeding at once to cure them of it. He generally bargains

for a picture as the price of his attendance ; and as it is only specially obstinate constitutions which are able to stand his powerful remedies, it generally happens that he gets his picture out of the chattels left by the poor foreigner, who meanwhile has been carried to the Pyramid of Cestius, and buried there. It need hardly be said that Signor Splendiano always picks out the best of the pictures the painter has finished, and also does not forget to bid the men to take several others along with it. The cemetery near the Pyramid of Cestius is Doctor Splendiano Accoramboni's cornfield, which he diligently cultivates, and for that reason he is called the Pyramid Doctor. Dame Caterina had taken great pains, of course with the best intentions, to make the Doctor believe that you had brought a fine picture with you ; you may imagine therefore with what eagerness he concocted his potions for you. It was a fortunate thing that in the paroxysm of fever you threw the Doctor's bottle at his head ; it was also a fortunate thing that he left you in anger, and no less fortunate was it that Dame Caterina, who believed you were in the agonies of death, fetched Father Boniface to come and administer to you the sacrament. Father Boniface understands something of the art of healing ; he formed a correct diagnosis of your condition and fetched me. I hastened here, opened a vein in your left arm, and you were saved. Then we brought you up into this cool, airy room that you formerly occupied. Look, there's the easel which you left behind you ; yonder are a few sketches which Dame Caterina has treasured up as if they were relics. The virulence of your disease is subdued ; simple remedies, such as Father Boniface can prepare, are all you want, except good nursing, to bring back your strength again. And now permit me once more to kiss this hand—this creative hand that charms from Nature her deepest secrets and clothes them in living form. Permit poor Antonio Scacciati to pour out all the gratitude and immeasurable joy of his heart that Heaven has granted him to save the life of our great and noble painter, Salvator Rosa."—*Signor Formica in The Serapion Brethren.*



HOFLAND, BARBARA (WREAKS), a popular English novelist, born in Sheffield in 1770; died in 1844. She married, in 1796, a Mr. Hoole, who died two years afterward. To support herself and her child she opened a school, and began literary work. In 1805 she published a volume of poems. Her work was successful, and she continued it after her marriage with the painter, Thomas Christopher Hofland, in 1808. She was the author of about seventy works, many of which had a wide circulation. Among them are *The Daughter-in-Law*; *Emily*; *The Son of a Genius*; *Beatrice*; *Says She to Her Neighbor*; *What? The Unloved One*; *The Czarina*; *The Merchant's Widow*; *Ellen, the Teacher*; *Adelaide*; *Humility*; *Fortitude*; *Decision*; *Integrity*; *The Clergyman's Widow*; *Daniel Dennison*; *Self Denial*; *Tales of the Priory*, and *Tales of the Manor*.

“All her productions,” writes Mrs. Hale in her account of Mrs. Hofland, “are moral and instructive; she was earnest in her purpose of doing good. She has done much service to the cause of improvement, though her works are not of that high order of genius which keeps its place in the heart of humanity, because its productions mirror life and not manners.”

LABORS OF LOVE.

Left in a great measure to his own management, Ludovico now worked incessantly, and when he had

finished a little parcel of pictures, took them out into the neighboring villages of this populous district for sale ; a circumstance of great utility to him, as the exercise he was thus obliged to take was of the greatest use to his health.

Among other objects of Ludovico's compassion was an old woman who sold matches, mop-thrums, and little paper bags for the maids to put feathers in. He inquired of this poor woman what she gave for the last ; to which she answered by complaining that she had only two left, and could get no more.

Ludovico, after examining one, bought it of her : as he did so, these words passed his mind, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I *have* give I unto thee ;" his eyes filled with tears as he looked at the withered face and gray locks of the poor old woman ; and as it ever was his custom to run away when his feelings were awakened, he scampered out of sight before the old woman had time to perceive that he had given her threepence for her twopenny bag.

"Now the blessing of God go with thee, my bonny bairn," said the old woman ; for she was convinced by the look of the boy that it was done intentionally.

"No need to bless he for an odd penny," said a woman who was standing by : "why, Goody, that's the boy as sells the pictures all about : he's bought your bag on purpose for a pattern, and by next market-day he'll be selling a whole mess of 'em ; ye'll see that."

"Well, well, we mun all live," said the poor dame.

On the next market-day Ludovico was seen as usual silently standing in Briggate with his pictures ; and something folded in a newspaper under his arm ; he had now been regularly working for several months, and his sale was of course not so rapid as at first, especially as he had raised his prices. Just as he had finished bargaining with a cobbler who wished for a painting to ornament his stall, he cast his eye upon the old woman with her match-basket ; and springing gladly forward, he opened his little parcel and produced nine neat paper bags, very prettily made, which he silently put into her hand.

"An' what mun I gie thee for these, my lad ? they be just what I wanted."

"Nothing, nothing at all, you are welcome," said Ludovico, as he spoke trying to escape the old woman's surprise and thanks, by edging his way backward into the crowd. At this moment a loud altercation was taking place between two corn-factors, one of whom, in an angry voice, was repeating the words—

"'Tis false, I tell you, false altogether ; I paid you for the second load, along with the other, as my receipt will show."

"I shall believe the receipt when I see it, but not till then ; for the twenty-eight pounds stands in my book uncrossed ; whereas the fifty pounds is jist as it ought to be made, received all in order."

"More *shame* for *you*, not settling *your* books ; but I'll *convince* you ; I'll *prove* to *you*," said the first in a very angry tone, taking out his pocket-book, and turning over the leaves with great agitation. At this very moment poor Ludovico had the ill luck to jostle the angry man in his retreat, who, in the moment of vexation, gave him such a violent blow that many of the papers in his pocket-book fell out : the book was full of bills, for he was going to make a large payment, and the consciousness of his folly instantly calmed his anger. He gathered his papers up as well as he could, looking in vain for the receipt, which he declared he possessed, and proposed stepping into the hotel to examine more minutely the contents of the disarranged pocket-book ; saying at the same time, "I believe I have lost nothing ; but that is more by good luck than good looking after."

This was more than Ludovico could say, for he had not only got a hard blow, but his pictures were all thrown down on the dirty stones, which were wet from a recent shower, and the labors of a week were lost in a moment. The poor woman would have wiped them for him, but Ludovico, knowing all was lost, hastily clapped them together, and was departing, when he perceived something of paper sticking to his foot, which he had no doubt had come from the angry man's pocket-book : an idea which was instantly confirmed by perceiving that it was a Luds bank-note for five guineas.

Ludovico had that morning counted his store, which with the stock he hoped to dispose of that day amounted to something more than three pounds. He looked

wistfully at the bill—"Five pounds five, and three pounds seven," said he inwardly, "make eight pounds ten. Oh, that this were mine!"

"*Thine, honey!* it is thine to be sure, and much good may thee have of it," said the old woman.

"Nay, Goody, it is the gentleman's that struck me."

"More brute he! but I doesn't think it be his'n, for he said he had got *all* that belonged to him, and many a man as rich as he has gone over these stones to-day. Take it, child, take it; 'tis a Godsend to thee for helping a poor old woman."

This was indeed persuasive logic, and for a moment Ludovico yielded to it, but the next convinced him that he ought at least to inquire for the gentleman who had owned the pocket-book, persuading himself that as he seemed a rich man, even if he had lost the bill, he might perhaps give it him; he therefore hastened after him to the hotel, but having no name or description to give of the gentleman sufficiently clear, he could gain no attention, and was at length turned out by the waiter. As he was making his way to the prison in order at last to make his mother acquainted with the whole affair, he saw the very person he wanted riding past him in full gallop; Ludovico called out to him to stop, but the gentleman, remembering him only by the blow he had given him, did *not* stop; he threw a shilling on the pavement to the boy, and pursued his course as fast as a good horse could carry him.

Several people who witnessed this transaction asked Ludovico why he wanted the person to stop; to which he replied by eagerly asking his name: they were all ignorant, and united in saying they did not think he was a person who regularly frequented their market, as they had never seen him before.—*The Son of a Genius.*





HOGG, JAMES, a Scottish poet and prose-writer, known as "The Ettrick Shepherd," born in the Ettrick Forest in 1770; died at Eltrive Lake, November 21, 1835. He sprang from a family of shepherds, and his youth and early manhood were passed in the same occupation. He never received any school education, but by the time he had reached the age of twenty-four he had acquired some repute as a local poet. From the age of eighteen to twenty-seven he was in the employ of a Scottish laird, who allowed him free access to his considerable library, and he thus managed to repair the defects of his early education. In 1801 he went to Edinburgh, in order to sell a few sheep, and he then put forth a small volume of poems under the title of *Scottish Pastorals, Poems, and Songs*. A little later Sir Walter Scott, who was collecting materials for his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders*, became acquainted with Hogg, who furnished him with a number of ballads; and in 1803 put forth another volume of poems, *The Mountain Bard*. After several unsuccessful attempts at farming, Hogg, in 1810, went to Edinburgh to try a literary career. He contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and figures largely as an interlocutor in Wilson's *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. In 1813 he published *The Queen's Wake*, his most popular poem. In 1831 he went to London to superintend the publication of a collection of his

works, which extended to eleven small volumes, which were in 1869 put forth in two volumes. A pension of £100 was awarded to his wife from the Literary Fund, which she enjoyed for more than thirty years. His "Bonny Kilmeny," a fairy story, which forms a part of *The Queen's Wake*, stands high among works of its class, and some of his ballads and songs possess decided merit. His prose works are of very unequal merit, none of them ranking very high. Among them are *Jacobite Relics*, *The Three Perils of Man*, *The Three Perils of Woman*, *The Eltrive Tales*, and *Anecdotes of Sir Walter Scott*.

BONNY KILMENY.

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen ;
 But it was na to meet Duneira's men,
 Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
 For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
 It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
 And pu' the cress-flower round the spring—
 The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
 And the nut that hung from the hazel-tree ;
 For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
 But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
 And lang may she seek the green-wood shaw ;
 Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
 And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame.

When many a day had come and fled,
 When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
 When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
 When the bedesman had prayed, and the deadbell rung,
 Late, late in a gloamin', when all was still,
 When the fringe was red on the westlin hill,
 The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
 The reek o' the cot hung over the plain—
 Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane—
 When the ingle loweū with an eyrie leme—
 Late, late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came hame !

"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and den—
By lin, by ford, and green-wood tree ;
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where got you that joup o' the lily sheen ?
That bonny snood of the birk sae green ?
And those roses, the fairest that ever were seen ?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been ?"

Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace ;
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face ;
As still was her look, and as still was her e'e
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare ;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been ;
A land of love and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night ;
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam :
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' the flowerets gay ;
But the air was soft, and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep ;
She kenned nae mair, nor opened her e'e,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye.
She wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped with the bars of the rainbow's rim ;
And lovely beings around were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life ;
And aye they smiled and 'gan to speir :
"What spirit has brought this mortal here ?
Oh, bonny Kilmeny ! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again—
That world of sin, of sorrow, and fear—

Oh, tell of the joys that are waiting here ;
 And tell of the joys you shall shortly see ;
 Of the times that are now, and the times that shall
 be." . . .

When a month and a day had come and gane,
 Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene ;
 There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
 And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
 But oh ! the words that fell from her mouth
 Were words of wonder and words of truth !
 But all the land were in fear and dread,
 For they kenned na whether she was living or dead.
 It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain ;
 She left this world of sorrow and pain,
 And returned to the Land of Thought again.

A BOY'S SONG.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
 Where the gray trout lies asleep,
 Up the river and o'er the lee,
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
 Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
 Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
 Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
 There to trace the homeward bee,
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel-bank is sweetest,
 Where the shadow falls the deepest,
 Where the clustering nuts fall free,
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
 Little maidens from their play,
 Or love to banter and fight so well
 That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
 Through the meadow, among the hay ;
 Up the water and over the lea,
 That's the way for Billy and me.

WHEN MAGGY GANGS AWAY.

Oh, what will a' the lads do
 When Maggy gangs away ?
 Oh, what will a' the lads do
 When Maggy gangs away ;
 There's no a heart in a' the glen
 That disna dread the day ;
 Oh, what will a' the lads do
 When Maggy gangs away ?

Young Jock has ta'en the hill for't—
 A waeful wight is he ;
 Poor Harry's ta'en the bed for't
 An' laid him down to dee ;
 An' Sandy's gane unto the kirk,
 An' learnin' fast to pray ;
 And oh, what will the lads do
 When Maggy gangs away ?

The young laird o' the Lang-Shaw
 Has drunk her health in wine ;
 The priest has said—in confidence—
 The lassie was divine ;
 And that is mair in maiden's praise
 Than ony priest should say ;
 But oh, what will the lads do
 When Maggy gangs away ?

The wailing in our green glen
 That day will quaver high ;
 'Twill draw the redbreast frae the wood
 The leverock frae the sky ;
 The fairies frae their beds o' dew
 Will rise an' join the lay ;
 An' hey ! what a day will be
 When Maggy gangs away !



HOLBACH, PAUL HENRI THYRY (or DIEDRICH D'), a French philosophical writer, was born at Heidelsheim, Baden, in 1723; died in Paris, January 21, 1789. In early life he was taken by his father to Paris, where he afterward resided. He spent much of the large fortune inherited from his father in entertaining the free-thinkers of his day. He was a professed enemy to Christianity, and an avowed materialist. His first publications were translations of German scientific works. In 1759 he edited the works of Boulanger, under whose name he published, in 1767, *Le Christianisme dévoilé, ou Examen des Principes et des Effets de la Religion révélée*, and *L'Esprit du Clergé ou le Christianisme primitif vengé des Entreprises et des Excès de nos Prêtres modernes*. The latter work was sentenced to be burned by the public executioner. In 1770, under the name of "Mirabaud," he published *Le Système de la Nature, ou des Lois du Monde physique et moral*, a work, the moral tone of which shocked Voltaire, and caused Goethe to declare that he recoiled from it in abhorrence. Both Voltaire and Frederick the Great wrote in answer to it. Other works of Holbach are *Le Bons Sens, ou Idées naturelles opposées aux Idées sur-naturelles* (1772); *Le System social, ou les Principes naturels de la Morale et de la Politique* (1773), and *La Morale universelle, ou les Devoirs de l'Homme fondés sur la Nature* (1776).

SERIOUS RESULTS FROM TRIVIAL CAUSES.

If man was to judge of causes by their effects, there would be no small causes in the universe. In a nature where everything is connected ; where everything acts and reacts, moves and changes, composes and decomposes, forms and destroys, there is not an atom which does not play an important and necessary part ; there is not an imperceptible particle, however minute, which, placed in convenient circumstances, does not opérate the most prodigious effects. If man was in a capacity to follow the eternal chain, to pursue the concatenated links that connect with their causes all the effects he witnesses, without losing sight of any one of its rings, if he could unravel the ends of those insensible threads that give impulse to the thought, decision to the will, direction to the passions of those men who are called mighty according to their actions, he would find that they are true atoms which Nature employs to move the moral world ; that it is the unexpected but necessary junction of these indiscernible particles of matter, it is their aggregation, their combination, their proportion, their fermentation, which, modifying the individual by degrees, in despite of himself, and frequently without his own knowledge, make him think, will, and act in a determinate and necessary mode. If the will and the actions of this individual have an influence over a great number of other men, here is the moral world in a state of great combustion. Too much acrimony in the bile of a fanatic, blood too much inflamed in the heart of a conqueror, a painful indigestion in the stomach of a monarch, a whim that passes in the mind of a woman, are sometimes causes sufficient to bring on war, to send millions of men to the slaughter, to root out an entire people, to overthrow walls, to reduce cities into ashes, to plunge nations into slavery, to put a whole people into mourning, to breed famine in a land, to engender pestilence, to propagate calamity, to extend misery, to spread desolation far and wide upon the surface of our globe, through a long series of ages.

—*System of Nature.*



HOLBERG, LUDWIG VON, a Scandinavian dramatist, born at Bergen, Norway, December 3, 1684; died at Copenhagen, January 28, 1754. He was educated at the College of Bergen, and at the University of Copenhagen, where he received his degree in 1704. He then applied himself to the study of modern languages, supporting himself by teaching. In 1706 he travelled in Holland. A severe illness compelled him to return to Norway, and he established himself at Christiania and as a teacher of languages. Having saved a little money, he went to Oxford and spent several months in study, gaining his livelihood by giving lessons on the violin and the flute. On his return to Copenhagen he began to lecture at the university, but his lectures were not well attended, and in 1709 he accompanied a young man of fortune on his travels in Holland. Again in Copenhagen he resumed teaching, and wrote, but did not print, his first work, a *Universal History*. The King, Frederick IV., presented him with the Rosenkrantz grant of 100 rix-dollars for four years. He then visited, chiefly on foot, most of the countries of Europe, and returned to Denmark in 1716. Two years afterward he published an *Introduction to Natural and Popular Law*, and was appointed Professor of Metaphysics in the University of Copenhagen. In 1720 he was given the more lucrative chair of Eloquence. Under the pseu-

donym of "Hans Mikkelsen," he had published in 1719 the serio-comic epic of *Peder Paars*, a satire on contemporary manners.

With the opening of the Danish theatre, in 1721, Holberg determined to create a taste for Danish comedy. Until this time all plays acted in Denmark were written in either French or German. The first of his original pieces performed was *Den Politiske Kandstöber* (*The Political Tinsmith*), which had an extraordinary success. Before the close of 1722 he produced four more successful plays, *Den Vögelsindede*, *Jean de France*, *Jeppe of the Mountain*, and *Gert the Westphalian*. Among his comedies, written in 1723, are *Barselstuen*, *Jakob von Thyboe*, *Den Bundeslöse*, *Don Ranudo*, and *Melampe*. His most famous comedy of 1724 was *Henrik and Pernille*. He continued his dramatic labors until 1728. In 1731 he collected his comedies. His later works were historical, philosophical, and statistical. Among them are a *Description of Denmark and Norway* (1729); *Description of Bergen* (1737); *Universal Church History* (1738); *Stories of Heroes and Heroines* (1739-45); *History of the Jews* (1742); *Moral Reflections* (1744); *Moral Fables* (1751), and five volumes of *Epistles*. His only poem published in these years was *The Subterranean Voyage of Nicholas Klim* (1741), published first in Latin, and afterward translated into Danish. To Holberg Danish literature owes its existence. His genius created it. Before his time it was said that "a man wrote Latin to his friends, talked French to the ladies, called his dogs in German, and used Danish only to swear at his servants."

The selection given is from *The Political Tin-*

smith. This man thinks that the government is badly administered, and that he can set it right. He and his friends hold political meetings, while his business goes to rack and ruin. He is in danger of arrest, when someone proposes to cure him by letting him try his hand at government. The members of the Council tell him that he has been chosen Burgomaster of Hamburg; their wives call on his. All sorts of applicants for justice appear; sailors with bludgeons threaten him; two opposed counsel appeal to him, and convince him that both are right. Driven to the verge of lunacy, he begs his apprentice to take the Burgomastership off his hands, and permit him to be only Herman the Tinsmith.

FROM THE POLITICAL TINSMITH.

[*GESKE*, wife of *HERMAN*, the tinsmith; *HENRICH*, the apprentice.]

Geske.—*Henrich*!

Henrich.—Ay!

Ges.—*Henrich*, from this time you must not speak in that way; don't you know what has happened to us?

Hen.—No; I never heard.

Ges.—My husband has become Burgomaster.

Hen.—Of where?

Ges.—Of where?—why of Hamburg!

Hen.—The deuce, is he? That was indeed the devil of a tinsmith!

Herman.—*Henrich*, speak with more discretion; you must know that you are now the lackey of a great man.

Hen.—Lackey! am I raised so high?

Her.—You may rise yet higher. You may in time be the servant of a gentleman of property. Only be silent. You may some day have to drive, lackey, until I can get a servant. He can wear my brown coat, dear heart! till we can get his livery ready.

Ges.—But I am afraid it will be too long for him.

Her.—Yes, to be sure it will be too long, but one must help one's self at a pinch as one can.

Hen.—It will reach down to my heels! I shall look like a Jewish High Priest.

Her.—Listen, Henrich!

Hen.—Yes, master.

Her.—Fellow, don't give me such titles any more! When I call you, you must answer, Sir! and when anybody comes to inquire for me, you must say, "Mr. Burgomaster von Bremenfeld is at home!"

Hen.—Must I say so, sir, whether you are at home or not?

Her.—What nonsense! When I am not home you must say, "Mr. Burgomaster von Bremenfeld is not at home;" and when I don't wish to be at home, you must say, "Mr. Burgomaster does not give audience to-day." [To *Geske.*] Listen, dear heart! you must directly have coffee ready, that you may have something to entertain the aldermen's ladies when they come; for our reputation will hereafter depend upon people being able to say, "The Burgomaster von Bremenfeld gave good dinners and his lady good coffee." I am very much afraid, dear heart, that you will make some mistake until you are accustomed to the high position to which you are advanced. Now let Henrich run out and fetch in a tea-tray and some cups, and let the girl run and get six-pennyworths of coffee, we can buy more afterward. This must be a rule to you, dear heart! that you don't talk much until you have learned how properly to discourse. You must not be too humble, but stand upon what is befitting you, and labor, above everything, to put the old tinman-life out of your head, and imagine that you have been the Burgomaster's lady for many years. In the morning there must always be a tea-table ready prepared for callers, and in the afternoon coffee, and with the coffee, cards. There is a certain game at cards called "Allumber," which I would give a hundred rix-dollars, that you and our daughter, Miss Angelica, understood. You must therefore pay great attention when you see anybody playing it, that you may learn it. In the morning you should lie in bed till nine or half-past, because it is only the common people who in summer get up with the sun; yet on Sundays you may get up

rather earlier, as on that day I shall drive for my health's sake. You must have a handsome snuff-box, which you may have lying on the table beside you when you play at cards. And when anybody drinks your health, you must not say, thank you, but *très humble serviteur*. And when you yawn, you need not hold up your hand before your mouth, for that is not customary with fine folks. And when you are in company, you need not be too particular, but set prudery somewhat aside.

But listen, I had forgot something ; you should also have a lap-dog, of which you must be as fond as of your own daughter, for that too is genteel. Our neighbor Arianke has a pretty little dog which she will lend you till we can get one of our own. You must give your dog a French name, which I will hunt out for you, when I have a little time to spare. It must always lie in your lap, and you must kiss it at least half a score times, when company is by.

Ges.—Nay, my good husband ! that I cannot possibly do ; for one never knows in what dirt a dog has lain. One should get one's mouth full of filth and fleas.

Her.—What nonsense ! If you will be a lady you must have the whims of a lady. Besides, a dog can also furnish you with something to talk about ; for when you have nothing else to say, you can relate the peculiarities and good qualities of your dog. Do only as I tell you, dear heart ! I understand the genteel world better than you do. Take me only as your model, and you shall see that there will not be a single fragment of the old tinsmith left about me. I shall not do as a certain butcher did who, when he became alderman, after he had written on one side of a sheet of paper, and wanted to turn over, stuck his pen in his mouth as he had been used to with his butcher's knife. Now go in and give your directions. I have something to say to Henrich alone.—*Translation of Wm. Howitt.*



HOLCROFT, THOMAS, an English dramatist and novelist, born in London, December 10 (O.S.), 1745 ; died there, March 23, 1809. His father was a shoemaker and keeper of a livery-stable, and the son was his assistant. In time he became trainer of a race-horse at Newmarket, was subsequently a schoolmaster, and finally went upon the stage. At the time of the French Revolution he fell under the suspicions of Government, and in company with Horne Tooke, Thelwall, and others, was indicted for high treason. Some of the persons indicted were formally acquitted ; others, among whom was Holcroft, were discharged without a trial. He wrote some thirty plays, the best known of which is *The Road to Ruin* ; four novels, the best of which is *Hugh Trevor*, in which he depicted the vices and distresses which he conceived to be generated by the existing institutions of society ; and a volume of autobiographical *Memoirs*, which were edited by William Hazlitt, and posthumously published in 1816. The following song is from *Hugh Trevor* :

GAFFER GRAY.

Ho ! why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray ?
And why does thy nose look so blue ?
"Tis the weather that's cold,
"Tis I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new,
Well-a-day ! "

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
Gaffer Gray !
And warm thy old heart with a glass.
“ Nay, but credit I've none,
And my money's all gone ;
Then say how may that come to pass ?
Well-a-day ! ”

Hie away to the house on the brow,
Gaffer Gray,
And knock at the jolly priest's door.
“ The priest often preaches
Against worldly riches,
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
Well-a-day ! ”

The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray ;
Warmly fenced both in back and in front.
“ He will fasten his locks,
And will threaten the stocks,
Should he ever more find me in want,
Well-a-day ! ”

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray ;
And the season will welcome you there.
“ His beeves and his beer
And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,
Well-a-day ! ”

My keg is but low, I confess,
Gaffer Gray ;
What then ? While it lasts, man, we'll live
“ The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,
Well-a-day ! ”



HOLINGSHEAD, RAPHAEL, an early English chronicler, probably born at Sutton Downs, Cheshire, at an uncertain date; died about 1580. Very little is known of his early history, though he is said to have been educated at Cambridge. Early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth he entered the service of Reginald Wolfe, a London printer, as translator. About 1548 Wolfe, having inherited Leland's notes, designed a universal history. He started work on the portions devoted to England, Scotland, and Ireland, in which he was assisted by Holingshead and Lucas Harrison. After twenty-five years of labor on this great work Wolfe died, leaving the work far from ready for publication. His successors continued the work and employed William Harrison to assist Holingshead, and on July 1, 1578, license to print *Raphael Holingshead's Cronycle* was issued to John Harrison and George Bishop.

An early writer in the *Edinburgh Review* says that of the second edition of Holingshead "several sheets were suppressed by order of the Privy Council, but a very few escaped mutilation, and the obnoxious passages have been separately printed in later times. What is remarkable is that no very obvious motive for this interference of the council appears on the face of them. As to the value of the *Chronicle*, this writer says: "The most useful portions at present are the de-

scription of Britain by Harrison, and the annals of Elizabeth's reign by Holingshead himself." Recent historians have drawn largely from the Holingshead Chronicle.

THE DRESS OF MERCHANTS AND THEIR WIVES.

Certes, of all estates, our merchants do least alter their attire, and therefore are most to be commended ; for, albeit that which they wear be very fine and costly, yet, in form and color, it representeth a great piece of the ancient gravity appertaining to citizens and burgesses. Albeit the younger sort of their wives, both in attire and costly housekeeping, cannot tell when and how to make an end ; as being women, indeed, in whom all kind of curiosity is found and seen, and in far greater measure than in women of higher calling. I might here name a sort of colors, devised for the nonce, wherewith to please fantastical heads : as goose-green, pease-porridge-tawny, popinjay-blue, lusty-gallant, the-devil-in-the-hedge (I should have said, in the *head*), and such otherlike ;—but I pass them all over, thinking it sufficient to have written thus much.—*Selected for the Gentleman's Magazine in 1736.*





HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT, an American journalist and novelist, born at Belchertown, Mass., July 24, 1819; died at New York, October 12, 1881. He studied medicine, was engaged in practice for three years, then went to Springfield, Mass., where for a short time he edited a literary periodical. He then went to Vicksburg, Miss., where he was for a year Superintendent of Public Schools. Returning to Springfield he became in 1849 an associate editor of the *Republican* newspaper, and soon afterward one of the proprietors. In 1866 he sold his interest in the *Republican*, and, after travelling in Europe, became in 1870 the editor and part proprietor of *Scribner's Magazine*, which was then established, and of which he remained the editor until his death. He was also a very popular lyceum lecturer. His principal works are: *History of Western Massachusetts* (1855); *The Bay Path*, a novel (1857); *Timothy Titcomb's Letters* (1858); *Bitter Sweet*, a poetical tale (1858); *Gold Foil* (1859); *Miss Gilbert's Career*, a novel (1860); *Lessons in Life* (1861); *Letters to the Joneses* (1863); *Plain Talk on Familiar Subjects* (1865); *Life of Abraham Lincoln* (1866); *Kathrina*, a narrative poem (1867); *The Marble Prophecy and other Poems* (1872); *Arthur Bonnicastle*, a novel (1873); *Garnered Sheaves*, a collection of poems (1873), and *The Mistress of the Manse*, a novel (1874).

Speaking of *Timothy Titcomb's Letters*, when the little volume appeared in 1858, the London *Literary Gazette* said: "We have never read a work which better inculcates the several duties and responsibilities of young men and women, married or single."

THE HUMAN LOCOMOTIVE AND ITS TRACK.

Go with me, if you please, to the next station-house, and look off upon that line of railroad. It is straight as an arrow, out run the iron lines, glittering in the sun—out as far as we can see—until, converging almost to a single thread, they pierce the sky. What were those rails laid for? It is a road, is it? Try your cart or your coach there: the axle-trees are too narrow, and you go bumping along upon the sleepers. Try a wheelbarrow: you cannot keep it on the rail. Now go with me to the locomotive-shop. What is this? We are told it is a locomotive. What is a locomotive? Why, it is a carriage moved by steam. But it is very heavy; the wheels would sink into a common road up to the axle; that locomotive can never run on a common-road, and the man is a fool who built it; strange that men will waste time and money that way! But stop a moment. Why, wouldn't these wheels just fit those rails? We measure them, and then we go to the track and measure its gauge. That solves the difficulty: those rails were intended for the locomotive, and the locomotive for the rails. They are good for nothing apart. The locomotive is not even safe anywhere else. If it should get off after it is once on, it would run into rocks and stumps, and bury itself in sands or swamps beyond recovery.

Young man, you are a locomotive; you are a thing that goes by a power inside of you; you are made to go. In fact, considered as a machine, you are very far superior to a locomotive. The maker of the locomotive is a man; your maker is man's Maker. You are as different from a horse or an ox or a camel, as a locomotive is different from a wheelbarrow or a cart or a coach. Now, do you suppose that the Being who made you—manu-

factured your machine, and put into it the motive power—did not make a special road for you to run upon? My idea of religion is that it is a railroad for a human locomotive; and that just so sure as it undertakes to run upon a road adapted only to animal power it will bury its wheels in the sand, dash itself among rocks, and come to inevitable wreck.

If you don't believe this, try the other thing. Here are forty roads. Suppose you choose one of them, and see where you come out. Here is the dram-shop road; try it; follow it, and see how long it will be before you come to a stump and a smash-up. Here is the road to sensual pleasure: you are just as sure to bury your wheels in the dirt as you try it; your machine is too heavy for that track altogether. Here is the winding uncertain path of frivolity: there are morasses on each side of it; and, with the headway you are under, you will be sure, sooner or later, to pitch into one of them. Here is the road of philosophy; but it runs through a country from which the light of heaven is shut out; and while you may be able to keep your machine right side up, it will only be by feeling your way along in a clumsy, comfortless kind of style, and with no certainty of ever arriving at the heavenly station-house. Here is the road of scepticism: that is covered with fog, and a fence runs across it within ten rods. Don't you see that your machine was never intended to run on those roads? Don't you know that it never was; and don't you know that the only track under heaven upon which you can run safely is the religious track? Don't you know that just as long as you keep your wheels on that track, wreck is impossible? Don't you know that is the only track on which wreck is not certain? I know it, if you don't and I tell you that on that track, which God has laid down expressly for your soul to run upon, your soul will find free play for all its wheels, and an unobstructed and happy progress. It is straight and narrow, but it is safe and solid, and furnishes the only direct route to the Heavenly City. Now, God made your soul, and made religion for it, you are a fool if you refuse to place yourself on the track. You cannot prosper anywhere else, and your machine will not run anywhere else.—*The Titcomb Letters.*

COUNSEL FOR GIRLS.

There is no better relief to study than the regular performance of special duties in the house. To feel that one is really doing something every day, that the house is tidier for one's efforts, and the comfort of the family enhanced, is the sweet warrant of content and cheerfulness. There is something about this habit of daily work—this regular performance of duty—which tends to regulate the passions, to give calmness and vigor to the mind, to impart a healthy tone to the body, and to diminish the desire for life in the street and for resort to gossiping companions.

Were I as rich as Croesus, my girls should have something to do regularly, just as soon as they should be old enough to do anything. They should, in the first place, make their own bed and take care of their own room. They should dress each other. They should sweep a portion of the house. They should learn above all things, to help themselves, and thus to be independent of all circumstances. A woman helpless from any other cause than sickness is essentially a nuisance. There is nothing womanly and ladylike in helplessness. My policy would be, as girls grow up, to assign them special duties, first in one part of the house, then in another until they should become acquainted with all housewifely offices. And I should have an object in this beyond the simple acquisition of a knowledge of housewifery. It should be for the acquisition of habits of physical industry; of habits that conduce to the health of body and mind; of habits that give them an insight into the nature of labor, and inspire within them a genuine sympathy with those whose lot it is to labor.

All young mind is uneasy if it be good for anything. There is not the genuine human stuff in a girl who is habitually and by nature placid and inactive. The body and the mind must both be in motion. If this tendency to activity be left to run loose undirected into channels of usefulness—a spoiled child is the result. A girl growing up into womanhood is, when unemployed, habitually uneasy. The mind aches and chafes because it wants action for a motive. Now a mind in

this condition is not benefited by the command to stay at home, or the withdrawal from companions. It must be set to work. This vital energy that is struggling to find relief in demonstration should be so directed that habits may be formed : habits of industry that obviate the wish for change and unnecessary play, and form a regular drain upon it. Otherwise the mind becomes dissipated, the will irresolute, and confinement irksome. Girls will never be happy except in the company of their playmates, unless home becomes to them a scene of regular duty and personal usefulness.

There is another obvious advantage to be derived from the habit of engaging daily upon special household duties. The imagination of girls is apt to be active to an unhealthy degree when no corrective is employed. False views of life are engendered, and labor is regarded as menial. Ease comes to be looked upon as a supremely desirable thing ; so that when the real inevitable cares of life come, there is no preparation for them, and weak complainings or ill-natured discontent are the result.

And here I am naturally introduced to another subject. Young women, the glory of your life is to do something, and to be something. You very possibly may have formed the idea that ease and personal enjoyment are the ends of your life. This is a terrible mistake. Development, in the broadest sense, and in the highest direction, is the end of your life. You may possibly find ease with it, and a great deal of precious personal enjoyment ; or your life may be one long experience of self-denial. If you wish to be something more than the pet and plaything of a man ; if you would rise above the position of a pretty toy or the ornamental fixture of an establishment, you have got a work to do. You have got a position to maintain in society ; you have got the poor and sick to visit ; you may possibly have a family to rear and train ; you have got to take a load of care upon your shoulders, and bear it through life. You have got a character to sustain, and I hope that you will have the heart of a husband to cheer and strengthen. Ease is not for you. Selfish enjoyment is not for you. The world is to be made better by you — *The Titcomb Letters.*

GRADATION.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted **skies**,
And we mount to its summit round by round

I count this thing to be grandly true :
 That a noble deed is a step toward God,
 Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet ;
 By what we have mastered of good and gain ;
 By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust
 When the morning calls us to life and light ;
 But our hearts grow weary and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
 And we think that we mount the air on wings
 Beyond the reach of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angel, but feet for men !
 We may borrow the wings to find the way ;
 We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and **pray** :
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
 From the weary earth to the sapphire walls ;
 But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper waits on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound ;
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted **skies**,
And we mount to its summit round by round.



HOLLAND (HENRY RICHARD FOX), BARON, an English statesman, and historical and biographical writer, was born at Winterslow House, Wiltshire, November 21, 1773; died at Holland House, October 22, 1840. He acceded to the title of Baron Holland when about a year old, upon the death of his father, the first Baron. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, where he graduated in 1792. In 1798 Lord Holland made his first speech in the House of Lords, and was henceforth, to the close of his life, a frequent participator in its discussions, always on the Whig side. At various times he held important positions under the Government, among which was the strictly nominal one of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, which, however, gave him a vote in the Cabinet Council. This he held from 1830 until his death. After his marriage with the divorced wife of Sir Godfrey Webster, he took up his residence at Holland House, which was for nearly half a century a kind of rendezvous for men who had acquired note in Art, Literature, or Science, and for politicians of the Whig party.

Lord Holland was a quite voluminous author. Between 1802 and 1805 he made a long visit to Spain, one of the results of which was *Some Account of the Life and Writing of Lope Felix de Vega Carpio* (1806), which, with additions, appeared in 1817

under the title of *Lives of Lope de Vega, and G. de Castro*. In 1807 he put forth *Three Comedies from the Spanish*; and in 1808 an edition, with a long Preface, of Charles James Fox's *History of the Early Part of the Reign of James II*. Several works written by him were published after his death by his son. Among these are *Memoirs of the Whig Party* (1854). Another publication, *The Opinions of Lord Holland, as recorded in the Journal of the House of Lords from 1797 to 1840*, appeared not long after his death. This, strictly speaking, is to be regarded as a work of Lord Holland, since the main part of it consists of his own speeches delivered in the House of Lords. But by far the most notable of Lord Holland's books is his *Foreign Reminiscences*. This appears to have been written at intervals during the later years of his life, but was not printed until 1850, when it appeared as "edited by his son, Henry Edward, Lord Holland," with a dedication to "Jerome Bonaparte, Marshal of France, the only surviving brother of the Emperor Napoleon." The *Foreign Reminiscences* of Lord Holland relate mainly to foreigners whom he met between the years 1791 and 1815. He says of the anecdotes, which he had only from hearsay: "I can only vouch for the anecdotes I record, by assuring my readers that I believe them: I repeat them as they were received and understood by me, from what appeared to be sufficient authority; and I delineate the characters either as the result of my own impressions, or of the opinions conveyed to me by those who were most capable of drawing them correctly."

LAFAYETTE.

I dined frequently with General Lafayette in 1791. He kept a sort of open table for officers of the National Guard, and other persons zealous and forward in the cause of the Revolution. I was pleased with the unaffected dignity and simplicity of his manners, and flattered by the openness with which he spoke to me of his own views of the situation of the country. He was loud in condemning the brutality of Petion, whose cold and offensive replies to the questions of the royal prisoners on the journey back from Varennes were very currently reported ; and he was in his professions, and I believe in his heart, much more confident of the sincerity of the King than common prudence should have allowed him to be, or than was justified either by the character of Louis himself, or by the truth as disclosed by subsequent events.

Lafayette was, however, then as always, a pure, disinterested man, full of private affection and public virtue, and not devoid of such talents as firmness of purpose, sense of honor, and earnestness of zeal will, on great occasions, supply. He was indeed accessible to flattery, somewhat too credulous, and apt to mistake the forms, or—if I may so phrase it—the pedantry of liberty for the substance. These strictures, however, on his blemishes are less applicable to the period to which I am now referring than to most others of his public life ; for with all his love of popularity, he was then knowingly sacrificing it for the purpose of rescuing a Court from contumely and injury ; and, though a republican in principle, was active in preserving the name, and perhaps too much of the authority, of a King in the new Constitution. He either tickled my youthful vanity, or gained my affections so much during my residence in Paris, that I caught his feelings, and became for the time enthusiastically persuaded of the King's attachment to the new Constitution.

LOUIS XVI.

Louis XVI. was neither a bad nor a foolish man, and he certainly was not a cruel one. But sincerity is no

attribute of princes educated in the expectation of power, and exposed to the dangers of civil disturbance. As Louis did not inherit, so neither did he acquire, that virtue by discipline or reflection. He meant the good of the people, whom he deemed himself destined to govern, but he thought to promote that good more certainly by preserving than by surrendering any part of that authority which his ancestors possessed. Vanity, a weed indigenous in the soil, and much favored by an elevated state on which flattery is continually showered, confirmed that notion in his mind, and disinclined him to any real confidence in his ostensible ministers and advisers. It made him fondly imagine that he could never become the tool of secret machinations, or the instrument of persons in his judgment so greatly inferior in intellect and acquirements as those who surrounded him.

M. de Calonne told me that when he had ascertained that the Queen and her coterie were hostile to the plans he had prepared, he waited on the King, respectfully and delicately lamented the Queen's reported disapprobation of his project, earnestly conjuring his Majesty, if not resolved to go through with the plan, and to silence all opposition or cavil at it in the Court to allow him to suppress it in time; but if, on the other hand, his Majesty was determined to persevere, suggesting the propriety of impressing on the Queen his earnest desire and wishes that nothing should escape her lips which could sanction a doubt of the excellence of the measures themselves, and still less of the determination of the Court to adopt and enforce them. Louis at first scouted the notion of the Queen (*une femme*, as he called her) forming or hazarding any opinion about it. But when M. de Calonne assured him that she spoke of the project in terms of disparagement and censure, the King rang the bell, sent for her Majesty to the apartment, and after sternly and even coarsely rebuking her for meddling with matters, *auxquelles les femmes n'ont rien à faire*, he, to the dismay of M. de Calonne took her by the shoulders, and fairly turned her out of the room like a naughty child. "*Me voilà perdu*," said M. de Calonne to himself, and he was accordingly dismissed, and his scheme abandoned in the course of a few days.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Persons who have dined with him at taverns and coffee-houses when it was convenient to him not to pay his reckoning, have assured me that, though the youngest and poorest, he always obtained, without exacting it, a sort of deference, or even submission, from the rest of the company. Though never parsimonious, he was at that period of his life extremely attentive to the details of expense, the price of provisions and of other necessary articles, and, in short, to every branch of domestic economy. The knowledge thus early acquired in such matters was useful to him in a more exalted station. He cultivated and even made a great parade of his information in subsequent periods of his career, and thus sometimes detected and frequently prevented embezzlement in the administration of public accounts.

Nothing could exceed the order and regularity with which his household, both as Consul and Emperor, was conducted. The great things he accomplished, and the savings he made, without even the imputation of avarice or meanness, with the sum, comparatively inconsiderable, of 15,000,000 francs a year, are marvellous, and expose his successors—and indeed all European princes—to the reproach of neglect or incapacity. In this branch of his government he owed much to Duroc. It is said that they often visited the markets (*les halles*) of Paris, dressed in plain clothes, and early in the morning. When any great accounts were to be submitted to the Emperor, Duroc would apprise him in secret of some of the minutest details. By an adroit allusion to them, or a careless remark on the points upon which he had received such recent and accurate information, Napoleon contrived to impress his audience that the master's eye was everywhere.

For instance, when the Tuilleries were furnished, the upholsterer's charges, though not very exorbitant, were suspected by the Emperor to be higher than the usual profit of that trade would have warranted. He suddenly asked some Minister who was with him how much the egg at the end of the bell-rope should cost. "*J'ignore*," was the answer. "*Eh bien! nous verrons*,"

said he ; and then cut off the ivory handle, called for a valet, and bidding him dress himself in plain and ordinary clothes, and neither divulge his immediate commission or general employment to any living soul, directed him to inquire the price of such articles at several shops in Paris, and to order a dozen as for himself. They were one-third less dear than those furnished to the palace. The Emperor, inferring that the same advantage had been taken in the other articles, struck a third off the whole charge, and directed the tradesman to be informed that this was done at his express command, because he had himself, *on inspection*, discovered the charges to be by one-third too exorbitant.

When afterward, in the height of his glory, he visited Caen with the Empress Maria Louisa and a train of crowned heads and princes, his old friend, M. Mechlin, the Prefect, aware of his taste for detail, waited upon him with five statistical details of the expenditure, revenue, prices, produces, and commerce of the Department. "*C'est bon*," said he, when he received them on the evening of his arrival ; "*vous et moi nous ferons bien de l'esprit sur tout cela demain au Conseil.*" Accordingly he astonished all the leading proprietors of the Department, at the meeting next day, by his minute knowledge of the prices of good and bad cider, and of the produce and other circumstances of the various districts of the Department. Other princes have shown an equal fondness for minute details with Napoleon ; but here is the difference. The use they made of their knowledge was to torment their inferiors and weary their company : the purpose to which Napoleon applied it was to conserve the objects and interests of the community. . . .

His powers of application and memory seemed almost preternatural. There was scarcely a man in France—and none in employment—with whose private history, character, and qualifications, he was not acquainted. He had when Emperor, notes and tables, which he called "*The Moral Statistics of the Empire.*" He revised and corrected them by ministerial reports, private conversation, and correspondence. He received all letters himself, and—what seems incredible—he read and recollected all that he received. He slept little, and was never idle one instant when awake.

When he had an hour for diversion, he not unfrequently employed it in looking over a book of logarithms, which he acknowledged, with some surprise, was at all seasons of his life a recreation to him. So retentive was his memory of numbers, that sums over which he had once glanced his eye were in his mind ever after. He recollects the respective produce of all taxes through every year of his administration, and could at any time repeat them even to centimes.

Thus his detection of errors in accounts appeared marvellous, and he often indulged in the pardonable artifice of displaying these faculties in a way to create a persuasion that his vigilance was almost supernatural. In running over an account of expenditure, he perceived the ration of a battalion charged on a certain day at Besançon. "*Mais le bataillon n' etait pas là*," says he; "*il y a erreur*." The Minister, recollecting that the Emperor had been at the time out of France, and confiding in the regularity of his subordinate agents, persisted that the battalion must have been at Besançon. Napoleon insisted on further inquiry. It turned out to be a fraud and not a mistake. The speculating accountant was dismissed; and the scrutinizing spirit of the Emperor circulated with the anecdote through every branch of the public service, in a way to deter every clerk from committing the slightest error, from fear of immediate detection.

His knowledge in other matters was often as accurate, and nearly as surprising. Not only were the Swiss deputies in 1801 astonished at his familiar acquaintance with the history, laws, and usages of their country, which seemed the result of a life of research, but even the envoys of the insignificant Republic of San Marino, who waited upon him at Bologna, were astonished at finding that he knew the families and feuds of that small community, and discoursed on the respective views, conditions, and interests of parties and individuals, as if he had been educated in the petty squabbles and local politics of that diminutive society. I remember that a simple native of that place told me, in 1814, that the phenomenon was accounted for by the Saint of the town appearing over-night, in order to assist his deliberations.

Some anecdotes related to me by the distinguished officer who conveyed him in the *Undaunted* to Elba in 1814, prove the extent, variety, and accuracy of the knowledge of Napoleon. On his first arrival on the coast, in company with Sir Neil Campbell, an Austrian and a Russian commissioner, Captain Usher waited upon him, and was invited to dinner. He conversed much on naval affairs, and explained the plan he had once conceived of forming a vast fleet of 150 ships-of-the-line. Usher said that with the immense means he then commanded, he saw no impossibility in building and manning any number of ships, but his difficulty would have consisted in forming thorough seamen, as distinguished from what we call smooth-water sailors. Napoleon replied that he had provided for that also; he had organized exercises for them afloat, not only in harbors, but in smaller vessels near the coast, by which they might have been trained to go through, even in rough weather, the arduous manoeuvres of seamanship; and he mentioned among them the keeping of a ship clear of her anchors in a heavy sea. The Austrian, who suspected Napoleon of talking in general upon subjects he imperfectly understood, acknowledged his own ignorance, and asked him the meaning of the term, the nature of the difficulty, and the method of surmounting it. On this the Emperor took up two forks, and explained the problem in seamanship, which is not an easy one, in so short, scientific and practical a way that Captain Usher assured me he knew none but professional men—and very few of them—who could off-hand have given so perspicuous, seamanlike, and satisfactory a solution of the question.

On the same voyage, when the propriety of putting into a certain harbor of Corsica was under discussion, and the want of a pilot urged as an objection, Napoleon described the depth of water, shoals, currents, bearings, and anchorage, with a minuteness which seemed as if he had himself acted in that capacity, and which, on reference to the charts, was found scrupulously accurate. When his cavalry and baggage arrived at Porto Ferrajo, the commander of the transports said that he had been on the point of putting into a certain creek near Genoa; upon hearing which Napoleon ex-

claimed, "It is well you did not ; it is the worst place in the Mediterranean ; you would not have got to sea again for a month or six weeks." He then proceeded to allege reasons for the difficulty, which were quite sufficient, if the peculiarities of the little bay were such as he described. But Captain Usher, having never heard of them during his service in the Mediterranean, suspected that the Emperor was mistaken, or had confounded some report he had heard from mariners in his youth. When, however, he mentioned the circumstance, many years afterward, to Captain Dundas, that officer confirmed the report of Napoleon in all its particulars, and expressed astonishment at its correctness. "For," said he, "I thought it a discovery of my own, having ascertained all you have just told me about that creek by observation and experience." . . .

Napoleon, when Consul and Emperor, seldom wrote, but dictated much. It was difficult to follow him, and he often objected to any revision of what he had dictated. When a word had escaped his amanuensis, and he was asked what it was, he would answer somewhat pettishly, "*Je ne répéterai pas le mot. Réfléchisse, rappelez vous du mot que j'ai édicté, et crivez-le, car pour moi je ne le répéterai pas.*" In matters of importance he would look over and correct what had been written from his dictation, and would afterward repeat word for word the sentences he had composed and revised. His style was clear. "*Soyez clair, tout le reste viendra,*" was a maxim of his. In matters of business he very justly ridiculed and defied that absurd canon of French criticism which forbids the recurrence of a word twice in the same sentence, or even page. He had several volumes of his correspondence copied out and bound in folio. There is some mystery attending the fate of these books. From them, however, the *Lettres inédites* were published.



HOLLEY, MARIETTA, an American humorist and poet, better known by her pen-name, "Josiah Allen's Wife," was born on the old family estate between Pierrepont Manor and Adams, in Jefferson County, N. Y., in 1844. Her paternal ancestors lived in Connecticut; her mother's father was from Rhode Island. At a very early age Marietta began to write short sketches and poems; which, under the pseudonym "Jemyma," appeared first in an Adams newspaper, and later in *Peterson's Magazine*. While writing for *Peterson* she adopted the name by which she afterward became so well known to the literary public. It was during the early days of her literary "apprenticeship" that the *Christian Union* spoke of one of her short metrical contributions as "a sweet little poem." Her early verses appeared also in the *Independent*, and in other periodicals, and generally went the rounds of the weekly and monthly publications of America and England. It was not, however, until 1887 that Miss Holley issued her *Poems* in book-form; though her *Mormon Wife* had been already published as an illustrated poem by a New York firm. Her other books, except a collection of stories entitled *Miss Richard's Boy* (1882), constitute her famous series of dialect works. These include *My Opinions and Betsey Bobbet's* (1872); *Samantha at the Centennial* (1878); *My Wayward Pardner, or, My Trials with Josiah* (1880); *Sweet Cicely, or,*

Josiah as a Politician (1885); *Miss Jones' Quilting* (1887); *Samantha at Saratoga* (1887); *Samantha Among the Brethren* (1890); *Samantha on the Race Problem* (1892), published later under the title *Samantha Among the Colored Folks*; *Samantha at the World's Fair* (1893); *Josiah's Alarm, and Abel Perry's Funeral* (1895); *Samantha in Europe* (1895).

“Miss Holley’s work,” says Frances Willard in her *Woman of the Century*, “appeals to all classes of society; her readers are scattered over the entire world, and include men and women of every station and grade.”

We quote the following appreciative words from an excellent article on Miss Holley’s home life, published in the *New York Tribune*, April 29, 1894: “All her books teach some good and homely lesson, and all have had an astonishing success. Most people know her through her prose writings: but she has also written verse. Mr. Whittier once wrote to her regarding one of her poems, ‘I have read thy poems with great satisfaction. I read thy beautiful poem, *The Deacon’s Daughter*, with moist eyes. It is perfect, and it does not, by any means, stand alone in the volume.’”

A correspondent of the *San Francisco Post* says: “She has mixed very little with the world, living in absolute retirement with her invalid mother, whose own fine mind strongly influenced that of the talented daughter. She is an extremely beautiful woman, with the profile of a Greek goddess, masses of soft, brown hair, which Time has just touched with his silver fingers, and deep brown eyes, earnest, tender, and changeful.”

WHY JOSIAH ALLEN DID NOT BECOME A GONDOLIER.

Wall, on our way home I had an awful trial with Josiah Allen. Mebbe what he had seen that day made him feel kind o' riz up, and want to act.

He and I wuz a-wendin' our way along the lagoon, when all of a sudden he sez—

“Samantha, I want to go out sailin' in a gondola—I want to swing out and be romantic,” sez he.

Sez he, “I always wanted to be romantic, and I always wanted to be a gondolier, but it never come handy before, and now I will! I *will* be romantic, and sail round with you in a gondola. I'd love to go by moonlight, but sunlight is better than nothin'.”

I looked down pityin'ly on him as he stood a few steps below me on the flight o' stairs a-leadin' down to the water's edge.

I leaned hard on my faithful old umbrell, for I had a touch of rumatiz that day.

And sez I, “Romance, Josiah, should be looked at with the bright eyes of youth, not through spectacles No. 12.” Sez I, “The glowin' mist that wrops her round fades away under the magnifyin' lights of them specs, Josiah Allen.”

He had took his hat off to cool his forward, and I sez further—

“Romance and bald heads don't go together worth a cent, and rumatiz and azmy are perfect strangers to her. Romance locks arms with young souls, Josiah Allen, and walks off with 'em.”

“Oh, shaw!” says Josiah, “we hain't so very old. Old Uncle Smedly would call us young, and we be, compared to him.”

“Wall,” sez I, “through the purblind gaze of ninety winters we may look younger, but bald heads and spectacles, Josiah Allen, tell their own silent story. We are not young, Josiah Allen, and all our lyin' and pretendin' won't make us so.”

“Wall, dum it all! I never shall be any younger. You can't dispute that.”

“No,” sez I, “I don't spoze you will, in this spear.”

“Wall, I am bound to go out in a gondola. I am bound

to be a gondolier before I die. So you may as well make up your mind first as last, and the sooner I go, the younger I shall go. Hain't that so?"

With a deep sithe I answered, "I spoze so."

And he continued on. "There is such wild, free pleasure on the deep, Samantha."

"But," sez I, layin' down the sword of common-sense, and takin' up the weepons of affection, "Think of the dangers, Josiah. The water is damp and cold, and your rumatiz is fearful."

"Dum it all I hain't agoin' *in* the water, am I?"

"I don't know," sez I, sadly, "I don't know, Josiah, and anyway the winds sweep down the lagoons, and azmy lingers on its wings. Pause, Josiah Allen, for my sake, for liniments and poultices, as well as clouds, have their dark linin's, and they turn 'em out to me as I ponder on your course." Sez I, "Your danger appauls me, and also the idee of bein' up nights with you."

"But," sez he, firmly, "I *will* be a gondolier, I'm bound on't. And," sez he, "I want one of them gorgeous silk dresses that they wear. I'd love to appear in a red and yeller suit, Samantha, or a green and purple, or a blue and maroon, with a pink sash made of thin glitterin' silk, but I spoze that you will break that up in a minute. So, I spoze that I shall have to dwindle down onto a silk scarf, or some plumes in my hat, mebby —you are never willin' for me to soar out and spread myself, but you probable wouldn't break up a few feathers."

I groaned aloud, and mentally groped round for aid, and instinctively ketched holt of religion.

Sez I, "Elder Minkley is here, Josiah Allen, and Deacon Henzy — Jonesville church is languishin' in debt. Is this a time for feathers? What will they think on't? If you can spend money for silk scarfs and plumes, they'll expect you, and with good reason, too, to raise the debt on the meetin'-house."

He paused. Economy prevailed; what love couldn't effect or common-sense, closeness did.

His brow cleared from its anxious, ambitious *creases*, and sez he, "Wall, do come on and less be goin'!"

EIGHT CENTS FOR TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

There wuz some little pictures there about six inches square, and marked :

“ Little Picters for a Child’s Album.”

And Josiah sez to me, “ I believe I’ll buy one of ‘em for Babe’s album that I got her last Christmas.”

Sez he, “ I’ve got ten cents in change, but probable,” sez he, “ it won’t be over eight cents.”

Sez I, “ Don’t be too sanguine, Josiah Allen.”

Sez he, “ I am never sanguinary without good horse sense to back it up. They throwed in a chromo three feet square with the last calico dress you bought at Jonesville, and this hain’t over five or six inches big.”

“ Wall,” sez I, “ buy it if you want to.”

“ Wall,” sez he, “ that’s what I lay out to do, mom.”

So he accosted a Columbus Guard that stood nigh, and sez he—

“ I’m a-goin’ to buy that little picter, and I want to know if I can take it home now in my vest pocket ? ”

“ That picter,” sez he, “ is twenty thousand dollars. It is owned by the German National Gallery, and is loaned by them,” and sez he, with a ready flow of knowledge inherent to them Guards, “ the artist, Adolph Menzel, is to German art what Meissonier is to the French. His pictures are all bought by the National Gallery, and bring enormous sums.”

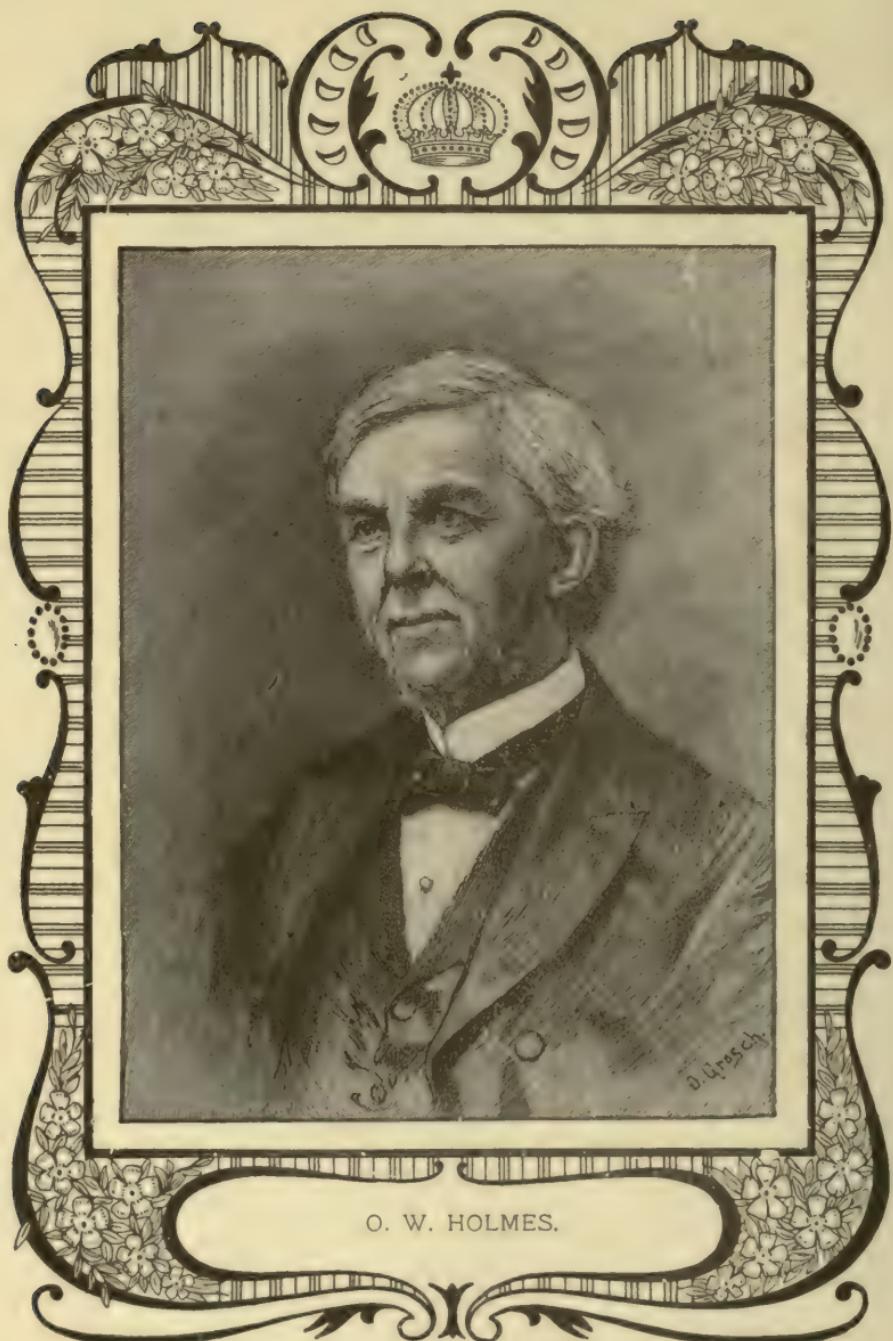
Josiah almost swooned away. Nothin’ but pride kep’ him up—

I didn’t say nothin’ to add to his mortification. Only I simply said—

“ Babe will prize that picter, Josiah Allen.”

And he sez, “ Be a fool if you want to ; I’m a-goin’ to get sunthin’ to eat.”

And he hurried me along at almost a dog-trot.—*From ‘Samantha at the World’s Fair.*



O. W. HOLMES.



HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL, an American poet, essayist, and novelist, born at Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809; died October 7, 1894. He was educated at Phillips Academy, Andover, and at Harvard University, where he graduated in 1829. He then began the study of law, which he abandoned at the end of a year for medicine. After several years of study in Boston and in Paris, he received his degree of M.D. in 1836. In this year he published his first volume of *Poems*. While a student he had contributed to the *Collegian*, published at Harvard. About 1838 it was proposed by the Government to break up the old battle-ship *Constitution*, no longer sea-worthy. The indignation of Holmes found vent in his poem *Old Ironsides*, the popular name of the vessel. This lyric, appealing to the patriotism of the whole country, gave its author a reputation, sustained by other poems in his first volume. In 1836 and 1837 he gained three out of the four medals for the "Boylston Prize Dissertations." These essays were published together in 1838, in which year Dr. Holmes was appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Dartmouth College. At the end of two years he resigned this position, and began medical practice in Boston. In 1847 he became Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Harvard Medical School, where he remained until 1882. He was one of the earli-

est contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly*, for which he wrote *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, published in book-form in 1859; *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table* (1860), and *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table* (1872). His poems, besides those already mentioned, were some years since collected under the title, *The Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes*. An additional volume, *Before the Curfew and other Poems*, was published in 1888. Two novels, *Elsie Venner, a Romance of Destiny* (1861), and *The Guardian Angel* (1868), illustrating his theory of heredity as a factor in human destiny, give many faithful and some exaggerated sketches of New England types of character. A later novel, *A Mortal Antipathy* (1885), is a psychological study, in which is told the story of a young man's cure of an antipathy against all womankind, born of an accident in infancy.

Dr. Holmes's other literary works are *Soundings from the Atlantic*, a collection of essays (1864); *Mechanism in Thought and Morals* (1871); *Memoirs of John Lothrop Motley* (1879); *Pages from an Old Volume of Life* (1883); *Ralph Waldo Emerson* (1884); *One Hundred Days in Europe* (1887); *Over the Tea-Cups* (1890). Among his medical works are *Delusions* (1842); *Currents and Counter Currents in Medical Science* (1861), and *Border Lines in Some Provinces of Medical Science* (1862).

"He is one of the writers," says Leslie Stephen, "who is destined to live long—longer, it may be, than some of greater intellectual force and higher imagination, because he succeeds so admirably in flavoring the milk of human kindness with an element which is not acid and yet gets rid of the

mawkishness which sometimes makes good moral
ity terribly insipid."

OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down !

 Long has it waved on high,
 And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky ;
 Beneath it rang the battle-shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar ;—
 The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more !

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
 And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee ;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea !

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave ;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave ;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms—
 The lightning and the gale !

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.*

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wing
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
 And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming
 hair.

* By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl !
 And every chambered cell,
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed—
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !

Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil ;
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap forlorn !
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is borne
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn !
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings :

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll !
 Leave the low-vaulted past !
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

THE VOICELESS.*

We count the broken lyres that rest
 Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
 But o'er their silent sister's breast
 The wild flowers who will stoop to number ?
 A few can touch the magic string,
 And noisy fame is proud to win them ;
 Alas for those who never sing,
 But die with all their music in them.

* By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
 Whose song has told their heart's sad story :
 Weep for the voiceless, who have known
 The cross without the crown of glory !
 Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
 O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
 But where the glistening night-dews weep
 On nameless sorrow's church-yard pillow.
O hearts that break and give no sign
 Save whitening lip and fading tresses
 Till Death pours out his cordial wine,
 Slow-dropped from misery's crushing presses !
 If singing breath or echoing chord
 To every hidden pang were given,
 What endless melodies were poured,
 As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven.

BILL AND JOE.*

Come, dear old comrade, you and I
 Will steal an hour from days gone by,
 The shining days when life was new,
 And all was bright with morning dew,
 The lusty days of long ago,
 When you were Bill, and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
 Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
 And mine as brief appendix wear
 As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare ;
 To-day, old friend, remember still,
 That I am Joe, and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
 And grand you look in people's eyes,
 With H. O. N. and LL. D.
 In big brave letters, fair to see !—
 Your fist, old fellow ! off they go !—
 How are you, Bill ? How are you, Joe ?

You've worn the judge's ermine robe,
 You've taught your name to half the globe ;
 You've sung mankind a deathless strain ;

* By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

You've made the dead past live again ;
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say
" See those old buffers, bent and gray—
They talk like fellows in their teens !
Mad, poor old boys ! That's what it means"—
And shake their heads ; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe !

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side ;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up to Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame ?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame ;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust ;
A few swift years and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe ?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go—
How vain it seems, this empty show !
Till all at once his pulses thrill ;—
'Tis poor old Joe's " God bless you, Bill."

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears ;
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
When this was Bill, and that was Joe ?

No matter ; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear ;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say ?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.*

O for one hour of youthful joy !
 Give back my twentieth spring !
 I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy
 Than reign, a graybeard king.

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age !
 Away with learning's crown !
 Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
 And dash its trophies down !

One moment let my life-blood stream
 From boyhood's fount of flame !
 Give me one giddy ruling dream
 Of life all love and fame !

My listening angel heard the prayer
 And, calmly smiling, said,
 " If I but touch thy silvered hair
 Thy hasty wish hath sped.

" But is there nothing in thy track,
 To bid thee fondly stay,
 While the swift seasons hurry back
 To find the wished-for day ? "

" Ah, truest soul of womankind !
 Without thee what were life ?
 One bliss I cannot leave behind :
 I'll take my—precious—wife ! "

The angel took a sapphire pen
 And wrote in rainbow dew,
The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too !

" And is there nothing yet unsaid,
 Before the change appears ?
 Remember all their gifts have fled
 With the dissolving years."

* By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

“ Why, yes ; ” for memory would recall
 My fond paternal joys ;
 “ I could not bear to leave them all—
 I’ll take—my—girl—and—boys.”

The smiling angel dropped his pen,—
 “ Why this will never do ;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too ! ”

And so I laughed—my laughter woke
 The household with its noise—
 And wrote my dream, when morning broke
 To please the gray-haired boys.

NEARING THE SNOW-LINE.*

Slow toiling upward from the misty vale,
 I leave the bright enamelled zones below ;
 No more for me their beauteous bloom shall glow,
 Their lingering sweetness load the morning gale ;
 Few are the slender flowerets, scentless, pale,
 That on their ice-clad streams all trembling blow
 Along the margin of unmelting snow ;
 Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge I hail,
 White realm of peace above the flowering line ;
 Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky spires !
 O’er thee undimmed the moon-girt planets shine,
 On thy majestic altars fade the fires
 That filled the air with smoke of vain desires,
 And all the unclothed blue of heaven is thine !

THE TWO STREAMS.*

Behold the rocky wall
 That down its sloping sides
 Pours the swift rain-drops, blending, as they fall,
 In rushing river-tides !

Yon stream, whose sources run
 Turned by a pebble’s edge,
 Is Athabasca, rolling toward the sun
 Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

* By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The slender rill had strayed,
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends—

From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee—
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,
One to the Peaceful Sea !

THE ANGEL-THIEF.*

Time is a thief who leaves his tools behind him ;
He comes by night, he vanishes at dawn ;
We track his footsteps but we never find him :
Strong locks are broken, massive bolts are drawn,

And all around are left the bars and borers,
The splitting wedges and the prying keys,
Such aids as serve the soft-shod vault explorers
To crack, wrench open, rifle as they please.

Ah, these are tools which Heaven in mercy lends us !
When gathering rust has clenched our shackles fast,
Time is the angel-thief that Nature sends us
To break the cramping fetters of our past.

Mourn as we may for treasures he has taken,
Poor as we feel of hoarded wealth bereft,
More precious are those implements forsaken,
Found in the wreck his ruthless hands have left.

Some lever that a casket's hinge has broken
Pries off a bolt, and lo ! our souls are free ;
Each year some Open Sesame is spoken,
And every decade drops its master-key.

* By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

So as from year to year we count our treasures,
 Our loss seems less, and larger look our gains ;
 Time's wrongs repaid in more than even measure,—
 We lose our jewels, but we break our chains.

—*Before the Curfew.*

THE BOYS.*

Has there any old fellow got mixed with the boys ?
 If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
 Hang the Almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite !
 Old Time is a liar ! We're twenty to-night !

We're twenty ! We're twenty ! Who says we are more ?
 He's tipsy—young jackanapes !—show him the door !
 "Gray temples at twenty ?" Yes, white, if we please ;
 Where the snowflakes fall thickest, there's nothing can
 freeze !

Was it snowing I spoke of ? Excuse the mistake !
 Look close ; you will see not a sign of a flake !
 We want some new garlands for those we have shed—
 And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been
 told,
 Of talking (in public) as if we were old :
 That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge ;"
 It's a neat little fiction—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker"—the one on the right ;
 "Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night ?
 That's our "Member of Congress" we say when we
 chaff ;
 There's the "Reverend" What's his name ?—don't make
 me laugh.

That boy with the grave, mathematical look
 Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
 And the Royal Society thought it was true !
 So they chose him right in—a good joke it was, too !

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain ;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's "The
Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free.
Just read on his medal, " My Country," " of Thee ! "

You hear that boy laughing ? You think he's all fun ;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done ;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all.

Yes, we're boys—always playing with tongue or pen,
And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men ?
Shall we always be youthful and laughing and gay,
Till the last dear companion drop smiling away ?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray !
The stars of its winter, the dews of its May !
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of Thy children—The Boys.

The above poem was printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February, 1859, at the end of the second number of *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table* ; where the author says: " I read this song to the boarders after breakfast the other morning. It was written for our fellows—you know who they are, of course." It was a good while, however, before the reading public did know " who they are." The " Doctor " was Francis Thomas ; the " Judge," George Tyler Bigelow ; the " Speaker," Francis Boardman Crowninshield ; " Mr. Mayor " was G. W. Richardson ; our " Member of Con-

gress" was George Thomas Davis; the "Reverend" was James Freeman Clarke; the boy with the mathematical face was Benjamin Peirce; "The Squire," Benjamin Robbins Curtis; and the man whom fate had tried to conceal was the author of *America*. Of the laughing boy, Holmes said in his collected works: "*Stat nominis umbra.*"

THREE TIMES TWO.

Remember that talking is one of the fine arts,—the noblest, the most important, and the most difficult—and that its fluent harmonies may be spoiled by the intrusion of a single false note. Therefore conversation which is suggestive rather than argumentative, which lets out the most of each talker's results of thought, is commonly the pleasantest and the most profitable. It is not easy, at the best, for two persons talking together to make the most of each other's thoughts, there are so many of them.

[The company looked as if they wanted an explanation.]

When John and Thomas, for instance, are talking together, it is natural enough that among the six there should be more or less confusion and misapprehension.

[Our landlady turned pale;—no doubt she thought there was a screw loose in my intellect—and that involved the probable loss of a boarder. A severe-looking person, who wears a Spanish cloak and a sad cheek, fluted by the passions of the melodrama, whom I understand to be the professional ruffian of the neighboring theatre, alluded, with a certain lifting of the brow, drawing down of the corners of the mouth, and somewhat rasping *voce di petto*, to Falstaff's nine men in buckram. Everybody looked up. I believe the old gentleman opposite was afraid I should seize the carving-knife; at any rate, he slid it to one side, as it were carelessly.]

I think, I said, I can make it plain to Benjamin Franklin here, that there are at least six personalities

distinctly to be recognized as taking part in that dialogue between John and Thomas.

Three Johns.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The real John ; known only to his Maker. 2. John's ideal John ; never the real one, and often very unlike him. 3. Thomas's ideal John ; never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either.
Three Thomases.	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The real Thomas. 2. Thomas's ideal Thomas. 3. John's ideal Thomas.

Only one of the three Johns is taxed ; only one can be weighed on a platform-balance ; but the other two are just as important in the conversation. Let us suppose the real John to be old, dull, and ill-looking. But as the Higher Powers have not conferred on men the gift of seeing themselves in the true light, John very possibly conceives himself to be youthful, witty, and fascinating, and talks from that point of view of this ideal. Thomas, again, believes him to be an artful rogue, we will say ; therefore he *is*, so far as Thomas's attitude in the conversation is concerned, an artful rogue, though really simple and stupid. The same conditions apply to the three Thomases. It follows, that, until a man can be found who knows himself as his Maker knows him, or who sees himself as others see him, there must be at least six persons engaged in every dialogue between two. Of these, the least important, philosophically speaking, is the one that we have called the real person. No wonder two disputants often get angry, when there are six of them talking and listening all at the same time.

A very unphilosophical application of the above remarks was made by a young fellow, answering to the name of John, who sits near me at table. A certain basket of peaches, a rare vegetable, little known to boarding-houses, was on its way to me *via* this unlettered Johannes. He appropriated the three that remained in the basket, remarking that there was just one

apiece for him. I convinced him that his practical inference was hasty and illogical, but in the meantime he had eaten the peaches.—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

THE AGE OF GRIEF.

The rapidity with which ideas grow old in our memories is in direct ratio to the squares of their importance. Their apparent age runs up miraculously, like the value of diamonds, as they increase in magnitude. A great calamity, for instance, is as old as the trilobites an hour after it has happened. It stains backward through all the leaves we have turned over in the book of life, before its blot of tears or of blood is dry on the page we are turning. For this we seem to have lived ; it was foreshadowed in dreams that we leaped out of in the cold sweat of terror ; in the “dissolving views” of dark day-visions ; all omens pointed to it ; all paths led to it. After the tossing half-forgetfulness of the first sleep that follows such an event, it comes upon us afresh, as a surprise at waking ; in a few moments it is old again—old as eternity.—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

NATURE LEAKING IN.

I don’t know anything sweeter than this leaking in of Nature through all the cracks in the walls and floors of cities. You heap up a million tons of hewn rocks on a square mile or two of earth which was green once. The trees look down from the hill-sides and ask each other, as they stand on tiptoe—“What are these people about?” And the small herbs at their feet look up and whisper back—“We will go and see.” So the small herbs pack themselves up in the least possible bundles, and wait until the wind steals to them at night and whispers—“Come with me.” Then they go softly with it into the great city—one to a cleft in the pavement, one to a spout on the roof, one to a seam in the marbles over a rich gentleman’s bones, and one to the grave without a stone where nothing but a man is buried—and there they grow, looking down on the generations of men from mouldy roofs, looking up from between the less-trodden pavements, looking out through iron cemetery-

railings. Listen to them, when there is only a light breath stirring, and you will hear them saying to each other—"Wait awhile!" The words run along the telegraph of those narrow green lines that border the roads leading from the city, until they reach the slope of the hills, and the trees repeat in low murmurs to each other—"Wait awhile!" By and by the flow of life in the streets ebbs, and the old leafy inhabitants—the smaller tribes always in front—saunter in, one by one, very careless seemingly, but very tenacious, until they swarm so that the great stones gape from each other with the crowding of their roots, and the feldspar begins to be picked out of the granite to find them food. At last the trees take up their solemn line of march, and never rest until they have encamped in the market-place. Wait long enough and you will find an old doting oak hugging a huge worn block in its yellow underground arms; that was the corner-stone of the State-House. Oh, so patient she is, this imperturbable Nature!—*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.*

GENIUS AND CHARACTER.

Genius has an infinitely deeper reverence for character than character can have for genius. To be sure, genius gets the world's praise, because its work is a tangible product, to be bought, or had for nothing. It bribes the common voice to praise it by presents of speeches, poems, statues, pictures, or whatever it can please with. Character evolves its best products for home consumption; but, mind you, it takes a deal more to feed a family for thirty years than to make a holiday feast for our neighbors once or twice in our lives. You talk of the fire of genius. Many a blessed woman, who dies unsung and unremembered, has given out more of the real vital heat that keeps the life in human souls, without a spark flitting through her humble chimney to tell the world about it, than would set a dozen theories smoking, or a hundred odes simmering, in the brains of so many men of genius. It is in *latent caloric*, if I may borrow a philosophical expression, that many of the noblest hearts give out the life that warms them. *Cornelia's* lips grow white, and her pulse hardly warms her

thin fingers,—but she has melted all the ice out of the hearts of those young Gracchi ; and her lost heat is in the blood of her youthful heroes. We are always valuing the soul's temperature by the thermometer of public deed or word. Yet the great sun himself, when he pours his noonday beams upon some vast hyaline boulder, rent from the eternal ice-quarries, and floating toward the tropics, never warms it a fraction above the thirty-two degrees of Fahrenheit that marked the moment when the first drop trickled down its side.

How we all like the spouting up of a fountain, seemingly against the law that makes water everywhere slide, roll, leap, tumble headlong, to get as low as the earth will let it ! That is genius. But what is this transient upward movement, which gives us the glitter and the rainbow, to that unsleeping, all-present force of gravity, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever (if the universe be eternal)—the great outspread hand of God himself, forcing all things down into their places, and keeping them there ? Such, in smaller proportion, is the force of character to the fitful movements of genius, as they are or have been linked to each other in many a household, where one name was historic, and the other—let me say the nobler—unknown, save by some faint reflected ray, borrowed from its lustrous companion.

Oftentimes, as I have lain swinging on the water, in the swell of the Chelsea ferry-boats, in that long, sharp-pointed, black cradle in which I love to let the great mother rock me, I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide, as if drawn by some invisible tow-line, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails hung unfilled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel ; still she moved on, stately, in serene triumph, as if with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great hulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toiling steam-tug, with heart of fire and arms of iron, that was hugging it close and dragging it bravely on ; and I knew, that, if the little steam-tug untwined her arms and left the tall ship, it would wallow and roll about, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the reflucent tide, no man knows whither. And so I have

known more than one *genius*, high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, that, but for the bare toiling arms, and brave, warm, beating heart of the faithful little wife, that nestled close in his shadow, and clung to him, so that no wind or wave could part them, and dragged him on against all the tide of circumstances, would soon have gone down on the stream, and been heard of no more. No, I am too much a lover of genius, I sometimes think. And yet, when a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems to me like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.—*The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.*

NATURE'S PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

No human being can rest for any time in a state of equilibrium, where the desire to live and that to depart just balance each other. If one has a house, which he has lived and always means to live in, he pleases himself with the thought of all the conveniences it offers him, and thinks little of its wants and imperfections. But once having made up his mind to move to a better, every incommode starts out upon him, until the very ground-plan of it seems to have changed in his mind, and his thoughts and affections, each one of them packing up its little bundle of circumstances, have quitted their several chambers and nooks, and migrated to the new home, long before its apartments are ready to receive their bodily tenant. It is so with the body. Most persons have died before they expire—died to all earthly longings, so that the last breath is only, as it were, the locking of the door of the already deserted mansion. The fact of the tranquillity with which the great majority of dying persons await this locking of those gates of life through which its airy angels have been going and coming, from the moment of the first cry, is familiar to those who have been often called upon to witness the last period of life. Almost always there is a preparation made by Nature for unearthing a soul, just as on a smaller scale there is for the removal of a milk-tooth. The roots which hold human life to earth are absorbed before it is lifted from its place. Some of the dying are weary and want rest, the idea of which is almost in-

separable in the universal mind from death. Some are in pain, and want to be rid of it, even though the anodyne be dropped, as in the legend, from the sword of the Death-Angel. Some are stupid, mercifully narcotized that they may go to sleep without long tossing about. And some are strong in faith and hope, so that, as they draw near the next world, they would fain hurry toward it, as the caravan moves faster over the sands when the foremost travellers send word along the file that water is in sight. Though each little party that follows in a foot-track of its own will have it that the water to which others think they are hastening is a mirage, not the less has it been true in all ages and for human beings of every creed which recognized a future, that those who have fallen worn out by their march through the Desert have dreamed at least of a River of Life, and thought they heard its murmurs as they lay dying.—*The Professor at the Breakfast-Table.*





HOLST, HERMANN EDUARD VON, a German historical and political writer, born at Fellen, Livonia, Russia, June 19 (N. S.), 1841. He was educated in the Universities of Dorpat and Heidelberg. In 1866 he settled in St. Petersburg, but on account of a pamphlet on an attempt to assassinate the Emperor, published while he was travelling abroad, was forbidden to return to Russia. In 1869 he went to America, where he remained until he was appointed Professor of History in Strasburg University, in 1872. Two years later he was given the chair of Modern History at Freiburg. He afterward revisited the United States, and delivered a course of lectures at the Johns Hopkins University. He is the author of *Verfassung und Demokratie der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika* (1873-78), translated under the title of *The Constitutional and Political History of the United States, 1750-1892*; a *Life of John C. Calhoun* (1882), and *The Constitutional Law of the United States of America* (1887). While in America he was one of the editors of the *Deutsch-Amerikanisches-Conversations-Lexikon*.

"Von Holst, as a foreigner and a German," said the *North American Review* in 1879, "is the first to give us an outside view, which is strictly that of a scholar, and his work is in many respects the most valuable contribution thus far made to the constitutional and political history of the

United States. He is free from an undue reverence for the work of the fathers, and he discusses the character, motives, and aims of our statesmen with a bold and easy hand. He is unsparing in analysis, and displays no other bias than that of a believer in a strong government." "His purpose has evidently been to sketch the growth and development of constitutional principles as exemplified in the Government of this country, whether fixed originally in the written instrument whose authority has been held so sacred, or brought into operation by successive administrations."

Considerable discussion was excited in 1895 by Dr. von Holst's announcement of the position that the Monroe Doctrine does not apply to the Venezuelan dispute, because that doctrine is "not what Cleveland and Olney tell us it ought to be, but solely what its authors understood and intended it to be." Possibly, he thought, the people ought to endorse the policy of the Administration unanimously, and with the greatest enthusiasm; "but not because of the Monroe Doctrine; it would have to be done on the strength of other reasons."

ORIGIN OF THE UNION.

Turgot and Choiseul had very early recognized that the separation of the colonies from the mother country was only a question of time; and this irrespective of the principles which might guide the colonial policy of England. The narrow and ungenerous conduct which Parliament observed toward the colonies in every respect, brought about the decisive crisis long before the natural course of things and the diversity of interests growing out of this had made the breach an inevitable necessity.

To this circumstance it is to be ascribed that the

colonists were satisfied that an amicable solution would be found to the questions debated between them and the mother country, long after England had given the most unambiguous proof that she would not, on any consideration, yield the principle in issue. A few zealots like John Adams, harbored, during the English-French colonial war, a transitory wish that the guardianship of England should cease forever. But shortly after the conclusion of peace, there was not one to be found who would not have "rejoiced in the name of Great Britain."

It was long before the ill-will, which the systematic disregard by Parliament of the rights of the colonists had excited, triumphed over this feeling. Even in August and September, 1775, that is, half a year after the battle of Lexington, so strong was the Anglo-Saxon spirit of conservatism and loyalty among the colonists, that the few extremists who dared to speak of a violent disruption of all bonds entailed chastisement upon themselves, and were universally censured. But the eyes of the colonists had been for some time so far opened that they hoped to make an impression on Parliament and the King only by the most energetic measures. They considered the situation serious enough to warrant and demand that they should be prepared for any contingency. Both of these things could evidently be accomplished in the right way, and with the requisite energy, only on condition that they should act with their united strength.

The difficulties in the way of this, however, were not insignificant. The thirteen colonies had been founded in very different times and under very different circumstances. Their whole course of development, their political institutions, their religious views and social relations, were so divergent, the one from the other, that it was easy to find more points of difference between them than of similarity and comparison. Besides, commercial intercourse between the distant colonies, in consequence of the great extent of their territory, the scantiness of the population, and the poor means of transportation at the time, was so slight that the similarity of thought and feeling which can be the result only of a constant and thriving trade was wanting.

The solidarity of interests, and what was of greater

importance at the time, the clear perception that a solidarity of interests existed, was therefore based mainly on the geographical situation of the colonies. Separated by the ocean, not only from the mother country, but from the rest of the civilized world, and placed upon a continent of yet unmeasured bounds, on which Nature had lavished every gift, it was impossible that the thought should not come to them, that they were, indeed, called upon to found a "new world." They were not at first wholly conscious of this, but a powerful external shock made it soon apparent how widely and deeply this thought had shot its roots. They could not fail to have confidence in their own strength. Circumstances had long been teaching them to act on the principle, "Help thyself." Besides, experience had shown them, long years before, that—even leaving the repeated attacks on their rights out of the question—the leading-strings by which the mother country sought to guide their steps obstructed rather than helped their development, and this in matters which affected all the colonies alike.

Hence, from the very beginning, they considered the struggle their common cause. And even if the usurpations of Parliament made themselves felt in some parts of the country much more severely than in others, the principle involved interested all to an equal extent.

Massachusetts recommended, in 1774, the coming together of a General Congress, and on September 4, of the same year, "the delegates, nominated by the good people of these colonies" met in Philadelphia.

Thus, long before the colonies thought of separation from the mother country, there was formed a revolutionary body, which virtually exercised sovereign power. How far the authority of this first Congress extended, according to the instructions of the delegates, it is impossible to determine with certainty at this distance of time. But it is probable that the original intention was that it should consult as to the ways and means best calculated to remove the grievances and to guarantee the rights and liberties of the colonies, and should propose to the latter a series of resolutions, furthering these objects. But the force of circumstances at the time compelled it to act and order immediately, and the peo-

ple, by a consistent following of its orders, approved this transcending of their written instructions. Congress was therefore a revolutionary body from its origin.

This state of affairs essentially continued up to March 1, 1781. Until that time, that is, until the adoption of the articles of confederation by all the States, Congress continued a revolutionary body, which was recognized by all the colonies as *de jure* and *de facto* the national government, and which as such came in contact with foreign powers and entered into engagements, the binding force of which on the whole people has never been called in question. The individual colonies, on the other hand, considered themselves, up to the time of the Declaration of Independence, as legally dependent upon England and did not take a single step which could have placed them before the mother country or the world in the light of *de facto* sovereign States. They remained colonies until the representative of the United States "in the name of the good people of these colonies" solemnly declared "these united colonies" to be "free and independent States." The transformation of the colonies into "States" was, therefore, not the result of the independent action of the individual colonies. It was accomplished through the "representatives of the United States;" that is, through the revolutionary Congress, in the name of the whole people. The thirteen colonies did not, as thirteen separate and mutually independent commonwealths, enter into a compact to sever the bonds which connected them with their common mother country, and at the same time to proclaim the act in a common manifesto to the world; but the "one people" of the united colonies dissolved that political connection with the English nation, and proclaimed themselves resolved, henceforth, to constitute the one perfectly independent people of the United States. The Declaration of Independence did not create thirteen sovereign States, but the representatives of the people declared that the former English colonies under the name which they had assumed of the United States of America, became from the fourth day of July, 1776, a sovereign state and a member of the family of nations recognized by the law of nations.—*Translation of JOHN J. LALOR and ALFRED B. MASON.*



HÖLTY, LUDWIG HEINRICH CHRISTOPH, a German lyric poet, born at Mariensee, near Hanover, December 21, 1748; died at Hanover, September 1, 1776. His father, a pastor in Mariensee, taught him Hebrew, Latin, and French. He studied theology at Göttingen, and gave his leisure to the English and Italian poets. In 1772 he joined Bürger, Müller, Voss, and others in founding the "Hainbund," a poetical brotherhood. For two years he supported himself by teaching and translating. He wrote a number of excellent lyrics, elegies, and odes, which are much admired for their tenderness of feeling, artless grace, and naïveté. *Das Feuer im Walde* is a strongly patriotic idyl. His failing health received a shock, it is said, from a disappointment in love. He died of consumption in his twenty-eighth year. His poems were collected and published after his death.

Longfellow says that he gave precocious indications, while a child, of a love of learning; and that he occupied himself much with poetry during his student days. "He was a poet," continues Longfellow, "of a sentimental and melancholy cast, but, at the same time, fond of wit."

WINTER SONG.

Summer joys are o'er!
Flow rets bloom no more;

Wintry winds are sweeping,
Through the snow-drifts peeping,
Cheerful evergreen
Rarely now is seen.

Now no plumed throng
Charms the woods with song ;
Ice-bound trees are glittering ;
Merry snow-birds, twittering,
Fondly strive to cheer
Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see
Merry charms in thee ;
Love thy chilly greeting ;
Snow-storms fiercely beating,
And the dear delights
Of the long, long nights.

—*Translation of C. T. BROOKS.*

SPRING SONG.

The snow melts fast,
May comes at last,
Now shoots each spray
Forth blossoms gay,
The warbling bird
Around is heard.

Come, twine a wreath,
And on the heath
The dance prepare,
Ye maidens fair !
Come, twine a wreath,
Dance on the heath !

Who can foretell
The tolling bell,
When we with May
No more shall play ?
Canst thou foretell
The coming knell ?

Rejoice, rejoice !
To speak His voice

Who gave us birth
For joy on earth.
God gives us time,
Enjoy its prime.

—*Translation of A. BASKERVILLE*

HARVEST SONG.

Sickles sound ;
On the ground
Fast the ripe ears fall,
Every maiden's bonnet
Has blue blossoms on it ;
Joy is over all.

Sickles ring,
Maidens sing
To the sickle's sound ;
Till the moon is beaming,
And the stubble gleaming,
Harvest songs go round.

All are springing,
All are singing,
Every lisping thing.
Man and master meet ;
From one dish they eat ;
Each is now a king.

Hans and Michael
Whet the sickle,
Piping merrily,
Now they mow ; each maiden
Soon with sheaves is laden,
Busy as a bee.

Now the blisses,
And the kisses !
Now the wit doth flow
Till the beer is out ;
On, with song and shout,
Home they go, yo ho !

—*Translation of C. T. BROOKS*



HOME, JOHN, a Scottish dramatic poet, born at Leith, September 21, 1722; died near Edinburgh, September 5, 1808. He was educated at the grammar-school of Leith, and at the University of Edinburgh, where he graduated in 1742. In 1745 he was licensed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, served in the army against the Pretender, was taken prisoner at Falkirk, and was confined in the castle of Doune, whence he soon escaped. The next year he succeeded Blair, the author of *The Grave*, in the parish of Athelstaneford. His ministerial duties did not interfere with his devotion to dramatic poetry. Having completed the tragedy of *Agis*, in 1749, he offered it to Garrick, who declined it. Six years later he went again to London with the tragedy of *Douglas*, which Garrick also declined, as totally unsuitable for the stage. It met with an enthusiastic reception in Edinburgh, where it was performed in 1756; but its production by a minister so scandalized the Presbytery that Home resigned his living to protect himself from dismissal. In 1758 Lord Bute made him his private secretary, and three years later obtained for him a pension of £300. The *Siege of Aquileia*, produced by Home in 1760, was put upon the stage, with Garrick as the principal character. Three other tragedies, the *Fatal Discovery* (1769), *Alonzo* (1773), and *Alfred* (1778), were represented, but the last was coolly received. In 1763 he had

been appointed to the sinecure office of Conservator of Scots Privileges at Campvere, New Zealand. After the failure of *Alfred*, Home wrote no more for the stage. In 1802 he published a *History of the Rebellion of 1745*. He wrote some smaller poems, among them *The Fate of Cæsar*, *Verses upon Inverary*, and several *Epigrams*.

OLD NORVAL AND YOUNG NORVAL.

[PRISONER—LADY RANDOLPH—ANNA, *her maid.*]

Lady Randolph.—Account for these; thine own they cannot be.

For these, I say: be steadfast to the truth; Detected falsehood is most certain death.

[*Anna removes the servants and returns.*]

Prisoner.—Alas! I am sore beset; let never man, For sake of lucre, sin against his soul! Eternal justice is in this most just! I, guiltless now, must former guilt reveal.

Lady R.—O Anna, hear!—Once more I charge thee speak The truth direct; for these to me foretell And certify a part of thy narration; With which, if the remainder tallies not, An instant and a dreadful death abides thee.

Pris.—Then, thus adjured, I'll speak to you as just As if you were the minister of heaven, Sent down to search the secret sins of men. Some eighteen years ago, I rented land Of brave Sir Malcolm, then Balarmo's lord; But falling to decay, his servants seized All that I had, and then turned me and mine— Four helpless infants and their weeping mother— Out to the mercy of the winter winds. A little hovel by the river's side Received us: there hard labor, and the skill In fishing, which was formerly my sport, Supported life. Whilst thus we poorly lived,

One stormy night, as I remember well,
 The wind and rain beat hard upon our roof ;
 Red came the river down, and loud and oft
 The angry spirit of the water shrieked.
 At the dead hour of night was heard the cry
 Of one in jeopardy. I rose, and ran
 To where the circling eddy of a pool,
 Beneath the ford, used oft to bring within
 My reach whatever floating thing the stream
 Had caught. The voice was ceased ; the person lost :
 But looking sad and earnest on the waters,
 By the moon's light I saw, whirled round and round,
 A basket ; soon I drew it to the bank,
 And nestled curious there an infant lay.

Lady R.—Was he alive ?

Pris.—He was.

Lady R.—Inhuman that thou art !
 How couldst thou kill what waves and tempests spared ?

Pris.—I was not so inhuman.

Lady R.—Didst thou not ?

Anna.—My noble mistress, you are moved too much :
 This man has not the aspect of stern murder ;
 Let him go on, and you, I hope, wil hear
 Good tidings of your kinsman's long-lost child.

Pris.—The needy man who has known better days,
 One whom distress has spited at the world,
 Is he whom tempting fiends would pitch upon
 To do such deeds as make the prosperous men
 Lift up their hands, and wonder who could do them ?
 And such a man was I ; a man declined,
 Who saw no end of black adversity ;
 Yet, for the wealth of kingdoms, I would not
 Have touched that infant with a hand of harm.

Lady R.—Ha ! dost thou say so ? Then perhaps he
 lives ?

Pris.—Not many days ago he was alive.

Lady R.—O God of heaven ! Did he then die so
 lately ?

Pris.—I did not say he died ; I hope he lives.
 Not many days ago these eyes beheld
 Him, flourishing in youth, and health, and beauty.

Lady R.—Where is he now ?

Pris.—Alas ! I know not where.

Lady R.—O fate! I fear thee still. Thou riddler, speak Direct and clear, else I will search thy soul.

Anna.—Permit me, ever honored! keen impatience, Though hard to be restrained, defeats itself.— Pursue thy story with a faithful tongue, To the last hour that thou didst keep the child.

Pris.—Fear not my faith, though I must speak my shame.

Within the cradle where the infant lay Was stowed a mighty store of gold and jewels; Tempted by which we did resolve to hide, From all the world, this wonderful event, And like a peasant breed the noble child. That none might mark the change of our estate We left the country, travelled to the north, Bought flocks and herds, and gradually brought forth Our secret wealth. But God's all-seeing eye Beheld our avarice, and smote us sore; For one by one all our own children died, And he, the stranger, sole remained the heir Of what indeed was his. Fain then would I, Who with a father's fondness loved the boy, Have trusted him, now in the dawn of youth, With his own secret; but my anxious wife, Foreboding evil, never would consent. Meanwhile the stripling grew in years and beauty; And, as we oft observed, he bore himself Not as the offspring of our cottage blood, For nature will break out: mild with the mild, But with the froward he was fierce as fire, And night and day he talked of war and arms. I set myself against his warlike bent; But all in vain; for when a desperate band Of robbers from the savage mountains came—

Lady R.—Eternal Providence! What is thy name? *Pris.*—My name is Norval; and my name he bears. *Lady R.*—'Tis he, 'tis he himself! It is my son! O sovereign mercy! 'Twas my child I saw! No wonder, Anna, that my bosom burned.

Anna.—Just are your transports: ne'er was woman's heart Proved with such fierce extremes. High-fated dame! But yet remember that you are beheld

By servile eyes ; your gestures may be seen,
Impassioned, strange ; perhaps your words o'erheard.

Lady R.—Well dost thou counsel, Anna; heaven bestow
On me that wisdom which my state requires !

Anna.—The moments of deliberation pass,
And soon you must resolve. This useful man
Must be dismissed in safety, ere my lord
Shall with his brave deliverer return.

Pris.—If I, amidst astonishment and fear,
Have of your words and gestures rightly judged,
Thou art the daughter of my ancient master ;
The child I rescued from the flood is thine.

Lady R.—With thee dissimulation now were vain.
I am indeed the daughter of Sir Malcolm ;
The child thou rescuedst from the flood is mine.

Pris.—Blest be the hour that made me a poor man !
My poverty hath saved my master's house.

Lady R.—Thy words surprise me ; sure thou dost not
feign !
The tear stands in thine eye : such love from thee
Sir Malcolm's house deserves not, if aright
Thou told'st the story of thy own distress.

Pris.—Sir Malcolm of our barons was the flower ;
The fastest friend, the best, the kindest master ;
But ah ! he knew not of my sad estate,
After that battle, where his gallant son,
Your own brave brother, fell, the good old lord
Grew desperate and reckless of the world ;
And never, as he erst was wont, went forth
To overlook the conduct of his servants.
By them I was thrust out, and them I blame ;
May Heaven so judge me as I judged my master,
And God so love me as I love his race !

Lady R.—His race shall yet reward thee. On thy *faith*
Depends the fate of thy loved master's house.
Rememberest thou a little lonely hut,
That like a holy hermitage appears
Among the cliffs of Carron ?

Pris.—I remember
The cottage of the cliffs.

Lady R.—'Tis that I mean ;
There dwells a man of venerable age,
Who in my father's service spent his *youth* :

Tell him I sent thee, and with him remain,
 Till I shall call upon thee to declare
 Before the king and nobles what thou now
 To me hast told. No more but this, and thou
 Shalt live in honor all thy future days ;
 Thy son so long shalt call thee father still,
 And all the land shall bless the man who saved
 The son of Douglas, and Sir Malcolm's heir.

[*Young Norval is brought in and questioned by Lady Randolph.*]

Norval.—My name is Norval : on the Grampian hills
 My father feeds his flocks ; a frugal swain,
 Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
 And keep his only son, myself, at home.
 For I had heard of battles, and I longed
 To follow to the field some warlike lord :
 And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
 This moon, which rose last night, round as my shield,
 Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light,
 A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
 Rushed like a torrent down upon the vale,
 Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
 For safety and for succor. I alone,
 With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
 Hovered about the enemy and marked
 The road he took, then hastened to my friends,
 Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
 Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumbered foe.
 We fought and conquered. Ere a sword was drawn
 An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
 Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
 Returning home in triumph, I disdained
 The shepherd's slothful life ; and having heard
 That our good king had summoned his bold peers
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
 I left my father's house, and took with me
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps—
 Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
 Journeying with this intent, I passed these towers,
 And Heaven-directed, came this day to do
 The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

—*Douglas.*



HOMER (*Gr. Ὡμηρός*), a Greek poet, the accredited author of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. It has been not unreasonably argued that there was actually no such individual, that both poems which bear his name were composed at periods widely apart, and by many different persons. Waiving this question, and assuming that these poems were the work of an individual Homer, the period at which he lived is altogether uncertain. Ancient writers place him anywhere between the twelfth and the seventh century before our era. Herodotus supposed him to have lived four hundred years before his time—that is, about 850 B.C. Seven or more Grecian cities claimed the honor of being his birthplace. The account which appears best entitled to credence, is that he was born near Smyrna, on the bank of the river Meles (whence he is often styled *Melesigenes*); that his youth and early manhood were passed on the Island of Chios (the modern Scio); that he travelled from place to place, reciting his poems wherever he could find an audience; and that at some period, probably after he had reached manhood, he became blind. An old scholiast suggests that *Hōmērōs* was not his actual name, but was a designation, being merely *hō-mē-ōrōn*, “who does not see.” There are extant two lives of Homer, ascribed respectively to Herodotus and Plutarch;

but there is no valid reason for believing them genuine.

Besides the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* there are extant other poems which have been attributed to Homer. These are several *Hymns* to various gods, and the *Batrachomyomachia* ("Frog-and-Mice-Fight,") a mock-heroic poem, and the *Margites*, a satire. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* have been translated into English verse, and in various metres, by many persons. The most noticeable of these versions are those of Chapman (1596), Pope (1715), Cowper (1791), Munford (1846), Worsley (1861), Lord Derby (1865), Merivale (1869), and Bryant (1870). Buckley's literal prose translation has a special value of its own, although a prose version of a poem must always be inadequate.

The *Iliad*, as we now have it, consists of twenty-four Rhapsodies or "Books," containing in all some 16,000 lines. The action of the poem covers a period of about fifty days, near the close of the ten years' siege of Ilium, or Troy, by a Grecian host united under the chief command of Agamemnon, "King of Men." Agamemnon has made a captive of Chryseis, daughter of the priest of Apollo. The Sun-god, enraged at this outrage, comes down in wrath from Olympus, and assails the Grecian camp.

THE WRATHFUL DESCENT OF APOLLO.

Along Olympus's heights he passed, his heart
Bursting with wrath ; behind his shoulders hung
His bow and ample quiver ; at his back
Rattled the fateful arrows as he moved.
Like the night-cloud he passed, and from afar
He bent against the ships and shed the bolt,

And fierce and deadly twanged the silver bow.
First on the mules and dogs, on man the last,
Was poured the arrowy storm, and through the camp
Constant and numerous blazed the funeral-fires.

—*Translation of LORD DERBY.*

Calchas, the seer, after much urgency, makes known the cause of the wrath of Apollo, and announces that it can be turned aside only by the restitution of Chryseis to her father. The Grecian chiefs, foremost among whom is Achilles, demand that Agamemnon shall comply. He sulkily consents to do this; but declares that he will indemnify himself by taking possession of the fair Briseis, who has fallen to the share of Achilles as a part of his booty in a recent marauding expedition. Achilles is roused to fury, and half unsheathes his sword to attack Agamemnon; but Pallas Athéné (Minerva), who is throughout the *Iliad* the patroness of Achilles (as she afterward is of Ulysses, in the *Odyssey*), stays his hand, invisible to all but Achilles, who swears, on his gold-studded sceptre, a mighty oath that the Grecians shall rue the indignity to which by their assent he had been subjected.

THE OATH OF ACHILLES.

By this I swear, when bleeding Greece again
Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain;
When flushed with slaughter Hector comes to spread
The purpled shore with mountains of the dead,
Then shalt thou mourn the affront thy madness gave,
Forced to deplore, when impotent to save;
Then rage in bitterness of soul to know
That thou hast made the bravest Greek thy foe.

—*Translation of POPE.*

This “wrath of Peleus’s son” is announced in the first line of the *Iliad*, as the theme of the

poem, and to it every scene and incident directly or indirectly tends. Achilles withdraws his Myrmidons from the contest, and betakes himself to his tent. Agamemnon—now backed by the whole Grecian council, demands the surrender of Briseis. Achilles dares not refuse to yield to this pressure. But he hurls this bitter invective against the wrong-doer :

ACHILLES'S INVECTIVE AGAINST AGAMEMNON.

Well dost thou know that 'twas no feud of mine
 With Troy's brave sons, that brought me here in arms.
 They never did me wrong; they never drove
 My cattle or my horses; they never sought
 In Phthia's fertile life-sustaining fields
 To waste the crops: for wide between us lay
 The shadowy mountains and the roaring sea.
 With thee, O void of shame! with thee we sailed;
 For Menelaus and for thee, ingrate!
 Glory and fame on Trojan crests to win.

— *Translation of LORD DERBY.*

Chryseis is sent back, with rich presents, to her island home of Chrysa. Homer's description of the voyage is admirably rendered by Landor, in the English hexameters, used also by Chapman, which to us seems the one of our metres which best reproduce the lines of the original :

THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE OF CHRYSEIS.

Out were the anchors cast, and the ropes made fast to
 the steerage;
 Out did the sailors leap on the foaming beach of the
 ocean;
 Out was the hecatomb led for the skilful marksman
 Apollo;
 Out Chryseis arose from the ship that sped through the
 waters.

— *Translation of LANDOR.*

Zeus had gone off on a twelve days' visit to the "blameless Ethiopians." Upon his return a council of the gods is held on Olympus, which gives Homer an opportunity to let us into some secrets of the domestic life of the Celestials. "Silver-footed Thetis," a special favorite of Zeus, and mother of Achilles, begs the Thunderer to give a temporary advantage to the Trojans, so that the Greeks may learn what they have lost by wronging Achilles. Zeus promises to do so, but Juno must not know anything about it; for she has a spite against the Trojans, and he stands in wholesome dread of the shrewish tongue of his wife; although she knows that when he has once put his foot down she must hold her tongue. But Juno has caught sight of Thetis as she is going out, and surmises what her errand has been. She gives her spouse a piece of her mind, winding up with, "Thou hast been promising honor to Achilles, I trow." Zeus puts her down in a brief speech, which is thus rendered by Mr. Gladstone, who of all translators has here caught the tone of Homer. Indeed, we fancy that if he had seriously set himself to the task of translating the *Iliad*, he would have given us a better version than we have.

A TIFF ON OLYMPUS.

Zeus, that rules the clouds of heaven, her addressing
then :

"Moon struck ! thou art ever *trowing*; never I escape
thy ken.

After all it boots thee nothing ; leaves thee of my heart
the less :

So hast thou the worser bargain. What if I the fact
confess ?

It was done because I willed it. Hold thy peace—my word obey;
 Lest if I come near, and on thee these unconquered hands I lay,
 All the gods that hold Olympus nought avail thee here to-day."

—*Translation of GLADSTONE.*

That is, if she does not hold her tongue, he will box her ears. Peace is at length restored; a feast ensues, with which ends the first Book of the *Iliad*. Next morning the Grecian and Trojan hosts, drawn up in battle array, prepare for a grand field-day on the plain before Troy. But before battle is joined, Paris springs out of the Trojan ranks, and offers to meet in single combat any one of the Grecian heroes. Menelaus, the husband of the faithless Helen, accepts the challenge; but at sight of him Paris slinks back behind the shelter of the Trojan ranks, and is bitterly reproached for his poltroonery by his valiant brother, Hector.

Paris replies that he is not afraid of Menelaus, and to prove his valor demands that regular lists be pitched in sight of both armies, and he will meet Menelaus in sight of both hosts, and Helen shall be the prize of the victor. Menelaus eagerly accepts the proffer. Helen, radiant in her matchless beauty, leaves her embroidery, and follows King Priam and his counsellors to the city ramparts, where she can overlook the combat of which she is to be the prize.

HELEN ON THE RAMPART.

They reached the Scæan towers,
 Where Priam sat, to see the fight, with all his counsellors:

All grave old men ; and soldiers they had been, but for
age
Now left the wars ; yet counsellors they were exceeding
sage.
And as in well-grown woods, on trees, cold spiny grass-
hoppers
Sit chirping and send voices out, that scarce can pierce
our ears
For softness, and their weak faint sounds ; so talking
on the tower,
These seniors of the people sate ; who, when they saw
the power
Of beauty, in the queen, ascend—even these cold-spirited
peers,
Those wise and almost withered men, found this heat in
their years,
That they forced (through whispering) to say : “ What
man can blame
The Greeks and Trojans to endure for so admired a
dame,
So many miseries, and so long? in her sweet counte-
nance shine
Looks like the goddesses.—And yet (though never so
divine)
Before we boast, unjustly still, of her enforced prize,
And justly suffer for her sake, with all our progenies,
Labor and ruin, let her go ; the profit of our land
Must pass the beauty.” Thus, though these could bear
so fit a hand
On their affections, yet, when all their gravest powers
were used,
They could not choose but welcome her, and rather they
accused
The gods than beauty.

—*Translation of CHAPMAN.*

Priam is summoned to attend a conference mid-way between the walls of Troy and the Grecian camp on the sea-shore. All details are formally agreed upon, and duly ratified by sacrificial rites. This duello shall decide the matter, and there shall be no more fighting. The divine vengeance

is invoked against the party which shall violate the armistice. Hector on the one side, and Ulysses upon the other, prepare the lists. Lots are cast to decide which combatant shall have the "first shot." Paris wins, and his javelin strikes the shield of Menelaus fair in the centre, but the tough bull's-hide is not penetrated. It is now the turn of Menelaus. His heavy javelin goes straight through shield, breastplate, and linen vest, but fails even to graze the body of Paris. Menelaus, sword in hand, rushes upon his enemy, strikes a downright blow upon his helmet, but the blade is shivered to fragments, and Paris is unharmed. Menelaus rushes upon Paris, seizes him by the horse-hair crest, and drags him by main force toward the Grecian lines. But Venus comes to the rescue of her favorite. At her touch the chin-strap gives way, leaving only the empty helmet in the hands of Menelaus. He flings this to the ground, and dashes in chase of Paris, even among the Trojan ranks. Not a man there would turn hand to save Paris, for "they all hated him like black Death." But Menelaus can nowhere light upon Paris; for Venus has wrapt a cloud of mist around him, under cover of which she carries him off, and deposits him unharmed in the chamber of Helen, who gives him a most unkindly reception.

HELEN'S RECEPTION OF PARIS.

Back from the battle? would thou there hadst died
Beneath a warrior's arm whom once I called
My husband! Vainly didst thou boast erewhile
Thine arm, thy dauntless courage, and thy spear,
The warlike Menelaus should subdue!
Go now again, and challenge to the fight

The warlike Menelaus. Be thou ware !
I warn thee, pause, ere madly thou presume
With fair-haired Menelaus to contend !

—*Translation of LORD DERBY.*

But Paris's good looks and ready tongue are too much for the anger of Helen, and they soon become lovers again. The Grecians rightfully claim that the victory is theirs, since the Trojan champion has ignominiously fled the lists. But the rulers of Olympus again intervene. Zeus taunts Juno that Venus has been too much for her and Pallas combined. He is clear, however, that the victory belongs to Menelaus; that Helen should be given up to the Grecians, who should go home, and the long quarrel be over. Juno is enraged that Troy should escape the destruction upon which she had set heart. Zeus, for the sake of a quiet life, consents that in this matter Juno shall have her way; but admonishes her that if hereafter any city which she loved should fall under his displeasure, her interposition should not avail to save it. She replies that there are three Grecian cities—Argos, Sparta, and Mycené, which were especially dear to her; but if these should incur his displeasure she would not interpose to save them.

And now the gods—Pallas especially—set about the work of inducing the Trojans to do something which shall be a violation of the truce with the Grecians. At the instigation of Pallas, the Trojan archer Pandarus shoots a treacherous arrow at Menelaus, and inflicts a wound which only the watchful care of Pallas prevents from being fatal. The Trojans have already broken their

agreement, and the Grecians resolve to renew the war. Then ensues the first of the battles of which the *Iliad* gives an account. Of this, Diomed, the son of Tydeus, is the hero; though gods, as well as men, take part in it upon one side or the other. Venus, though by no means of a martial character, comes down to look out for Æneas, her son by a mortal lover. Diomed overtakes her while carrying Æneas off, and inflicts a slight wound.

VENUS WOUNDED BY DIOMED.

Her, searching through the crowd, at length he found,
And springing forward, with his pointed spear
A wound inflicted on her tender hand.
Piercing th' ambrosial veil, the Graces' work,
The sharp spear grazed her palm below the wrist.
Forth from the wound th' immortal current flowed—
Pure ichor, life-stream of the blessed gods;
They eat no bread, they drink no ruddy wine,
And bloodless thence and deathless they become.
The goddess shrieked aloud, and dropped her son;
But in his arms Apollo bore him off
In a thick cloud enveloped, lest some Greek
Might pierce his breast, and rob him of his life,
Loud shouted brave Tydides, as she fled:
" Daughter of Jove, from battle-field retire;
Enough for thee weak women to delude;
If war thou seek'st, the lesson thou shalt learn
Shall cause thee shudder but to hear it named."—
Thus he, but ill at ease, and sorely pained,
The Goddess fled; her Iris, swift as wind,
Caught up, and from the tumult bore away,
Weeping with pain, her fair skin soiled with blood.

—*Translation of LORD DERBY.*

Diomed, raging through the fight, encounters Glaucus, a young Lycian chief, and struck by his noble bearing, inquires his name and race. Glaucus, with a sad smile, replies:

THE HUMAN RACE LIKE AUTUMN LEAVES.

Brave son of Tydeus, wherefore set thy mind
My race to know ? The generations are
As of the leaves, so also of mankind.
As the leaves fall, now withering in the wind,
And others are put forth, and Spring descends,
Such on the earth the race of men we find ;
Each in his order a set time attends ;
One generation rises and another ends.

—*Translation of WORSLEY.*

The battle goes hardly for the Trojans. Diomed encounters Mars, the god of war, wounds him severely in the flank, and sends him howling back to Olympus, where he gets a severe berating from the paternal Zeus. Hector at last leaves the field and goes into the city in order to send his mother, Hecuba, to the temple of Pallas to beseech the goddess to withdraw the terrible Diomed from the field. He enters the palace, where he finds Paris dallying with Helen instead of taking part in the fight. He sharply upbraids his brother ; but Helen makes a speech full of self-abasement, and bewailing the unworthiness of her paramour. Hector answers gently, and goes in search of his wife, Andromache, whom he finds at the Scæan gate, with their infant child and his nurse. This interview, and, as it proved, the last one—between Hector and his wife—is admirably rendered by Pope, although the concluding lines are better reproduced by Lord Derby.

HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretched his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy ;
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scared at the dazzling helm and nodding crest,

With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child,
The glitt'ring terrors from his brow unbound,
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground ;
Then kissed his child, and lifting high in air
Thus to the gods, preferred a father's prayer :

“O thou, whose glory fills th' ethereal throne,
And all ye deathless powers ! protect my son !
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age !
So when triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim,
And say—this chief transcends his father's fame ;
While pleased amidst the general shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.”

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,
Restored the pleasing burthen to her arms.
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hushed to repose, and with a smile surveyed.
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,
She mingled with a smile a tender tear.
The softened chief with kind compassion viewed,
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued.

—*Translation of POPE*

For till my day of destiny is come,
No man may take my life ; and when it comes,
Nor brave nor coward can escape that day.
But go thou home, and ply thy household cares,
The loom and distaff, and appoint thy maids
Their several tasks ; and leave to men of Troy,
And chief to me, the toils of war.

—*Translation of LORD DERBY.*

The battle is renewed the next morning, and mighty deeds are done on each side. It is a drawn battle, and both armies agree to a truce in order to collect and bury their dead.

The opening of the ninth Book presents the

Grecians utterly disheartened within their palisades. Agamemnon proposes that they should all take ship and sail back to Greece. All the chiefs keep silence, except Diomed, who taunts Agamemnon with cowardice. They may go home, if they will, but he and his comrade, Sthenelias, will stay and fight it out alone if need be. Then the aged Nestor reminds Agamemnon that his insult to Achilles is the cause of their present sad plight; let an embassy be sent to him to offer apology and ample compensation for the wrong which he has suffered. Achilles receives the embassy with all courtesy; but will listen to no proposal for accommodation; and besides, he adds, tauntingly, Agamemnon can have no need of his services; he has fortified his position with ditch and palisade, which, after all, may not keep Hector out; although while he was in the field nothing of the kind was needed.

At early dawn the Trojans renewed the attack. The Grecians, brought to bay, defend themselves stoutly. The account of this battle occupies eight books of the *Iliad*—one-third of the entire poem. Achilles, standing on the lofty prow of his ship, surveys the fight, as though its issue was a matter in which he had no concern. Sarpedon, a Lycian, reputed to be a son of Zeus, shares with Hector the glory of this day. The Grecians are forced back within their intrenchments. Sarpedon hurls an enormous stone against the wooden gate, which gives way.

THE STORMING OF THE GRECIAN INTRENCHMENTS.

This way and that the severed portals flew
Before the crashing missile. Dark as night

His lowering brow, great Hector sprang within ;
Bright flashed the brazen armor on his breast,
As through the gates, two javelins in his hand,
He sprang. The gods except, no power might meet
That onset ; blazed his eyes with lurid fire.
Then to the Trojans, turning to the throng,
He called aloud to scale the lofty wall.
They heard, and straight obeyed ; some scaled the
wall ;
Some through the strong-built gates continuous poured ;
While in confusion irretrievable
Fled to their ships the panic-stricken Greeks.

—*Translation of LORD DERBY.*

Neptune, who had been overlooking the fight from the wooded heights of Samothrace, hurries to the relief of his friends, the Grecians. Assuming the form of Calchas, the seer, he inspires them with fresh courage. Hector's course is stayed. The Locrian bowmen of Ajax, the son of Oileus, pour their arrow-flights into the Trojan masses. The fight rages more furiously than ever. The foremost Grecian chiefs—Agamemnon, Ulysses, and Diomed—are disabled. The two Ajaxes, and Idomedus of Crete, barely maintain the conflict ; but the Grecian intrenchments have been forced, and the fight is around the ships. If the Trojans succeed in burning these, all is lost. Neptune now heads the Grecians in his own proper form. The tide of battle is turned. Ajax, the son of Telamon, fells Hector to the earth with a huge rock, and he is with difficulty saved from death or capture, and borne senseless to his chariot, while the Trojans are pushed out of the Grecian intrenchments, the enemy in hot pursuit.

Patroclus, the bosom-friend of Achilles, has been sitting in his tent watching over a wounded

friend. He hurries to the tent of Achilles, and begs that he may be permitted to lead the Myrmidons to the aid of their hardly pressed countrymen. Achilles consents, endows Patroclus with his own armor, mounts him in his own chariot, charging him, however, to do nothing more than save the ships, and not to attempt to follow the Trojans into the open plain. The Trojans, seeing the well-known armor of Achilles, believe that he is heading the reinforcements advancing against them. They rush distractedly out of the intrenchments, up to the very gates of Troy, pursued by Patroclus, who has forgotten the parting injunction of Achilles. Here he is confronted by Apollo, who warns him back. Patroclus refusing to go, Apollo strikes him down, and despoils him of the armor of Achilles. Patroclus tries to make good his retreat; but the Trojan Euphorbus stabs him in the back, and Hector, coming up, runs his spear through his body. A fierce fight ensues over the body; but his comrades, locking shields, keep off the enemy, and bear the corpse toward the ships. In the meanwhile the charioteer of Patroclus puts whip to his horses, and carries to Achilles the tidings of the death of his friend.

THE GRIEF OF ACHILLES FOR THE DEATH OF PATROCLUS.

Grief darkened all his powers. With both his hands he
rent

The black mould from the forced earth, and poured it
on his head,

Smear'd all his lovely face; his weeds divinely fashioned,
All filed and mangled; and himself he threw upon the
shore;

Lay as laid out for funeral, then tumbled round and tore
His gracious curls. His ecstasy he did so far extend.

That all the ladies won by him and his now slaughtered friend,
Afflicted strangely for his plight, came shrieking from
the tents,
And fell about him, beat their breasts, their tender
lineaments
Dissolved with sorrow. And with them wept Nestor's
warlike son,
Fell by him, holding his fair hands, in fear he would have
done
His person violence; his heart extremely straitened,
burn'd,
Beat, swelled, and sigh'd as it would burst: so terribly
he mourn'd,
That Thetis, sitting in the deeps of her old father's seas,
heard and lamented.

— *Translation of CHAPMAN.*

Vulcan forges new armor for Achilles, who mounts his chariot, and starts forth at the head of his eager Myrmidons. Zeus has now removed his prohibition, and given all the gods full permission to take part in the battle on whichever side they pleased. Juno, Neptune, Pallas, Mercury, and Vulcan join the Grecians; while Mars, Apollo, Venus, Latona, and Diana take part with the Trojans. Achilles urges his chariot through the Trojan ranks, driving many of the enemy before him into the shallows of the river Scamander. Leaping from his chariot he wades into the river, slaughtering everyone who comes in his way, save twelve Trojan youths, whom he holds as prisoners to be offered upon the funeral pyre of Patroclus. For the rest, mercy or respite is granted to no one. Lycaon, a young son of Priam, whom Achilles had before known, begs for his life; he is only a half-brother of Hector, and his brother, Polydorus, has just been slain—surely that was enough to satisfy the

vengeance of the Grecians. Achilles replies that before Patroclus was slain he had saved many a Trojan ; but henceforth no one should be spared—least of all any son of Priam.

THE DEATH OF LYCAON.

Thou too, my friend, must die—why vainly wail ?
Dead is Patroclus too, thy better far ;
Me too thou seest—how stalwart, tall, and fair,
Of noble sire and goddess-mother born ;
Yet I must yield to Death and stubborn Fate,
Whene'er, at morn or noon or eve, the spear
Or arrow from the bow may reach my life.

—*Translation of LORD DERBY.*

The remnant of the routed Trojans have made good their retreat within the city walls, all except Hector, who remains outside the Scaean gate, waiting for Achilles to come up. But at the approach of the Grecian he turns and flies, followed hard by Achilles, who chases him thrice around the town in full view of the Trojans who crowd the ramparts. Fleet as Hector is, Achilles is still fleeter. He overtakes Hector, beckoning to his comrades not to interfere in any way ; for he alone will wreak vengeance upon the slayer of Patroclus. Zeus is now minded to save Hector ; but Pallas reminds him of that supreme Destiny, to whose decrees even the Ruler of Olympus must yield obedience. He lifts aloft the golden balances, and the scale of Hector kicks the beam. Even the King of gods and men cannot now save him. Hector stands at bay ; but before blows are struck, he tries to engage Achilles in a compact that, whichever shall fall, his adversary shall

restore the dead body of the other to his friends with all due honor. But Achilles fiercely rejects the proposition.

ACHILLES'S REPLY TO HECTOR.

Talk not to me of compacts ; as 'tween men
And lions no firm concord can exist,
Nor wolves and lambs in harmony unite,
But ceaseless enmity between them dwells ;
So not in friendly terms, nor compact firm,
Can thou and I unite, till one of us
Glut with his blood the mail-clad warrior Mars.
Mind thee all thy fence ; behoves thee now
To prove a spearman skilled, and warrior brave,
For thee escape is none ; now by my spear
Hath Pallas doomed thy death. My comrade's blood,
Which thou hast shed, shall all be now avenged.

— *Translation of LORD DERBY.*

Achilles's spear, launched at these words, misses its mark ; that of Hector glances harmless from the celestial shield. Hector, having no second spear, rushes, sword in hand, upon Achilles, who, watching his opportunity, thrusts his sharp spear through the joint in the armor where the breast-plate joins the gorget. The victor brutally assures his dying enemy that his body shall be consigned to the dogs and the vultures. The Grecians now crowd around, and plunge their spears into the all but dead body. Achilles orders the heels of Hector to be pierced, cords to be run through the holes and fastened to his chariot ; and so the body is dragged off to the ships, and flung in the dust before the bier upon which the corpse of Patroclus is lying. That night the shade of Patroclus appears to the sleeping Achilles, and presents his last request.



THE SACKING OF TROY.

Death of King Priam.

THE ENTREATY OF THE SHADE OF PATROCLUS.

Sleep'st thou, Achilles, mindless of thy friend,
Neglecting not the living but the dead?
Hasten my funeral rites, that I may pass
Through Hades's gloomy gates. Ere those be done,
The spirits and spectres of departed men
Drive me far from them, nor allow to cross
Th' abhorred river; but forlorn and sad
I wander through the wide-spread realms of night.
And give me now thy hand, whereon to weep;
For never more, when laid upon the pyre,
Shall I return from Hades; never more,
Apart from all our comrades, shall we two,
As friends, sweet counsel take. For me stern Death,
The common lot of man, has ope'd his mouth.
Thou, too, Achilles, rival of the gods,
Art destined here beneath the walls of Troy
To meet thy doom. Yet one thing I must add
And make, if thou wilt grant it, one request:
Let not my bones be laid apart from thine,
Achilles, but together, as our youth
Was spent together in thy father's house.

—*Translation of LORD DERBY.*

The preparations for the obsequies of Patroclus are speedily concluded. Agamemnon has already cut down wood for a huge funeral pyre. The corpse is borne in long procession and placed upon it. Each warrior cuts off long locks of his hair, which are laid upon the body as an offering to the gods below. Four chariot horses and two household dogs are slain upon the pyre. The twelve Trojan captives are slaughtered by Achilles with his own hand, and added to the victims. The fire is lighted and blazes all night, Achilles continually pouring on libations from a golden goblet. In the morning the embers are quenched with wine, and the bones of Patroclus are col-

lected, and placed in a golden urn to await the near day when those of Achilles shall be deposited under the same mound.

The funeral games are now begun, lasting twelve days in all. There is a chariot-race, in which Diomed carries off the prize; a brutal boxing-match, in which one combatant is felled to the ground, and borne off senseless; a wrestling-match between Ajax the Greater and Ulysses, which is pronounced a drawn game; a foot-race, in which Ulysses is victor, Pallas tripping up the heels of Ajax the Lesser, who was ahead; a fight with spear and shield between Diomed and Ajax Telamon, the prize being the splendid armor which had belonged to Sarpedon, to be awarded to the one who drew the first blood; but the champions grew so furious that they were separated, and the prize is divided between them; and a contest in archery. The games were to have closed by a contest at hurling the heavy spear, at which Agamemnon presented himself as a contestant; but Ulysses would not hear of it, handing the prize to Agamemnon with the courteous words, "O son of Atreus, we know that thou dost surpass us all."

Every morning Achilles mounted his chariot, to which was attached the body of Hector, which was thrice dragged around the mound which had been reared over the ashes of Patroclus; but notwithstanding this rough usage, the body—thanks to the care of Venus and Apollo—showed no signs of injury or decomposition. On the night after the close of the funeral rites, the aged Priam, conducted by Mercury, and attended only by a single herald, crept through the lines of the Gre-

cian sentinels, whom Mercury had cast into a profound sleep, and made his way to the tent of Achilles, and begged for the body of Hector. The hot wrath of Achilles had burned itself out. He received the old man gently, and not only granted his prayer, but ordered that the body should be washed, anointed, and clad in costly raiment. He lifted it with his own hands, and placed it on a couch. Priam passed the night in the tent of the man who had slain so many of his own sons, and slept for the first time since the death of Hector. Achilles completed his kindness by granting a twelve days' truce, so that Troy might bury her dead hero with all rightful honors. The lamentations of Priam and Hecuba are duly recorded; but even more touching than these is the tribute paid by the remorseful Helen.

HELEN'S TRIBUTE TO HECTOR.

Hector, of all my brethren dearest thou !
True, godlike Paris claims me as his wife,
Who bore me hither : would I then had died !
But twenty years have passed since here I came,
And left my native land ; yet ne'er from thee
I heard one scornful, one degrading word ;
And when from others I have borne reproach—
Thy brothers, sisters, or thy brother's wives,
Or mother (for thy sire was ever kind
Even as a father)—thou hast checked them still
With tender feeling and with gentle words.
For thee I weep, and for myself no less ;
For through the breadth of Troy none love me now,
None kindly look on me, but all abhor.

—*Translation of LORD DERBY.*

With the funeral rites of Hector, the *Iliad*—which might more properly have been called the “Achilliad”—comes to a proper close. Shortly

after the expiration of the truce, Achilles was slain by an arrow shot by Paris; and a little later Ilium was taken through a stratagem, the work of Ulysses, sacked and laid in ashes; its very site being uncertain for wellnigh a hundred generations, until in our own days it was identified by Schliemann.

The *Odyssey* purports to be a narrative of the adventures of Odysseus (whose name has been softened by the Latins into "Ulysses") during his ten years' wanderings after the destruction of Troy, until he finally gets back to his native Ithaca. Like the *Iliad*, it consists of twenty-four Books. The narrative properly begins in the seventh year after the fall of Troy, the events of the preceding years after that time being related by Ulysses himself at one time or another.

The *Odyssey* opens with a council of the gods held on Olympus. Pallas reminds Zeus of the hard fate of Ulysses, who has for seven years been detained by the nymph Calypso in her enchanted island. It is decided that Mercury shall proceed to the island to announce to Ulysses that the period of his detention by Calypso is drawing to a close; while Pallas shall go to Ithaca in order to inspire Telemachus, the son of Ulysses, now growing into manhood, with a resolve to rid his mother, Penelope, of a swarm of suitors who have quartered themselves in her palace, demanding that she shall marry one of them in place of her husband, Ulysses, who is presumed to be dead, nothing having been heard of him for seven years and more; though Penelope cherishes the belief that he still lives, and will in time get back to Ithaca.

PALLAS AT ITHACA.

So ending, underneath her feet she bound
Her faery sandals of ambrosial gold,
Which o'er the waters and the solid ground
Swifter than wind have borne her from of old ;
Then on the iron-pointed spear laid hold,
Heavy and tall, wherewith she smites the brood
Of heroes till her anger waxes cold ;
Then from Olympus swept in eager mood,
And with the island-people in the court she stood,

Fast by the threshold of the outer gate
Of brave Ulysses ; in her hand she bore
The iron-plated spear, heavy and great,
And waiting as a guest-friend at the door,
Of Mentes, Taphian chief, the likeness, wore :
There found the suitors, who beguiled with play
The hours, and sat the palace gates before
On hides of oxen which themselves did slay :
Haughty of mien they sat, and girt with proud array.

—*Translation of WORSLEY.*

Here ensue various scenes of insolence on the part of the unruly suitors. At length Telemachus asks the supposed Mentes about the fate of his father. Of this he professes to know nothing ; but he believes that Ulysses is still alive ; perhaps some of his old comrades—Nestor of Pylos, or Menelaus of Sparta—could furnish some information. It is finally decided that Telemachus should fit out a vessel, and go in search of information about his father. Penelope had put off the suitors by declaring that she could not think of marrying until she had completed the weaving of a splendid web which should serve as a winding-sheet for Laertes, the aged father of Ulysses, whose end could not be far distant. She and her handmaidens weave diligently all the

day, but the web does not grow any longer, for each night they unravel what they had woven during the day.

THE WEAVING OF PENELOPE.

Matchless skill.

To weave that splendid web ; sagacious thought,
And shrewdness such as never fame ascribed
To any beauteous Greek of ancient days—
Tyro, Mycene, or Alcemene loved
Of Jove himself—all whom the accomplished queen
Transcends in knowledge.

—*Translation of Cowper.*

Telemachus, aided by Pallas, who now appears in the form of Mentor, a wise old man, who had been left as his guardian by Ulysses when he sailed for Troy, sets out on his voyage.

THE VOYAGE OF TELEMACHUS.

Loud and clear

Sang the bluff zephyr o'er the wine-dark mere
Behind them : by Athene'shest he blew.

Telemachus his comrades on did cheer
To set the tackling. With good hearts the crew
Heard him, and all things ranged in goodly order true.
The olive mast, planted with care, they bind

With ropes, the white sails stretch on twisted hide,
And brace the mainsail to the bellying wind.

Loudly the keel rushed through the seething tide.
Soon as the good ship's gear was all applied
They ranged both bowls crowned with dark wine, and
poured

To gods who everlastingly abide,
Most to the stern-eyed child of heaven's great lord.
All night the ship clave onward till the Dawn upsoared.

—*Translation of WORSLEY.*

They soon reached Pylos, the stronghold of the aged Nestor, who received them hospitably. He

tells them many tales of his old comrades at the siege of Troy.

From Pylos, Telemachus, accompanied by a son of Nestor, rode to Sparta, where they arrived on the evening of the second day; the season being autumn, for, we are incidentally told that "the sun had set upon the yellow harvest-fields." Menelaus had got back to Sparta not many months before, and was living there in great state of contentment with Helen, quite unmindful of her old escapade with Paris.

HELEN AT SPARTA.

Forth from her fragrant chamber Helen passed
Like gold-bowed Dian; and Adraste came
The bearer of her throne's majestic frame;
Her carpet's fine-wrought fleece Alcippe bore;
Phylo her basket bright with silver ore,
Gift of the wife of Polybus, who swayed
When Thebes—the Egyptian Thebes—scant wealth displayed:
His wife, Alcandra, from her treasured store,
A golden spindle to fair Helen bore,
And a bright silver basket, on whose round
A rim of burnished gold was closely bound.

—*Translation of SOTHEBY.*

Before Helen made her appearance, Menelaus had been relating to Telemachus some of the incidents of his long and wide wanderings since the fall of Troy.

It is at this moment, when Menelaus is thus unbosoming himself to his as yet unknown guest, that Helen enters the hall, and the personality of Telemachus is disclosed. She perceives their look of sadness; but she has the means of remedying it for one day. While in Egypt she had learned some of the secrets of that land of ancient wis-

dom—among them was that of the concoction of *Nepenthes*.

THE VIRTUES OF NEPENTHES.

Which so cures heartache and the inward stings
 That men forget all sorrows wherein they pine.
 He who hath tasted of the draught divine
 Weeps not that day although his mother die
 Or father, or cut off before his eyen
 Mother or child beloved fall miserably,
 Hewn by the pitiless sword, he sitting silent by.

—*Translation of WORSLEY.*

While abiding in Egypt some years before, Menelaus had received a mysterious intimation that Ulysses was then alive, but was detained by the nymph Calypso on her enchanted island, from which he was longing to make his escape. Thus much learned, Telemachus, after a month's stay, rides back to Pylos, where his vessel was lying, and embarks upon his return voyage to Ithaca. All this occupies four Books of the *Odyssey*. But in the meantime other events have been transpiring. At the same time that Pallas set out from Olympus for Ithaca, Mercury, at the bidding of Zeus, started for the island of Calypso.

MERCURY ON CALYPSO'S ISLAND.

Thus charged he : nor Argicides denied,
 But to his feet his fair-winged shoes he tied,
 Ambrosian, golden ; that in his command
 Put either sea, or the unmeasured land,
 With pace as easy as a puff of wind.
 Then up his rod went, with which he declined
 The eyes of any waker, when he pleased,
 And any sleeper, when he wish'd, diseased.
 This took, he stoop'd Pieria, and thence
 Glid through the air, and Neptune's confluence
 Kissed as he flew, and check'd the waves as light
 As any sea-mew in her fishing flight,

Her thick wings sousing in the savory seas ;
Like her, he pass'd a world of wilderness.
But when the far-off isle he touch'd, he went
Up from the blue sea to the continent,
And reach'd the ample cavern of the Queen,
Whom he found within ; without, seldom seen.

A sun-like fire upon the hearth did flame,
The matter precious, and divine the frame ;
Of cedar cleft and incense was the pile,
That breath'd an odor round about the isle.
Herself was seated in an inner room,
Whom sweetly sing he heard, and at her loom,
About a curious web, whose yarn she threw
In with a golden shuttle. A grove grew
In endless spring about her cavern round,
With odorous cypress, pines, and poplars crown'd,
Where hawks, sea-owls, and long-tongued bittoirs bred,
And other birds their shady pinions spread ;
All fowls maritimal : none roosted there
But whose labors in the waters were.

Four fountains, one against another, pour'd
Their silver streams ; and meadows all enflower'd
With sweet balm-gentle, and blue violets hid,
That deck'd the soft breasts of each fragrant mead.
Should anyone, though he immortal were,
Arrive and see the sacred objects there,
He would admire them, and be overjoy'd ;
And so stood Hermes's ravished powers employ'd.
But having all admir'd, he enter'd on
The ample cave, nor could be seen unknown
Of great Calypso (for all Deities are
Prompt in each other's knowledge, though so far
Sever'd in dwellings) ; but he could not see
Ulysses there within : without was he
Set sad ashore, where 'twas his use to view
Th' unquiet sea, sigh'd, wept, and empty drew
His heart of comfort.

—*Translation of CHAPMAN.*

Calypso knows that the mandate which Mercury bears—that she shall forthwith set Ulysses free—must be obeyed. She indeed grumbles that

Zeus should be so whimsical as to thus separate her from her mortal lover, of whom she has come to be very fond. But she is indeed vexed at the pleasure he evinces at the separation; and she addresses him in terms of mild reproach.

CALYPSO TO ULYSSES.

Child of Laertes, would'st thou fain depart
 Hence to thine own fatherland? Farewell!
 Yet, couldst thou read the sorrow and the smart,
 With me and immortality to dwell,
 Thou wouldst rejoice, and love my mansion well.
 Deeply and long thou yearnest for thy wife;
 Yet her in beauty I perchance excel.
 Beseems not one who hath but mortal life.
 With forms of deathless mould to challenge a vain
 strife.

—*Translation of WORSLEY.*

ULYSSES TO CALYPSO.

All this I know, and do myself avow.
 Well may Penelope in form and brow
 And stature seem inferior far to thee,
 For she is mortal, and immortal thou.
 Yet even thus 'tis very dear to me
 My long-desired return and ancient home to see.
 But if some god amid the wine-dark flood
 With doom pursue me, and my vessel mar,
 Then will I bear it as a brave man should.
 Not the first time I suffer: wave and war
 Deep in my life have graven many a scar.

—*Translation of WORSLEY.*

There is no boat on Calypso's island, but she aids him to build one, in which he sails off alone. A storm arises, and his boat is wrecked on the island of Scheria, where he falls asleep on a bed of leaves which he has hastily collected. The people of that island are called the Phœacians. Their sovereign is Alcinous, and he has a daughter just growing up to womanhood. On that

morning the Princess Nausicaa, accompanied by her handmaidens, had gone down to the beach to wash the household linen, which they do by treading it with their bare feet upon the smooth, hard sand. Their merry laughter awakens Ulysses, who comes forward to accost them, his only clothing being the leafy branch of an olive-bough, which he has just plucked. The scenes which ensue form one of the most charming of idyls.

NAUSICAA AND ULYSSES.

All in flight

The virgins scatter'd, frightened with this sight,
About the prominent windings of the flood.
All but Nausicaa fled ; but fast she stood :
Pallas had put a boldness in her breast,
And in her fair limbs tender fear comprest.
And still she stood him, as resolved to know
What man he was ; or out of what should grow
His strange repair to them. And here was he
Put to his wisdom : if her virgin knee
He should be bold—but kneeling—to embrace,
Or keep aloof, and try with words of grace,
In humblest suppliance, if he might obtain
Some cover for his nakedness, and gain
Her grace to show and guide him to the town.
The last he best thought to be worth his own.
In weighing both well : to keep still aloof,
And give with soft words his desires their proof
Lest, pressing so near as to touch her knee,
He might incense her maiden modesty.
This fair and filed speech then show'd this was he :

“ Let me beseech, O Queen, the truth of thee,
Are you of mortal or the deified race ?
If of the gods, that th' ample heavens embrace,
I can resemble you to none above
So near as to the chaste-born birth of Jove,
The beamy Cynthia. Her you full present
In grace of every god-like lineament,
Her goodly magnitude, and all th' address
You promise of her very perfectness.

If sprung of humans that inhabit earth,
 Thrice blest are both the authors of your birth ;
 Thrice blest your brothers, that in your deserts
 Must, even to rapture, bear delighted hearts,
 To see, so like the first trim of a tree,
 Your form adorn a dance. But most blest he,
 Of all that breathe, that hath the gift t' engage
 Your bright neck in the yoke of marriage,
 And deck his house with your commanding merit,
 I have not seen a man of so much spirit,
 Nor man nor woman I did ever see
 At all parts equal to the parts in thee.
 T' enjoy your sight, doth admiration seize
 My eyes and apprehensive faculties.

“ Lately in Delos (with a charge of men
 Arrived, that rendered me most wretched then,
 Now making me thus naked) I beheld
 The burthen of a palm, whose issues swell'd
 About Apollo's fane, and that put on
 A grace like thee ; for earth had never none
 Of all her sylvan issues so adorned.
 Into amaze my very soul was turn'd
 To give it observation ; as now thee
 To view, O virgin, a stupidity
 Past admiration strikes me, and join'd with fear,
 To do a suppliant's due, and press so near
 As to embrace thy knees.”

— *Translation of CHAPMAN.*

Nausicaa, fully reassured by this accost of Ulysses, recalls her fugitive attendants, and tells them that “the stranger and poor are the messengers of the gods.” Ulysses, having been supplied with food, disappears for a brief space. When he again presents himself—thanks to Pallas—he is fittingly clad, his “hyacinthine locks” flowing down upon his stately shoulders. Nausicaa assures him that he will be welcome at her father's palace, to which he follows her at a respectful distance. King Alcinous welcomes the

stranger, and soon makes him at home in his magnificent palace, which stands surrounded with lovely orchards and gardens.

THE ORCHARDS AND GARDENS OF ALCINOUS.

There in full prime the orchard-trees grow tall,
 Sweet fig, pomegranate, apple-fruited fair,
 Pear, and the healthful olive. Each and all
 Both summer droughs and chills of winter spare ;
 All the year round they flourish. Some the air
 Of Zephyr warms to life, some doth mature,
 Apple grows old on apple, pear on pear,
 Fig follows fig, vintage doth vintage lure ;
 Thus the rich revolution doth for aye endure.

—*Translation of WORSLEY.*

THE PALACE OF ALCINOUS.

For, like the sun's fire or the moon's, a light
 Far streaming through the high-roofed house did pass
 From the long basement to the topmost height.
 There on each side ran walls of flaming brass,
 Zoned on the summit with a blue bright mass
 Of cornicé ; and the doors were framed of gold ;
 Where, underneath, the brazen floor doth glass
 Silver pilasters, which with grace uphold
 Lintel of silver framed ; the ring was burnished gold.
 And dogs on each side of the doors there stand,
 Silver and gold, the which in ancient day
 Hephaestus wrought with cunning brain and hand,
 And set for sentinels to hold the way.
 Death cannot tame them, nor the years decay.
 And from the shining threshold thrones were set,
 Skirting the walls in lustrous long array,
 On to the far room, where the women met,
 With many a rich robe strewn and woven coverlet.

There the Phœacian chieftains eat and drink,
 While golden youths on pedestals upbear
 Each in his outstretched hand a lighted link,
 Which nightly on the royal feast doth flare.
 And in the house are fifty handmaids fair ;
 Some in the mill the yellow corn grind small ;

Some ply the looms, and shuttles twirl, which there
 Flash like the quivering leaves of aspen tall ;
 And from the close-spun weft the trickling oil will fall.

—*Translation of WORSLEY.*

King Alcinous is charmed with Ulysses at first sight, and asks him to remain in Phæacia and become the husband of Nausicaa, whom he does not know that the stranger has ever seen. Ulysses tells him of their meeting in the morning, and praises her highly; but says that his one desire is to make his way back to his wife at home. The King promises to aid him in this; and bids him to a magnificent entertainment to be given the next day in his honor. Among the company is the blind bard Demodocus, in whom some have fancied that Homer pictures himself.

DEMODOCUS, THE BLIND BARD OF PHÆACIA.

Him the Muse loved, and gave him good and ill :—
 Ill, that of light she did his eyes deprive ;
 Good, that sweet minstrelsies divine, at will,
 She lent him, and a voice men's ears to thrill.
 For him Pontonous's silver-studded chair
 Set with the feasters, leaning it with skill
 Against the column, and with tender care
 Made the blind fingers feel the harp suspended there.

—*Translation of WORSLEY.*

The repast is followed by games of strength and skill, in which Ulysses outdoes all the other competitors. After the games comes a banquet; and here we have our second and last sight of Nausicaa.

THE ADIEUS OF NAUSICAA AND ULYSSES.

He from the bath cleansed from the dust of toil,
 Passed to the drinkers ; and Nausicaa there
 Stood, moulded by the gods exceeding fair.
 She on the roof-tree pillar, leaning, heard

Ulysses ; turning, she beheld him near.
Deep in her breast admiring wonder stirred,
And in a low sweet voice she spake this wingèd word :
" Hail, stranger guest ! When fatherland and wife
Thou shalt revisit, then remember me,
Since to me first thou owest the price of life."
And to the royal virgin answered he :
" Child of a generous sire, if willed it be
By Thunderer Zeus, who all dominion hath,
That I my home and dear return yet see,
There at thy shrine will I devote my breath,
There worship thee, dear maid, my saviour from dark
death."

— *Translation of WORSLEY.*

Among the lays which Demodocus sings is that of the siege of Troy. Ulysses asks him to tell the story of the Wondrous Horse. He complies, taking up the story at about the point where the *Iliad* leaves it off ; and of all that follows the hero is Ulysses of Ithaca. Ulysses is deeply moved ; and the King inquires who he is, and why he is so strangely moved. Ulysses replies : " The story will be a long one, and sad to tell. I am Ulysses, son of Laertes." He then begins to tell what had befallen him since the fall of Troy.

The geography of the *Odyssey* is nearly all purely imaginary. Only two points are capable of identification—the island of Ithaca and the site of Troy. Ithaca lies off the western coast of the mainland of Greece in about latitude 39° ; Troy was in Asia Minor, in about latitude 40°. The distance in a straight line is about 350 miles ; by sea about 600 miles. To sail from Troy to Ithaca Ulysses had to cross the Archipelago, skirt down the eastern side of the mainland of Greece, round its southern point, and sail about 200 miles up the western

coast. While rounding this southern point of Greece a storm drove them westward over unknown seas, until on the tenth day they reached the land of the Lotus-eaters. Leaving this they come to the island inhabited by the Cyclopes, a race of monsters in human form, but having only one eye in the middle of their foreheads. Ulysses and some of his comrades go ashore and come to a cavern which proved to be the abode of Polyphemus, a son of Neptune, the hugest of all the Cyclopes. He is not at home, and the Greeks hide in the recesses of the cave awaiting his return. Polyphemus coming in the evening, discovers the intruders, seizes two of them, whom he devours on the spot. Next morning he eats a couple more for breakfast. Ulysses, by some prudent forethought, had brought with him a goatskin of excellent wine, which he asks the giant to taste. Polyphemus does so, gulps down the whole bottle. Polyphemus then lies down to sleep off the effects of the potent wine. Ulysses finds a large sharpened stake, hardens the point in the fire, and with it he and his comrades bore out the giant's eye, "as the shipwright bores with an auger," and make their escape from the cave. The blinded giant comes out roaring with pain, and calls upon his father, Neptune, to take vengeance upon the destroyer of his sight. Hence arose the wrath of the Sea-god, which was the occasion of all the misfortunes which thereafter befell Ulysses.

Sailing on he reached the island abode of Æolus, god of the winds, where he remained a month, and gained the good-will of Æolus so much that on parting he bestowed upon him a gift, which

would ensure for him a safe voyage. This was a leather bag in which all the winds were tied up, except the West Wind, which would waft him straight to Ithaca, toward which they steered for nine days. They came so close that Ulysses could see the smoke arising from the herdsmen's fires on the heights. Then he fell asleep on the deck ; and his comrades, curious to know what was contained in the mysterious bag, untied it. Forth rushed the imprisoned winds, driving the vessel back to the realms of *Æolus*, who would have nothing more to do with a wretch who manifestly lay under the divine wrath. Pursuing his voyage as best he might, Ulysses, after being in danger of being devoured by the cannibal *Læstrygonians*, reaches the island where dwelt the enchanter *Circe*, "bright-haired daughter of the Sun."

CIRCE AND HER PALACE.

Wolves of the mountain all around the way
And lions softened by the spell divine,
As each her philter had partaken, lay
These cluster round the men's advancing line
Fawning like dogs who, when their lord doth dine,
Wait till he issues from the banquet-hall,
And for the choice gifts which his hands assign
Fawn, for he ne'er forgets them : So these all
Fawn on our friends, whom much the unwonted sights
appal.

Soon at her vestibule they pause, and hear
A voice of singing from a lovely place,
Where *Circe* weaves her great web year by year,
So shining, slender, and instinct with grace
As weave the daughters of immortal race.

—*Translation of WORSLEY.*

Ulysses cannot resist the blandishments of *Circe*; and he remains with her for a year.

Then he takes leave of her and their child. In parting she assures him that toils and dangers await him; and that if he would know his future fate, he must visit the Regions of the Dead, and there consult with the Shade of the great prophet Tiresias. Taking ship, he sails all day, voyaging along the regions of the "dark Cimmerian tribe, who skirt the realms of Hades."

THE ENTRANCE TO HADES.

Forthwith from Erebus a phantom crowd
 Loomed forth, the shadowy People of the Dead :—
 Old men, with load of early anguish bowed,
 Brides in their bloom cut off, and youth unwed,
 Virgins whose tender eyelids then first shed
 True sorrow; men with gory arms renowned,
 Pierced by the sharp sword on the death-plain red,
 All these flock darkling with a hideous sound,
 Lured by the scent of blood, the open trench around.

—*Translation of WORSLEY.*

At last Tiresias appears, and tells Ulysses what his future fate will be. On a certain coast he would find the herds and flocks of the Sun at pasture. If they were left uninjured he and his comrades would speedily reach Ithaca; if they were harmed he alone would escape, after long sufferings. Proceeding along he encounters the Shades of heroes and heroines. He also saw, enduring perpetual torment, those who had been notorious offenders against the majesty of the gods.

TANTALUS AND SISYPHUS IN HADES.

There also Tantalus in anguish stood,
 Plunged in the stream of a translucent lake,
 And to his chin welled ever the cold flood;
 But when he rushed, in fierce desire to break

His torment, not one drop could he partake.
For as the old man stooping seems to meet
That water with his fiery lips, and slake
The frenzy of wild thirst, around his feet,
Leaving the wet earth dry, the shuddering waves retreat.

Also the thick-leaved arches overhead
Fruit of all savor in rich profusion flung,
And in his clasp rich clusters seemed to shed.
Rich citrons waved, with shining fruitage hung,
Pears and pomegranates, olive ever young,
And the sweet mellowing fig ; but whenso'er
The old man, fain to cool his burning tongue,
Clutched with his fingers at the branches fair,
Came a strong wind and whirled them skyward through
the air.

And I saw Sisyphus in a travail strong
Shove with both hands a mighty sphere of stone ;
With feet and laboring wrists he, laboring long,
Just pushed the vast globe up, with many a groan ;
But when he thought the huge mass to have thrown,
Clear o'er the summit, the enormous weight
Back to the nether plain rolled tumbling down.
He, straining, the great toil resumed, while sweat
Bathed each laborious limb, and his brow smoked with
heat.

—*Translation of WORSLEY.*

Passing out of the gloomy portals of Hades, Ulysses took ship and sailed past the island where the twin sister Sirens lay couched in flowers, luring to inevitable destruction everyone who listened to their song. Ulysses, forewarned by Circe, stopped the ears of his men with wax, so that no one of them could hear the song, which, however, he was resolved to hear. So he ordered his men to bind him to the mast, and not to unbind him, however much he might command, threaten, or entreat. He sailed close along the shore, and heard the song of the Sirens—the only man who ever heard it and lived.

THE SONG WHICH THE SIRENS SANG.

Come here, thou worthy of a world of praise,
That dost so high the Grecian glory raise ;
Ulysses, stay that ship, and that song hear,
That none passed ever, but it bent his ear,
But left him ravish'd and instructed more
By us, than any ever heard before.
For we know all things whatsoever were
In wide Troy labor'd ; whatsoever there
The Grecians and the Trojans both sustain'd
By those high issues that the gods ordain'd.
And whatsoever all the earth can show,
T' inform a knowledge of desert, we know.

—*Translation of CHAPMAN.*

Soon they reached the shore where the oxen of the Sun were pastured. Ulysses, much against his own judgment, was persuaded to allow his weary crew to go ashore, after exacting a solemn vow that the sacred herds should not be molested. While Ulysses was asleep, his men began to slay the sacred oxen. Ominous prodigies ensued. When the vessel of Ulysses put to sea, Zeus shattered it with a thunder-bolt, and all on board perished except Ulysses, who clung to the broken mast, upon which he floated nine days. He was at length cast ashore upon Calypso's island, where, after seven years, we find him at the opening of the poem.

King Alcinous fits the hero out magnificently for his homeward voyage to Ithaca, which was to be performed in one of those magic galleys peculiar to the Phæacians—the full secret of which remains to be discovered—and which are thus described by the King :

THE PHÆACIAN GALLEYS.

For unto us no pilots appertain,
Rudder nor helm, which other barks obey.
These, ruled by reason, their own course essay,
Sharing men's minds. Cities and climes they know,
And through the deep sea-gorge cleaving way,
Wrapt in an ambient vapor, to and fro
Sail in a fearless scorn of scathe or overthrow.

—*Translation of WORSLEY.*

They set out on the voyage in the evening and reach Ithaca early in the morning, before Ulysses has awakened. The Phœacians land him, still asleep, lay him under an olive-tree, placing all his treasure by his side, and take their departure, no man having perceived their coming or going. When he awakes he sees by his side a shepherd, who asks him who he is and whence he came. Ulysses, who does not recognize this as his own Ithaca, invents a plausible tale; whereupon the shepherd changes form, and appears as Pallas. She compliments him upon the cleverness with which he had made up a story which would have imposed upon anyone but the Goddess of Wisdom. She gives him tidings of his son and wife—the first which he had received for ten years—and promises to aid him in the work which lies before him. She waves her magic wand over him, when his appearance is at once transformed into that of an aged beggar, gray, bent, wrinkled, and clad in squalid rags. Thus disguised, so that no one could recognize him, she directs him to seek present refuge with his own swineherd—or rather overseer—Eumæus, who, not suspecting who he is, gives him a kindly reception.

Telemachus had on that very evening got back to Ithaca. Mooring his vessel in a quiet bay, so that he might have time to learn how things had been going on, he goes to the cabin of Eumæus. The swineherd welcomes him with open arms and wet eyes.

EUMÆUS TO TELEMACHUS.

Thou, O Telemachus, my life and light !
 Returnest ; yet my soul did often say
 That never, never more, should I have sight
 Of thy sweet face, since thou didst sail away,
 Enter, dear child, and let my heart allay
 Its yearnings ; newly art thou come from far ;
 Thou comest all too seldom—fain to stay
 In the thronged city, where the suitors are,
 Silently looking on, while foes thy substance mar.

—Translation of WORSLEY.

The seeming beggar is sitting in the cabin, and Telemachus, after greeting him courteously, sends Eumæus to announce to his mother his own safe return. Then Pallas appears—seen only by Ulysses and the dogs, who cower and whine at the celestial appearance. She bids Ulysses to reveal himself to his son. At her touch the beggar's rags fall off, a royal robe takes their place ; and the hero stands up in all his stately proportions. For the first time since he was a babe in his mother's arms does Telemachus look upon his father. The plan of operation is soon formed. Telemachus is not to inform his mother of her husband's return until they can discover who among the household can be relied upon to aid them in exterminating the throng of imperious suitors and their armed retinues.

The suitors within are holding high carnival.

Ulysses goes around the tables, soliciting some scraps to fill his beggar's wallet. None refuse except Antinous, the most stalwart of them all, who bids the old man to get out of the way. Ulysses expresses some wonder that a spirit so mean should inhabit a body so fair; whereat Antinous hurls a heavy stool at his head. Ulysses moves quietly to the door-way, and raises his voice in solemn imprecation to the powers Divine who are the protectors of the stranger and the poor.

THE IMPRECACTION OF ULYSSES.

Hear me, ye suitors of the queen divine!

Men grieve not for the wounds they take in fight,
Defending their own wealth, white sheep or kine:

But me—bear witness—doth Antinous smite
Only because I suffer hunger's bite,
Fount to mankind of evils evermore.

Now may Antinous, ere his nuptial night—
If there be Gods and Furies of the poor—
Die unavenged, unwept, upon the palace floor.

—*Translation of WORSLEY.*

Amphinomus, one of the suitors, of less ignoble spirit than the rest, is indignant at this outrage upon a poor old man, and utters a righteous rebuke to Antinous—the only decent word spoken by any of that vile crew whose doom is so close at hand.

AMPHINOMUS REBUKES ANTINOUS.

Not to thine honor hast thou now let fall,

Antinous, on the wandering poor this blow.
Haply a god from heaven is in our hall,
And thou art ripe for ruin; I bid thee know,

Gods in the garb of strangers to and fro
Wander the cities, and men's ways discern;

Yea, through the wide earth in all shapes they go,
Changed, yet the same, and with their own eyes learn
How live the sacred laws—who hold them, and who
spurn.

—*Translation of WORSLEY.*

The next day is the day of retribution. It is the feast of Apollo, and the suitors celebrate it with even more than their wonted revelry and insolence. They even insult Telemachus upon his father's own hearthstone. Penelope—still ignorant of the return of Ulysses—has come to the sad conclusion that she will be forced to make choice of one of the hated suitors. But she be-thinks herself of an expedient which may at least put off the hated moment. There is one noted feat which she had seen Ulysses perform in olden days. This is to shoot an arrow through the eyes of twelve axe-heads set up in a line. She brings down the mighty bow, which Ulysses had not taken with him to Troy, and promises that she will accept as her future lord the suitor who can bend that bow, and send the arrow through the axe-eyes. One after another makes the attempt; but not one of them can even bend the bow. Then the seeming beggar—who has in the meantime revealed himself to a few in whom he has found that he may confide—makes request that he may make trial of this wonderful bow. The suitors fling fierce abuse upon him for his audacity. But Telemachus, whose authority in his father's house they are not quite prepared to deny, gives permission. Ulysses takes the bow, examines it carefully to see that wood and string are in proper order, fits the arrow to the notch, and without even rising from his seat draws the bow to its full stretch, and sends the arrow through the whole line of axe-heads.

THE RETRIBUTION OF ULYSSES.

“Behold the mark is hit,
Hit without labor ! The old strength cleaves fast
Upon me, and my bones are stoutly knit—
Not as the suitors mock me in their scornful wit.
Now is it time their evening meal is set
Before the Achaians, ere the sun goes down.
And other entertainment shall come yet :
Dance and the song, which are the banquet’s crown.”
He spake, and with his eyebrows curved the frown.
Seizing his sword and spear Telemachus came,
Son of Ulysses, chief of high renown,
And, helmeted with brass like fiery flame,
Stood by his father’s throne, and waited the dire aim.
Stripped of his rags then leapt the godlike king
On the great threshold, in his hand the bow
And quiver, filled with arrows of mortal sting.
These with a rattle he rained down below,
Loose at his feet, and spoke among them so :
“See at the last our matchless bout is o’er !
Now for another mark, that I may know
If I can hit what none hath hit before,
And if Apollo hear me in the prayer I pour.”

—*Translation of WORSLEY.*

He aims the first arrow at Antinous. It pierces his throat, and he falls with the untasted goblet at his lips. The suitors stand aghast for a moment, when Ulysses declares himself and his purpose. They look around for the weapons which are wont to hang upon the walls ; but they have been secretly removed by Ulysses and his son. Unarmed as they are, the suitors make a rush. But Amphinomus, who is foremost—and for whom one would have hoped a better fate—falls by the spear of Telemachus. Ulysses plies his fatal arrows until the quiver is exhausted ; and then he and Telemachus, aided by Eumæus and another

faithful retainer who have just come into the hall, complete the work of death.

Penelope, who had retired to her distant chamber before the axe-eye trial had begun, and knew nothing of what had since taken place, is now told of it by the nurse. She goes down to the fatal hall, from which the bodies had been removed. She cannot at first believe that Ulysses has come back, but apprehends that someone has assumed his name. And she is not fully assured that it is really her husband until he recalls to her recollection a domestic incident of which only she and he could have had any knowledge.

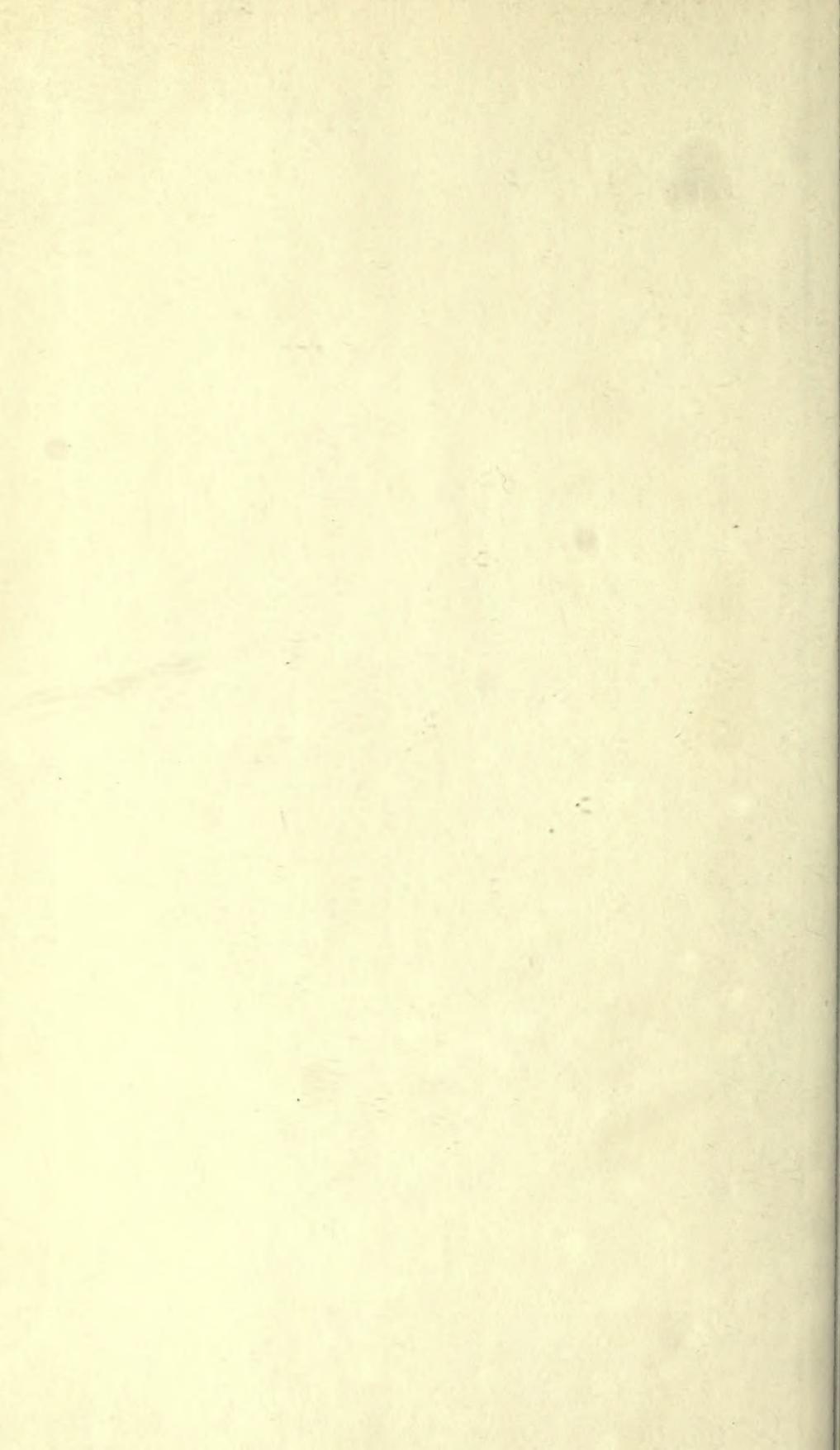
PENELOPE'S RECOGNITION OF ULYSSES.

Then from the eyelids the quick tears did start,
 And she ran to him from her place, and threw
 Her arms about his neck, and a warm dew
 Of kisses poured upon him, and thus spake :
 “ Frown not, Ulysses, thou art wise and true !
 But God gave sorrow, and hath grudged to make
 Our path to old age sweet, nor willed us to partake
 Youth's joys together. Yet forgive me this,
 Nor hate me that when first I saw thy brow,
 I fell not on thy neck, and gave no kiss,
 Nor wept in thy dear arms, as I do now.
 For in my breast a bitter fear did bow
 My soul, and I lived shuddering day by day,
 Lest a strange man come hither, and avow
 False things, and steal my spirit, and bewray
 My love : such guile men scheme to lead the pure
 astray.”

—Translation of WORSLEY.

Here, with the twenty-third Book, the story of the *Odyssey* properly comes to an end. There is another Book, however, which is so decidedly inferior to the others that some critics are inclined to question its authenticity.

③ 212 4
P.M.



PN Ridpath, John Clark (ed.)
6013 The Ridpath library of
R5 universal literature.
1899 [Classic édition de luxe,
v.13

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
